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A MEMOIR OF FRANCES TROLLOPE

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Frances Trollope.
from a portrait painted by A. Mervin

FRANCES TROLLOPE

HER LIFE AND LITERARY WORK

FROM

GEORGE III. TO VICTORIA

BY HER DAUGHTER-IN-LAW

FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE



In Two Volumes

Volume One

LONDON

RICHARD BENTLEY AND SON

Publishers in Ordinary to Her Majesty

1895

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TO THE MOST DEAR MEMORY
OF
THOMAS ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE
I DEDICATE THIS RECORD OF
HIS MOTHER.

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PREFACE.



I PREFIX these few words to the Memoir of Mrs. Trollope, not with any idea of trying to bespeak the reader's interest in my subject, or to beg his indulgence for my treatment of it. To the best of my judgment, such attempts are seldom justifiable, and still more seldom successful.

That I desire to create such interest, and that I need such indulgence, is very true. But I do not think I shall obtain them by begging for them.

I wish merely, in the first place, to point out that, although Thomas Adolphus and Anthony Trollope have, in the course of their respective biographies, written of their mother, yet she appears—necessarily appears—only incidentally in their pages, and is seen only by a side-light. I have thought that her personality, and her literary career, merited being described more fully.

I know not if there be another example in literature, of an author so voluminous and successful who had reached fifty years of age before

the publication of his first work. Her sons believed the case to be unique. But surprise at the energy and industry which enabled her to accomplish so much, beginning at a period of life when most people are inclined to consider their work in the world as drawing to a close, is increased a hundred-fold when one is informed of the circumstances under which some of her best books were written.

Those circumstances I have narrated as accurately as it was in my power to give them. As to the truth of my facts—a different thing, of course, from truth of drawing: since a figure of which each separate detail is correct may be utterly unlikeliest,—as to the faithfulness with which I have copied the sources of my information, I may venture to speak confidently.

In the second place, I desire to make my acknowledgments to all who have kindly supplied me with information, or lent me letters. To my dear friend and sister-in-law, Mrs. Anthony Trollope, to Miss Anna Drury, Mrs. Wayne, Mrs. Gifford, of Arlington House, Oxford, Mrs. G. Wharton-Robinson, Sir John Tilley, K.C.B., and Mr. H. M. Trollope, I offer my best thanks.

A MEMOIR OF
FRANCES TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

“I always come back to my old point: if the artist has a genuine subject given to him, he can do honest work.”—GOETHE, *Italienische Reise*.

FORTY years ago, any list of Englishwomen of Letters would have been held to be strangely incomplete without the name of Frances Trollope. Fashions change; reputations fade; books are forgotten. Nevertheless, an adequate acquaintance with the lighter literature of this century, must still include her works, or at least the *names* of the principal ones. It cannot be doubted that many greater writers than she are known to the majority of readers by means of the book-binder rather than the printer: *i.e.* by the lettering

on the backs of the volumes! But the "Domestic Manners of the Americans," and the "Vicar of Wrexhill," are still read by those who are curious about the manners and tone of thought of sixty or seventy years ago.

Probably few persons at the present day are aware how high Mrs. Trollope's reputation stood in the third and fourth decades of this century;—how much she was talked of, written about, praised, and, above all, abused. This latter was not the least of the testimonies to the power with which her pen was wielded. I remember reading, many years ago, in a forgotten journal of belles lettres, that a certain review (one of the mightiest and awfulest of the critical Arcopagus) had called a certain female writer of repute "a poor worm;" whereupon the journalist shrewdly observes that the awful reviewer must have been very angry, and that it took something considerably less insignificant than "a poor worm" to make him so!

Measured by this rule, Frances Trollope was assuredly not a poor worm, for she made some of her reviewers very angry indeed. In those days, political feeling entered very largely into the estimate of an author's works. If he were known to be a Liberal, the Tories assailed him; if a Tory,

the Radicals abused him. All literature of any pith and popularity was judged very much on party lines. The advocates for an equal treatment of the sexes in Art—those who demand for women's work a fair field and no favour—could certainly not have complained that Mrs. Trollope was treated with any contemptuous indulgence by reason of her sex. The critics, big and little, who disliked her writings, belaboured them as heartily as though she had been a man—perhaps even a little more heartily! She was “chastised with the valour of” their goosequills to a flattering point of ruthlessness. Nevertheless, she was one of the most successful writers of her day.

In the *New Monthly Magazine* for 1839 there appeared, together with a portrait of her, a brief memoir of Mrs. Trollope, from which I extract the following passages:—

“In the following year (1832) she published the ‘Domestic Manners of the Americans;’ and from that time to the present, a rapid succession of popular and successful works has confirmed and extended the reputation which her first book achieved, and has won for her an undisputed place among the principal favourites of the public. . . . We would make a few remarks on one peculiarity in the reception which her works have met with. That Mrs. Trollope has, from the first

commencement of her career up to the present time, been uniformly and eminently successful as an author, no one can gainsay or doubt. But, on the other hand, it is equally clear that scarcely any of her works have escaped the vehement and angry censure of some portion or other of the public press. Certainly no other author of the present day has been at once so much read, so much admired, and so much abused."

The writer of the memoir proceeds to account for these facts, by the intrinsic talent of her works on the one hand, and the uncompromising honesty of her character on the other.

"There may," he continues, "be many persons more competent to form an opinion on many subjects than Mrs. Trollope. Her views may be distorted by prejudice (as whose are not?), or she may form a judgment too hastily. But we confess that we set a very high value on Mrs. Trollope's opinion, for this reason: We are sure that, be the subject what it may, and displeasing to whom it may, that opinion will be freely, honestly, and boldly expressed. This is, it is true, a course which must and will make enemies (or opponents, rather); but we would hold up the example of Mrs. Trollope to all writers, as a proof that in authorship, as in other crafts, 'honesty is the best policy.'"

Whether politic or not, honesty was the only course possible to Frances Trollope. Truthfulness in word and deed continued to be one of her most marked characteristics to the end of her life.

Again and again her correspondents are found alluding to her "straightforwardness," "frankness," and "sincerity." Those who best knew her, could not doubt that when she narrated an incident or a conversation, she had actually witnessed what she described. Whether her inferences from the facts were always correct, is another question. Her feelings were ardent, her apprehension was lively, and she may sometimes, as her critic in the *New Monthly* observes, have formed a judgment too hastily. But it will scarcely be contended that the drawing of erroneous conclusions is monopolized by impulsive and warm-hearted persons; or that it is impossible to be wrong after the coolest deliberation!

I am not, however, concerned to vindicate Frances Trollope's character for veracity as a writer. Time has done that on many points whereon some of her contemporaries impugned it. My aim is to give as faithful a portrait as lies in my power, of a very remarkable Englishwoman, and of the circumstances and environment of her life. These are far enough removed—at all events as regards the earlier years of it—from the present period to have a certain quaint interest. And those readers who would wish their

“ days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety,”

must ever contemplate with tenderness, as well as curiosity, any true picture of the generations that have preceded our own. There is pathos in the sense of our human fellowship with those figures whose outward garb—as well of the mind as the body—was so different from that which we wear; and in the recognition that the warm blood pulsed beneath high-waisted gowns, and voluminous muslin cravats, even as it pulses to-day under attire so superior in the all-embracing merit of—novelty.

Perhaps, too, there may be some value for us in the increased respect for our vanished progenitors, which must assuredly ensue from the perusal of such domestic records as these. To say that there were virtue and intellect, as well as cakes and ale, in England when George the Third was King, would be, no doubt, to utter a mere platitude. But it has often occurred to me that the task of calling attention to the particulars involved in that general proposition, is not wholly superfluous. London, of course, has always been a centre of intellectual friction; but in reading the papers from which the following pages have been com-

piled, I have been much struck by the evidences of culture, refinement, and mental activity among very quiet families living in provincial towns and rural parsonages seventy or eighty years ago. And I have thought that what interested me so much, might have an interest for others.

The records which I purpose laying before the reader, have at least the incontestable merit of truth. They consist chiefly of letters and diaries, not written with a view to meet the public eye. Such as they are, they are authentic and genuine. The earliest of them were written eighty-seven years ago, and they comprise glimpses of many memorable men and women. Of stirring outward adventure there is scarcely any. But there is enacted, during many years, an interior drama, which would be moving enough could I present it to the reader half as vividly as I realize it myself.

CHAPTER II.

“ . . . love will go by contrast, as by likes.”

TENNYSON, *The Sisters*.

FRANCES MILTON, afterwards known in the literary world as Frances Trollope, was born at Stapleton, near Bristol, on the 10th of March, 1780. Her father was the Reverend William Milton, who held at that time a living at Stapleton, but was subsequently, and for many years, Vicar of Heckfield, a New College Living just over the border of Berkshire, in Hampshire. Her mother was a Miss Gresley. That their descent on this side of the house was by no means ignored by her children, is proved by more than one jesting allusion to “the illustrious Norman blood that flows in our veins,” and so on, in letters from her brother to Frances Milton.

Mrs. Milton, *née* Gresley, bore three children: Mary, Henry, and Frances. Of the early years of the Reverend William Milton’s married life, I have no record. His wife died while her children

were still very young, and Mr. Milton subsequently married a Miss Partington, by whom he had no family. He was a man of some attainments as a mathematician ; and he had also a remarkable love for mechanics, and no inconsiderable abilities in that line. His tastes led him to spend a great deal of time and money on mechanical contrivances, from some of which he expected to reap large profits—an expectation which, it is perhaps needless to say, was never fulfilled. Mr. Milton's "patent coach," and the great fortune it was to earn, were the subject of some good-humoured joking among his own family. But his mechanical researches were not characterized by mere *dilettante* futility. A project of his for improving the port of Bristol, was deemed worthy of the thanks of the Corporation of that city, duly conveyed to him on an official parchment, which I have seen. And possibly some of his ideas may not have been unfruitful, but may, in a more or less modified form, have contributed to the changes and ameliorations brought about by the great works subsequently undertaken in the docks and sea-approaches of Bristol.

In the first chapter of T. Adolphus Trollope's "What I Remember," affectionate mention is

made of his grandfather Milton ; and mention, too, of the great coach-house at Heckfield Vicarage, "always full of the strangest collection of models of coaches."

There never was the least quarrel—no shade of ill-will—between the young Miltons and their step-mother ; but when Henry Milton was appointed to a clerkship at the War Office, his two sisters left Heckfield, and accompanied him to London to keep house for him there. And very soon these young people attracted around them a pleasant circle of friends not at all of the commonplace order. It would be, perhaps, more accurate to attribute the special attraction to the wit and brightness of Henry Milton and his sister Fanny. Mary was a kind, excellent creature, sufficiently sensible, but not of shining parts. She married Captain, afterwards Admiral, Clyde, of the Royal Navy, and lived to be a very old woman, surviving her sister Fanny by a few years. Of Henry Milton I have heard from those who remembered him, that he was a peculiarly delightful companion in society, and quick to appreciate all that was best and brightest in the conversation of others. At the time when they first made the acquaintance of Mr. Trollope, the brother and sisters were living

at No. 27, Keppel Street—the same street though not the same house as that in which the first years of Mr. and Mrs. Trollope's married life were passed.

Anthony Trollope, in his autobiography, speaks with tender appreciation of certain letters that passed between his father and mother during their courtship, and in the early days of their marriage. And in his brother's "What I Remember" one or two of these letters are quoted. It would not have been "germane to the matter" in either of the above-named books, to fill many pages with this correspondence. It had but a collateral bearing on the main subject. But in the present case it forms part, and no unimportant part, of the subject itself. No words of mine could so faithfully and vividly present certain traits of character as they are shown in these old letters.

The whole collection, consisting of thirty-seven letters, now lies before me, written on paper somewhat yellowed by time, but with ink that has faded very little, in clear, neat characters. Mr. Trollope's is indeed a specially beautiful handwriting in these earlier specimens of it. And he is always careful about dates; which the lady is not. To pronounce on the subtle significance of

certain habits, and to draw conclusions as to what our fellow-creatures must naturally have been likely to do, after we know them to have done it, is an *ex post facto* kind of wisdom of tempting facility. To me, who know his subsequent history, some of the peculiarities in Mr. Trollope's letters appear easy to account for. But I think that otherwise I should have been puzzled to reconcile them with other traits. For example, despite his scrupulous accuracy of mind, there are more errors, more slips of the pen, in his letters than in those of Miss Milton. Words are misplaced ; sometimes, but more rarely, omitted, and frequently made into orthographical monsters by tacking the tail of one to the head of another, in hurrying on towards what is to come next. It is as if the stream of his mind, though clear in itself, were constantly fretted by little rocks and boulders in its course. Hers flows on more smoothly, with a cheerful ease, like a brimming river between meadows.

The first letter of the series is dated Lincoln's Inn, July 19, 1809, and is anterior to any explicit love-making, although there were probably more or less vague suspicions in the Milton family that a barrister, very strenuously industrious in his profession, must have had a special motive for

writing such long notes, and copying out so many verses, beyond the desire to make mankind better acquainted with the English poems of Crowe, or the Latin odes of the Rev. William Jones, of Nayland.*

I premise that all the extracts from these letters are printed in scrupulous accordance with the originals. I have preserved spelling, punctuation, and underlining as I found them.

“*To* MISS F. MILTON.

“MY DEAR MADAM,

“Although I have been so long in performing my promise of sending you a copy of Crowe’s verses, I trust you have given me credit for not having permitted it to escape my memory. . . . The few stanzas addressed ‘To an Ass,’ I have taken the liberty of adding, not as in anywise equal to the Installation Ode, for indeed the subject does not admit it, but as a production of the same master, and as a contrast to the many paltry things upon the same or a similar subject, from the *New School*. The two little odes in Latin which you will also find enclosed, I shall be very much obliged to you to give to your brother. I flatter myself he will be very much pleased with them, and they will probably be new to

* Crowe was a Fellow and Tutor of New College, and afterwards Public Orator of the University of Oxford. In support of Mr. Trollope’s taste, it may be mentioned that Crowe’s poems were highly praised by Rogers and Tom Moore. The former studied him for versification, and declared his poem of “Lewesdon Hill” to be “full of noble passages.”

him. The first was written by the Rev. Wm. Jones, of Nayland (a name that will be long known and highly respected by every lover of elegant and biblical learning), in a moment, apparently, of despondency; and at the extremity of public danger that existed in the portentous summer of 1792. . . . I have been so much pleased with these little odes that I would gladly see something like a translation of them in our own language. Perhaps your brother, at your request, might be induced to employ a leisure hour in giving them an English dress; and that I might lessen the impertinence of my joining you in your entreaties, I have ventured at an attempt myself, and have sent, together with the originals, a few stanzas expressing what I conceive to be the sentiments of the first of them. The singular elegance and terseness of this ode I have not even dared to imitate; not only from a fear of my own powers proving deficient to such a task, but from thinking it incapable of being expressed in our tongue.

"I beg my best respects to your brother, and trusting that you will both pardon the liberty which I cannot but acknowledge myself guilty of having taken, I have to assure you,

"My dear Madam, that I am,

"With the highest esteem,

"Your most devoted humble servant,

"THOS. ANTH. TROLLOPE."

The "portentous summer of 1792" must have been well within the writer's recollection. He was then eighteen years old. The allusion to the

"New School" was probably directed against the imitators of Wordsworth and Coleridge. The Lyrical Ballads, with the "Ancient Mariner," had been published in 1798. There was, doubtless, a great deal of literary as well as other rubbish extant in the year 1808; but for our benefit the good work has exemplified the doctrine of the survival of the fittest—a soothing reflection in these days of much printing, to those altruistic persons who are concerned for the happiness and improvement of posterity.

The next letter from Mr. Trollope is concerning a certain umbrella, which he wishes Mr. Henry Milton to keep; but its real purpose is evidently to give the writer an opportunity of addressing Fanny Milton. It is not worth quoting at any length, but there is one touch of nature in it that makes the whole (umbelliferous) world kin. Mr. Trollope writes—

"I really hope you will indulge me in the request that it may henceforth be safely deposited in your house, since experience has shown that they are very apt to ramble from mine."

This racial peculiarity of wandering away from its rightful owner is manifested as strongly as ever in the *fin de siècle* umbrella!

Miss Milton scribbled a hasty reply on the blank sheet of this letter, which had been sent out by hand, transmitting an invitation from her brother to Mr. Trollope to dine with them "on Friday."

There is an unimportant note from him a few days later, thanking her for the loan of a book by Miss Edgeworth ; and then comes the letter that decided the fate of both their lives. It is undated—a circumstance proving the strong preoccupation of the writer's mind—but I find from other evidence that it was written on the 1st of November, 1808.

"*To MISS FANNY MILTON.*

"MY DEAR MADAM,

"In the course of last spring, I was no little delighted with the subject a certain debating Society had chosen for their weekly discussion, which, to the best of my recollection, was in the words, or to the effect following : 'Is it most expedient for a man to make an avowal of his attachment to a lady *vivâ voce*, anglicè *tête-à-tête*, or by epistolary correspondence?' What the determination was that these learned orators came to upon a question that must have been so interesting to all unmarried men, did not reach me ; neither is it of consequence to me upon the present occasion. But my reason for adverting to this proposed debate, is because I well remember, and probably, my dear Madam, you may also, that there was one, altho' not of this honourable Society, who

expressed a most decided opinion upon the subject ; and to that opinion I now think myself bound to submit. To me, I must confess that the question appeared to be calculated to afford an ample field for declamation, and to be attended with considerable difficulty, but I believe that the only observation I made at the time, was that which Sir Roger de Coverley found so convenient and apposite upon almost all occasions : ‘ Much was to be said on both sides of the question.’ And indeed, having discovered your sentiments, and having no occasion to waste any further thoughts upon the subject, my mind, I confess, continues much in the same state of dubiety. In submitting, therefore, to your opinion, I am making no sacrifice of my own, altho’ had the sacrifice been necessary, your ideas, as they ought, would have been the sole guide of my choice.

“ I little thought, my dear Madam, that this preface would have run to so considerable a length ; since, however, it explains the motive of my now addressing you, it will save me the necessity of a more explicit avowal, and sufficiently declare to you that my future happiness on earth is at your disposal.

“ It is impossible but that I must feel every anxiety till I am favoured with your reply to this note, yet I shall say nothing under the hopes of accelerating it. If, indeed, as I trust is the case, you are not entirely unaware that my chief delight has long since had its source in your society and conversation ; and if, permit my vanity to indulge the hope, there has been the slightest degree of mutuality in this delight, then perhaps— I confess I scarcely know what I was going to say, but perhaps you would not require *three weeks* for passing a sentence

on which I must so anxiously depend. Many circumstances, however, I know must, and indeed ought to be taken into consideration before this serious, this final step can be resolved upon. There is no one perhaps that has a greater contempt for those who are induced to contract alliances upon motives of a pecuniary nature, than I have; but at the same time I have had experience enough to teach me that happiness is not to be expected where the parties are no longer capable of enjoying those necessities and comforts of life to which they have been accustomed, and which are commonly incident to the rank and situation they hold in society.

“With these sentiments, and believing them to be your own, as indeed they must be those of every sensible and considerate person of either sex, I deem it an indispensable duty in addressing myself to you on this subject in which all my dearest interests are involved, to make an open declaration of what grounds I have to hope for the enjoyment of those comforts above alluded to. But in doing this I have much to fear that you will think me by far too sanguine; and indeed I too well know myself that at any rate my hopes of happiness must be postponed to a distant day.

“My present income, tho’ somewhat uncertain since part of it arises from my profession, is about £900 per annum, but as near £200 of this proceeds from my Fellowship at Oxford, this last emolument would drop should I be no longer deemed a fit member of that Society. I should also add that this income, trifling as it is, is subject to certain incumbrances, but as it is much beyond my expenditure as a single man, they are gradually wearing away.

“I trust, my dear Madam, you will not think me presumptuous, nor imagine that I have been premature in stating these particulars; for surely if they are worthy of our consideration at any time, it must be more candid to enter into them at the first instance (altho’ perhaps the vulgar prejudice of an unthinking mind might lead to a different conclusion) than to be obliged to have recourse to them at a subsequent period. Indeed I feel no apprehension that my motives will be liable to have an unfavourable construction put upon them by one whose—but let me avoid compliments, which were always my detestation—fit tools only for knaves, and to be employed against fools.

“I must now draw this long letter to a conclusion; a letter perhaps chiefly to be remarked by its singularity, and particularly in its manner and style being so little adapted to its subject.—If I have erred in this, I must admit that it has been in a great measure with design, as my sole object has been to make a declaration which I could no longer conceal, and at the same time to state those circumstances a knowledge of which, in case you should think the subject of my writing worthy your consideration, would be necessary for that purpose.—In doing this in the most simple manner, and in rejecting the flippant nonsense which I believe to be commonly used on occasions of this nature, I doubt not I have acted as well in conformity with your sentiments, as those of

“My dear Madam,

“Your sincere admirer and most devoted servant,

“THOS. ANTH. TROLLOPE.”

There, young ladies and gentlemen, is an authentic offer of marriage made in the days of your great-grandfathers!

But that it is an unusual specimen of such an offer, even in those days, the writer himself, as he says, is aware. It is curious to watch the subterranean fire spurt out from beneath the iron-bound crust with which the wooer has chosen to cover it. The unfinished sentence, for example, where he confesses that he hardly knows what he was about to say—the sudden curvet from the straight track sternly laid down for his pen, being plainly due to the ecstatic vision he has allowed himself to glance at, of charming Fanny Milton's having some delight in his society! And then, again, the rigid way in which he pulls up his Pegasus—throwing it, as it were, on its haunches—when he finds himself rushing into the language of compliment! A cold man does not write in that way. A cold man is under no apprehension lest his feelings should run away with him. The exaggerated repression of all verbal tenderness in the letter may be a fault, or an error rather; but it does not spring from coldness of temperament.

And now here is the lady's answer, undated

by her, but endorsed by its recipient: "F. M., received 2nd November, 1808."

"It does *not* require three weeks' consideration, Mr. Trollope, to enable me to tell you that the letter you left with me last night was most flattering and gratifying to me. I value your good opinion too highly not to feel that the generous proof you have given me of it must for ever, and in any event, be remembered by me with pride and gratitude. But I fear you are not sufficiently aware that your choice, so flattering to me, is for yourself a very imprudent one. You have every right in an alliance of this kind, to expect a fortune greatly superior to any I shall ever possess. And I agree too perfectly with you in your ideas on this point not to think that you ought to be informed of the truth in this particular *before* you decide on so important a subject. All I have independent of my father is £1300, and we each receive from him at present an annual allowance of £50. What he would give either of us were we to marry, I really do not know.

"In an affair of this kind, I do not think it any disadvantage to either party that some time should elapse between the first contemplation and final decision of it; it gives each an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the other's opinion on many important points which could not be canvassed before it was thought of, and which it would be useless to discuss after it was settled.—I have to thank you for choosing that manner of addressing me which I once so vaguely said I thought the best, but I have more than once since I began writing this, wished I had not said so.—I have not, nor can I

express myself quite as I wish. There is something of cold formality in what I have written, which is very foreign to what I feel,—but I know not how to mend it.

“FANNY MILTON.”

A novelist would scarcely venture to let his heroine write a similar letter under similar circumstances, nowadays. It might possibly fail to enlist the reader's sympathies. And yet the formality of it does not strike one as being repellant. It is the result of unaffected, modest dignity. Since *he* has chosen to keep his expressions within such rigid bounds, it is not for *her* to be more expansive. In a word, the manner may be somewhat obsolete, but the sentiment is not. Already, in these early written records of her mind, we see the same open candour which always distinguished it. She goes straight to the point in speaking of her pecuniary position, without any *ambages*.

The lover answers instantly, beginning this time “My dearest Madam,” and, signing himself “Yours most truly and devoutly,” says: “I am made most happy by the answer you have done me the honour of giving to my letter of last night;” and begs for a personal interview without delay.

After this the correspondence ceases until the first days of December, when Miss Milton had returned to her father's house at Heckfield, whence she writes to announce her safe arrival. The letter is dated December 2, 1808.

She begins by saying that "spite of being *quized*" (*sic*) she would have written as he desired, yesterday, had it been possible to do so. But the postman had left the Vicarage an hour before she reached it. Her father was not able to meet her in Reading at the end of the coach journey, being obliged to dine out, "but his servant did, and I had a fine, clear, cold, moonlight evening for my eight-miles jumble in his *patent cart*." She has not been able to see her father before writing—

"But Mrs. Milton, who I told you settled all these things has been telling me what it is their intention to give me. . . . She says my father cannot now give me more than £1200 *stock*, and another £100 for clothes; that at his death I am to have the third of the little estate I mentioned to you; and at hers, the third of £2000. I am afraid, nay I know, this is less than you must have expected, and this vexes me much. . . . Ought not this to make a difference as to the *time* at which you mean to burden yourself with a poor wife? Indeed I think it ought. . . . I am certainly sinning

against *etiquette* in writing to you first, but if you do not mean that I should understand you are *shocked* at my doing so, you will let me have a line from you *Tuesday*. My father seemed much pleased by your letter; he bids me tell you he will answer it in person. Both he and Mrs. M. send their best regards to you, and I am—

“Yours very truly,

“FRANCES MILTON.”

“Fanny” had been written first, but the pen had been drawn through it. There was probably some jest between them on this subject, for in the first letter in which Mr. Trollope uses her Christian name, he calls her “Fanny,” and underlines the word twice. Although her books, and almost all her business communications bore the name of Frances, Fanny was her home name all her life.

Mr. Milton went to town and had an interview with his intended son-in-law, which appears to have been satisfactory. The correspondence between Frances Milton and her betrothed continues, with a few interruptions occasioned by her visiting London, or his visiting Heckfield, until the date of their marriage, which took place in the following May. These jaunts appear to have been frequent. Nothing, indeed, strikes one more in reading of the domestic records of those days, than the perpetual movement and change of place

which went on among the Miltons, the Trollopes, and all the widespread ramifications of their kindred and friends. Some of us are accustomed to think of those pre-steam-locomotive times as being necessarily stay-at-home times, when a journey once a year was a stirring event that fell to the lot of comparatively few families. But that is not the impression given by the documents before me. Indeed, I suppose that we English folk have always had a travelling strain in the blood of us ; and it is certain that we have never, speaking nationally, been apt to renounce an aim we were inclined to, because its attainment was not perfectly easy.

It would be tedious and unnecessary to give all the letters during courtship *in extenso* ; but I extract such passages as appear to me to have any interest for the reader of to-day, and also one or two that throw a strong light on the character of the writers, or carry on the story of their lives.

Mr. Trollope, writing on the 5th of December, 1808, mentions having received a visit from Dr. Nott, who came to get his assistance as a solicitor, and "appeared surprised," says the writer, with a touch of *hauteur*, "that I did not practise in that

character." The Reverend Doctor's visit (he was a prebendary of Winchester) was occasioned by some difficulty that had arisen between himself and the parishioners of a living to which he had lately been appointed, on the subject of tithes. "The *usual* subject of tithes," as Mr. Trollope says. And he adds, "There never was a man, I believe, so little conversant with the common circumstances of life." This Dr. Nott is described by T. Adolphus Trollope in "What I Remember," as a refined-looking old clergyman who was an elegant Italian scholar. But he evidently knew less about tithes. He continued to be a valued friend of the Trollope family as long as he lived.

Discussions are carried on between Lincoln's Inn and Heckfield Vicarage, as to the choice of a house for Mr. Trollope and his bride. The house No. 16, Keppel Street, where they ultimately resided, was Mr. Trollope's own property. He mentions in one letter that he has had an offer of two thousand guineas for it. It is considered larger than the newly married couple will require; while, on the other hand, No. 27, where the younger Miltons lived, was pronounced too small. This must have been solely on the score of dignity; since a house that had sufficed to accommodate

the brother and two sisters, would, of course, have held Mr. Trollope and his wife.

It is noticeable how large a part books play throughout the correspondence. Scarcely a letter passes without some literary allusion. Henry Milton scribbles a word on the outside flap of the great square letter about to be despatched by Mr. Trollope, thanking his sister for a foreign grammar ; there is a question of lending an Italian dictionary ; and the current reviews are constantly quoted and referred to. Fanny Milton sends an Italian sonnet to her *fiancé*, feeling sure that he will be able to make out its meaning, as her father can read Italian chiefly by means of his knowledge of Latin (!) The enamoured gentleman makes the required attempt, but honourably confesses that he has failed ; and remarks that he cannot believe any one would be capable of tasting the beauties of an Italian poem, with no more preparation than a classical education. Mr. Milton must, therefore, he opines, have had some acquaintance with Italian grammar—which proves to have been the case.

It is rather startling to find a lady who was still living in the twenty-fifth year of our Queen's reign, writing with some warmth on the disputed question of the authenticity of Rowley's poems, and finding

it difficult to believe they were written by "an uneducated boy of seventeen." Chatterton had been dead thirty-nine years in 1809, but a volume then recently published by a Dr. Sherwin had, to some ephemeral degree, revived the old controversy. "The subject," says Miss Milton, "is very interesting to us all at the Vicarage."

Some portion of this interest may perhaps be ascribed to the Miltons' connection with Bristol. A family named Hellicar, who were Fanny Milton's cousins through a Gresley alliance, is often alluded to throughout these letters, and in the correspondence of many subsequent years. They were, apparently, Bristol merchants of considerable wealth. In view of the approaching marriage, Mrs. Hellicar sends a cordial invitation to the betrothed couple to visit her on their bridal journey. "Either," writes Fanny Milton, in transmitting the invitation to Mr. Trollope, "at the Hellicars' beautiful villa at Leigh, about six miles from Bristol, or in their mansion in Bristol." I suppose the great Bristol merchants have all migrated to Clifton in these days.

Mr. Trollope's family have all received the announcement of his engagement very satisfactorily. Miss Milton has had "a very affectionate

letter from your sister Die" (she had married her first cousin, Rev. Henry Trollope, brother of the fifth and sixth baronets), and is to meet "your uncle and Mrs. Meeterke" when she comes to town. Sir John and Lady Trollope hope to make her acquaintance, and the former inquires privately of his cousin, Thomas Anthony, what sort of wedding present would be most acceptable. No course of true love could have run more smoothly than theirs in these days of courtship.

The gentleman's letters become not merely more voluminous, but much easier and warmer in their tone. There is a good deal of playfulness in many of them, which contrasts strangely with the ascetic, joyless temper ascribed to him by both his sons in later years. *Apropos* of Miss Milton's saying that she had sinned against etiquette in writing to him first, he rejoins—

"Now the ice has been broken—since a letter has been written both by yourself and me since your departure from London, I presume no etiquette can possibly be violated in suffering me to hear from you again. But if it should be thought so, do write and tell me of it,—and when writing, you know, you certainly may tell me anything else!"

Several times he indulges in what, according to the *norma loquendi* of to-day, is styled "chaff"

(he would probably have termed it raillery), on the subject of her share in the profits of the patent coach. Her father, it seems, has formally made over to her one-third of these—whenever they happen to accrue! And Mr. Trollope charges her with having concealed the fact with a view of keeping back a thousand a year or so, for her own private pin-money.

Again, in urging her to make a visit to town (she has taken up her abode at Heckfield, where the marriage preparations are going on in a leisurely fashion), he writes—

“I called on Mrs. Young who hoped you would return to town before the 13th of next month, as they have issued a few packs of cards for that evening, with ‘*a violin*’ at the bottom. The dance, I can assure you, is intended to be a very gay one, and the old dowagers are all invited for the 10th, that they may not be in the way of the younger party on the 13th.”

This division of the guests smacks, to our notions, rather of a modern transatlantic fashion, than of anything pertaining to English manners in the reign of King George the Third! But there is nothing new under the sun.

One new thing, by the way, *is* mentioned in a letter of Mr. Trollope’s, written in the first days of 1809:

“Have you learnt that the public is threatened with an opposition *Edinboro’ Review*, under the name of *The Quarterly*, and under the auspices of Walter Scott? A quarrel between some of the editors of the famous work, is said to have given rise to this new undertaking, and that the indignation of W. Scott has no little served to inflame it. I shall be sorry to see the talents divided, and to give 10s. for what we have given only 5s., for this must be the consequence, I presume. Another new review has already made its appearance conducted by the veteran Cumberland, and bearing his name. The chief peculiarity in it, is the signatures by the parties reviewing. I have not yet seen it, but the account I hear of it is by no means favourable. Indeed I should not augur well of it.”

I can find no mention elsewhere of this review conducted by Richard Cumberland. It probably did not survive above one or two numbers. Cumberland died in 1811. The reader will have remarked that Mr. Trollope purposes, as a matter of course, buying both the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly*, although he is sorry to give ten shillings instead of five for his feast of reason.

In the same letter he enters into an elaborate examination of the principal articles in the current number of the *Edinburgh Review*; especially one on the poet Burns—who at this time had been dead about twelve years,—showing a familiar

acquaintance with, and love for his poems. Mr. Trollope writes—

“There is a critique upon Burns, brought in *Head and shoulders* as you will perceive. In quoting some stanzas from the Cottager’s (*sic*) Saturday Night, it is surprising they should stop short just before the most enchanting verses that perhaps Burns ever wrote, and particularly since they have mentioned them as an instance of great force of tenderness and truth. You cannot forget the two stanzas beginning ‘O happy love.’”

On another occasion Fanny Milton, writing to him of a lady who seems to have incurred a little ridicule by her manner, says very happily, “She has a most innocent and friendly heart, and *that*, as you quoted from your Burns, is ‘what makes us right or wrong.’” On her part she says that her days are divided between walking, sewing, and “Dante or some of his brethren.” So that these folks in the quiet Heckfield Vicarage live habitually in very exalted company.

It is noteworthy that French phrases occur rather frequently, not only in her letters, but his. He writes: “Adieu! Aime-moi bien. Aime-moi toujours.” And once, with a rare breaking away from his habitual shy sobriety of expression, he ends with these words: “Adieu! Mon âme est toute pleine de toi!” In answer to his prayer,

"Aime-moi toujours!" she writes: "Love you always? I believe I must, for I cannot help it, even though you do scold me when I don't deserve it." And in relation to some small misunderstanding between them, she says—

"Would Easter were come, and then we could quarrel comfortably at our leisure. But at this distance I do not love it so well. One written word that looks like anger, may be read a *great many times* before the forgiving one comes to efface it."

Many topics of the day are touched on in the course of the correspondence. An elopement in high life, which created a great public scandal at the time, is made the text for some grave moralizing on Mr. Trollope's part.

"The increase of the most marked depravity in the highest circles, the great effrontery with which this is accompanied, and the very little discountenance it has to struggle with, is truly deplorable. It is a real national misfortune, the effects of which I think are easily to be foreseen, and much to be dreaded."

Another time Miss Milton writes in great distress about the trial of two gentlemen whom her family have known intimately, and who, she hears, have been condemned for *wilful murder* on the occasion of the duel in which Lord Falkland was killed.

But Mr. Trollope's legal knowledge enables him to assure her that the verdict was returned against some person or persons unknown, and that Mr. Powel—in whom the Miltons are especially interested, and of whom she says, "From my knowledge of his character, I believe him to be as little to blame as any one can be who fights a duel"—is in no danger.

The burning of Drury Lane Theatre furnishes one or two paragraphs to one of Mr. Trollope's letters. On the 28th of February, 1809, he writes—

"Of the burning of Drury Lane Theatre, of course I can give you no further account than what you have heard from the newspapers. The loss must be great indeed, extending to a very large number of people. The spectacle, the whole of which I beheld from the roof of my chambers [in Lincoln's Inn] was most awful and magnificent. There never has been remembered a fire that displayed so tremendous, and at the same time so truly beautiful a sight. Every part of that large and superb structure was enveloped in flames at the same moment, and in about two hours was laid in ruins; a small fragment of those lofty walls only remaining to mark in a more powerful manner the havoc and devastation this mighty element had spread around. Many rumours have been circulated of this dreadful conflagration having been occasioned by design; but I am happy to say there appears to be no foundation for them. They seem indeed only to have arisen from the remarkable

coincidence of the two great theatres of the metropolis being consumed by fire in the short space of about five months."

And now comes a letter, of which I will transcribe a great portion, because I think it a most curious piece of self-revelation; and because it shows the spring and fountain-head of much of that deplorable gloom and unamiability of manner which became in after-years so heavy a trial to his family, and so dark a cloud over his own daily life. Of course it did not bring all this enlightenment to Fanny Milton as she read the closely crossed pages of her lover's regular and beautiful handwriting. But the *ex post facto* wisdom is again instructive to us.

The letter is dated May 4, 1809, three weeks before their marriage. After repudiating a charge—made, seemingly, only half in earnest—that he did not find Heckfield supremely interesting, he thus proceeds—

"But perhaps I ought rather to accuse myself as the author of them. [The doubts she had expressed.] Perhaps they have arisen from the cold and flegmatic manner of telling you how anxious I always am of knowing you are well, and particularly of receiving that intelligence from yourself. But, my dearest love, are you still to learn my character and sentiments? Are

you yet to be informed in what detestation I hold all ardent professions, and in what admiration actions that want not the aid of declamation, but boldly speak for themselves? When I see a man vehement in his expressions without any apparent or sufficient cause, I am always inclined to suspect him. If he states to me a plain fact and takes unnecessary pains to enforce the truth of it, I immediately conclude it to be false.—From these ideas, which perhaps you will say are not very liberal ones, though I think they are founded upon reason, and confirmed by observation, it may not be improbable that I often seem to be too cautious of making use of what might be considered a natural and becoming warmth in my declarations; but I confess, whether it is from entertaining such sentiments as these myself, or from any other cause, *I always feel afraid of raising doubts to the prejudice of my own sincerity** by professing too much, or declaring myself in too vehement a manner. Besides, if our professions are only consistent with our actions, where is the necessity for them? If they go beyond them, they are evidently not to be trusted."

There seems to me to be something very pathetic in the honest wrong-headedness of this thoroughly candid statement. I think that in all the circumstances of his after-life, where he put himself into antagonism with his family, and chilled the affection of his children it was Mr.

* The italics in this sentence are mine.—F. E. T.

Tollope's head, and not his heart, that was responsible for the evil. In latter years ill-health, and the extraordinarily incautious use of powerful drugs, no doubt increased his nervous irritability until he lost power to control it. But here in his own avowed theory of life, we see the germ of the deepest mischief. Because we may fairly mistrust statements made in an exaggerated or too emphatic tone, therefore, forsooth, an honest man is not to speak warmly out of the fulness of his heart!

Yes, it is the head that is wrong, in spite of his clear mental vision and power of tracking a logical fallacy, let it shift and double as it may. No man can live reasonably with his fellow men by dint of reason alone. We need sympathy also—sympathy that is “as broad and general as the casing air,” and for which no space is too vast, no cranny too insignificant. Logic is, of course, merely a tool of the mind. It can shape our thoughts, but cannot create them. It is impossible to pack the whole of human life into syllogisms, because we are unable to formulate premises comprehensive enough; and the least little chink in the premise may let in a great flood of error. Mr. Trollope had strong feeling, but he mistrusted and starved

it. "If our professions," he says, "are only consistent with our actions, where is the necessity for them?" The necessity for them lies deep in human nature. He does not see that, in a vast number of cases, kind words *are* kind actions.

And the same habit of mind led him, I believe, into some of his gravest errors in matters of business. It was reasonable, he would argue, that such and such things should happen; *ergo* he must and would take such and such a course. But he made no allowance for the unreasonableness—or at any rate for our inability to trace the reason—of the complex circumstances furnished by human passions and prejudices, nay, even by the weather and the crops. And conscious of the unimpeachable nature of his logic, he clung to projects as fantastical as Alnaschar's, with sundry disastrous consequences to himself and others.

But those days are still distant, and for the present all is sunny with the betrothed couple. I know nothing more sweet and touching than the following passages from Fanny Milton's reply to the foregoing letter :—

"What you say of professions is very just. Nay I think it is great and noble. But yet one cannot help being pleased (at least women, I believe, cannot) with

expressions as well as proofs of tenderness from those they love. Vehement professions I think I detest as much as you can. Indeed *vehemence, tho' it may express passion, can never express tenderness.* But I own my heart welcomes a look or a word of fondness from those who are dear to me, as cordially as it does more unequivocal proofs of attachment."

On the 23rd of May, 1809, Francis Milton was married to Thomas Anthony Trollope at Heckfield. The yellow old bundle of letters contains only two or three written after the marriage, with a couple of extracts from which I will bring this chapter to a close.

On the 10th of August, 1810, Mrs. Trollope is at her father's house with her first-born child, Thomas Adolphus, then an infant between three and four months old. Her husband is at Bedford on circuit, and writes thus :—

"MY DEAREST FANNY,

"I have this moment received your letter, and have been made as happy as I can be at so great a distance from one whom I will not name to you, at the tidings it contains.—That 'all's well and Tom and his mamma are enjoying themselves in the country' is the source of the greatest pleasure to me.—Yet I should not say the greatest, since I look forward to the happiness of seeing and partaking of this enjoyment with them.—

I trust it is not a sin, or at least a venial one, to wish 3 weeks and one day were expired. Then, my Fanny, let time roll on as tardily as he will. . . . I find we are now called upon to attend the Judges in court. I have only, therefore, to say God bless you, my dearest Fanny, and our darling child. Give him a kiss for me every morning and tell him his papa sends it to him. I shall certainly expect to hear from you at Cambridge on Tuesday—once again God bless you both, and believe me,

“For ever yours,

“T. A. TROLLOPE.”

Here is the greater part of her reply; and if there be extant in fact or fiction a fresher, more genuine, and charming picture of a young mother's love and joy and pride, I know not where to look for it.

“Heckfield, 12th August, 1810.

“Your letter, my beloved husband, was a cordial to me of the most exhilarating kind, and accident made it if possible more welcome to me. I heard Hannah knock at the book-room door, which is opposite to mine, and say here is a letter for you, sir.—I was on the tip-toe of expectation, thinking my turn would come next, but Hannah quitted the passage and left me no letter.—I felt my heart swell grievously and ‘unkind Trollope’ rose to my wicked lips, but before I had time to complain to our Tom of you, which had you been guilty I certainly should have done, she returned, and

I almost doubt whether the sight of *you* could have given me greater pleasure.

"I complied with your *hard* command, and delivered your kiss to the boy, and then told him to kiss your letter in return, and the dear creature held it to his ruby lips as if he understood me. I do not seriously mean to say he was *quite* equal to this, but it is really wonderful how quietly his intelligence increases from day to day. My father is perfectly delighted with him, and every day after dinner plays some new trick to try his sagacity. Yesterday he put two glasses, the one empty, and the other full, before him,—the former the young tippler eyed with perfect indifference, the latter he tried all his little powers to get possession of, and at last drew it to his mouth. The experiment was frequently repeated.—Were I not *too wise* to be vain, I should certainly become so here. Everybody exclaims that my darling is the loveliest creature they ever beheld, and most add (now pray endeavour to be as wise as I) that he is very like his father. I screw my features into all possible forms, that I may not look as delighted as I feel. . . . Adieu my very dear husband. (I was going to write *dearest* but recollected that your *correctness* would laugh at me.) Adieu.—I will not *dictate* the moment for your writing, but I shall wish, and wish, and wish, till another comes.

"Yours wholly and for ever,"

"F. TROLLOPE."

CHAPTER III.

“Tell me what company you keep, and I will tell you who you are.”—*Common Proverb.*

THE first seven years of Mr. and Mrs. Trollope's married life were passed at No. 16, Keppel Street, where five children were born to them : Thomas Adolphus, Henry, Arthur William, Emily, and Anthony. Emily, born on the 7th of December, 1813, was privately baptized and died on the same day. There is no mention of the birth of this infant in the autobiography of either of Mrs. Trollope's sons ; but the entry is written by Mr. Trollope's hand in an old family Bible in my possession. Two other daughters, Cecilia Frances and a second Emily, were born in 1816 and 1818 respectively, at Harrow-on-the-Hill. Of all these children, only three survived to middle life ; and only two—Thomas Adolphus and Anthony—lived to reach old age. Henry died at twenty years old, Arthur at twelve, and Emily in her eighteenth year.

During their residence in Keppel Street the Trollopes received, among other guests, several Italian refugees. Of these General Guglielmo Pepe was probably the best known. His acquaintance was made through Lady Dyer (widow of General Sir Thomas Dyer, who served with Moore at Corunna and with Abercromby in Egypt), an intimate friend of Mrs. Trollope's. Her name will be met with several times in the course of the following pages. Pepe was a man of unblemished honour and great kindness and simplicity of nature. As I shall probably not have occasion to recur to him, I will here insert, although out of its due chronological order, the greater portion of a letter from him to Mrs. Trollope. The original is in French, by no means irreproachably correct.

“41, Margaret Street, Cavendish Square,

“9th January, 1825.

“MADAM,

“I am very much obliged to you for the letter which you had the kindness to write me, and which I only received on Friday last by the hands of our excellent friend Mr. Campbell. You are constant in friendship, and I hold constancy to be a great virtue in a lady. . . . I beg you to let me know when you come to London, that I may do myself the pleasure of coming to see you.

"In the month of September when I was in Worthing I received a letter from our estimable General Lafayette. He charges me to give many messages from him to you and Mr. Trollope. The letter was written in the first days after his arrival in America.

"I know that you lost one of your children a short time ago." [This was Arthur, who had died in the previous July.] "Last summer I lost my mother and father; and one of my brothers, although very rich, has taken possession of all the money they left, and everything else. For in Italy, and especially in Calabria, rich people have a passion for accumulating money, and keeping it well hidden in their houses. My other brother Florestan behaves in the most noble manner towards me, and one worthy of a man of sentiment and character. He is administering the wreck of our fortune, and is endeavouring to secure it from the despotism under which my country groans.

"If all your family is in good health, and if you are free from troubles, I wish you many more New Years like this one.

"Your very devoted friend and servant, .

"G. PEPE."

The passion for accumulating money, even on the part of rich people, is not so distinctively Italian as the good General appears to suppose! But the trait of hiding it in their houses, is more so. Calabria remains to this day, in its remoter parts, under social conditions that have changed but little since the Middle Ages.

Mr. Trollope built a handsome and commodious house near Harrow, on a farm held on lease from Lord Northwick ; and thither he removed himself and his family in the year 1817.

It has been set forth in "What I Remember" how disastrous was Mr. Trollope's farming speculation. Indeed it ultimately resulted in financial ruin, so far as Mr. Trollope's personal fortunes were concerned. He had no practical knowledge of farming ; and the earth, like the sea, has a way of disregarding the most admirable *à priori* theories, and can be subjugated only by hard and painful experience.

But neither did he prosper in his own profession. Mr. Trollope was allowed, by competent judges, to be a remarkably sound and able Chancery barrister ; yet his practice dwindled to the vanishing point. Some of the good, as well as the weak, points in his character contributed to this result. He was unsparing in exposing a fallacy, and would do so in no mitigated phrase ; but the mere habit of scourging with the tongue has not in other cases proved an obstacle to legal or forensic success ! But Mr. Trollope was never politic in his scourgings. He would demonstrate the folly and incoherence of a rich client, as

eagerly as he would scold a poor one. Verbal nonsense was to him as a rat to a terrier, and he set upon it and worried it whenever and wherever it showed itself.

Unfortunately there is a great deal of unspoken nonsense enacted in this world, as there is a vast amount of sound sense manifested in an inarticulate fashion. And to the former category belonged Mr. Trollope's speculation on the farm at Harrow. Moreover his prospects were further blighted by the loss of the inheritance he had been led to expect from an old uncle, his mother's brother, Adolphus Meetkerke, Esquire, of Julians, in Hertfordshire. This gentleman, who was left a childless widower at the age of sixty, married a second wife, by whom he had a numerous family. Mr. Trollope's expectation of his uncle's fortune had not been rash or over-sanguine. It had been acknowledged by Mr. Meetkerke, and Mr. Trollope's eldest son was taken down to Julians when a very young child, and presented to the tenants as the heir. The disappointment was thus severe, but it was borne both by Mr. Trollope and his wife with great dignity and fortitude.

The decline in the family fortunes was gradual ; and several years of peace and happiness intervened

between the removal from Keppel Street, and the catastrophe which compelled the withdrawal from the farm.

Frances Trollope's nature was one that welcomed every ray of sunshine, and diffused it again X liberally around her. To her children, no holiday treat was preferable to a *tête-à-tête* with her. Her rare talents, combined with this cordial cheerfulness of disposition, made her popular with her neighbours. It is not too much to say that the most distinguished for character and intellect among those who lived near her, valued and sought her society. In three instances—that of the Drurys of Harrow School, of the Merivales, and of the family of Colonel Grant—the friendships then formed have become hereditary, and have descended through more than one generation to the present day. Old Lady Milman, widow of Sir Francis, who had been physician to Queen Charlotte, and her sons, Sir William and the Reverend Henry Milman the poet, with his lovely wife, were frequent visitors. Lady Milman resided at Pinner, and the family correspondence is full of records of days and nights spent at her house. I possess an old diary wherein T. A. Trollope, then a Winchester schoolboy, records his opinion that

Mrs. Henry Milman was quite the most beautiful woman he had ever seen: the next most beautiful being Mary Fauche, daughter of Mr. Tomkison, the pianoforte-maker. Mrs. Milman appears to have had, in addition to her personal loveliness, great charm of character.

Besides these neighbours the Trollopes received frequent visitors from town. Mr. Trollope was sociably inclined during these early years. He shared, to a considerable extent, in his wife's taste for dramatic entertainments, and is frequently found taking a part in the private theatricals they got up in their house at Harrow. Among the Trollopes' friends and visitors were the Garnetts, Skerretts, Herman Merivale, Dr. Pertz (the famous German *savant*, whose great collection "*Monumenta Germaniæ Historica*" is a monument of learning and industry), George Hayter the painter, Mary Russell Mitford, and many others. The Misses Garnett were lifelong friends of Frances Trollope. One of them, Julia Garnett, became subsequently the first wife of Dr. Pertz. His second wife, Miss Horner, also belonged to a family, several of whose members were among the Trollopes' valued friends. She was a sister of the Misses Joanna and Susan Horner, authoresses of

“Walks in Florence.” Dr. Pertz and his intended bride were frequently staying in the Trollopes’ house together.

There is in the schoolboy diary previously quoted, the note of one conversation between young Tom Trollope and the learned German, which is not without interest :—

“He made a great many enquiries about William of Wykeham’s colleges at Winton and Oxford ; about English mutton and wool, and about English timber. He told me that in Germany the oaks grew much larger than any elms, and that they were more common than elms there. He said that next to our stage coaches the Prussian were the fastest. He told me he thought English would be the prevailing language at some future time, and that French was not in so much request on the Continent as it used to be. . . . I found him a very pleasant man, and his conversation very instructive,” adds the young Wykehamist, sagely.

Pertz’s opinion as to the future prevalence of the English language is noteworthy as having been uttered nearly seventy years ago.

The Misses Skerrett, like the Misses Garnett, were friends of Frances Milton’s maiden days. They were the nieces of Mathias, author of the “Pursuits of Literature,” who once enjoyed a high reputation as an Italian scholar. Mr. W. P.

Courtney, in his notice of Mathias in the "Dictionary of National Biography," asserts that "he ranks as the best English scholar in the Italian language since Milton." His nieces were women of high accomplishments and intellect. One of them, Miss Mary Anne Skerrett, filled for many years a confidential post in the Queen's household. Another very intimate friend was Captain Kater, known by the sobriquet of "Pendulum Kater," from his discoveries in connection with the pendulum, a man of the highest scientific reputation. Cecilia and Emily Trollope frequently stayed as visitors with Captain and Mrs. Kater, in their London residence, York House, Regent's Park. In truth, if the Trollopes be judged, according to the proverb, by the company they keep, they must be accorded a large measure of esteem.

A series of letters from Mrs. Trollope to her eldest son, and carefully preserved by him, begins in the year 1823, and extends over a period of thirty years. They furnish an outline of the family history during that time; and in many instances the outline is amply filled in, and vividly coloured. Both parents were unremitting in their correspondence with their boys at school, and it

would be impossible to surpass the minute and anxious interest they display for their children's welfare.

The very first letter of the collection, written by Mr. and Mrs. Trollope jointly, to their son Tom at Winchester, contains characteristic traits of both. It is dated October 25, 1823.

The mother begins by expressing her pleasure at the good report of Tom's progress at school ; and promises him "another cake, which Farmer" [their old nurse] "seems determined shall be made according to your directions." The father, while commending Tom, bids him tell his brother Henry (then also at Winchester, aged twelve years), that no cake shall be sent until he can hear a better account of Henry's industry. "You, my dear Tom, must also partake in this loss, but I shall know how to make amends."

Already Mr. Trollope has begun to manifest that impatience of any cessation of study on the part of his boys, and that habit of making exorbitant demands on their industry, which increased later to a degree that embittered their lives. There is a passage in a letter from the Rev. William Milton to his two elder grandsons at Winchester, which, playfully as it is worded, marks this point

very unmistakably. I am tempted to lay nearly the whole letter before the reader as a delightful specimen of a grandfatherly epistle, and as affording a vivid glimpse of the personality of Frances Milton's father.

I carefully preserve the abbreviations, the use of capital letters in beginning every noun substantive, and all the minutiae that can be produced in print. I wish it were possible to give the exquisitely clear and beautiful handwriting, wherein each letter is perfectly formed. It is curious to remark throughout this family correspondence the steady deterioration of the handwriting in each successive generation! In this connection Horace's well-thumbed lines, "*Ætas parentum, pejor avis*," etc., might be quoted more patly, perhaps, than usual; for it is certain that in the art of calligraphy we are inferior to our grandfathers, they to our great-grandfathers, and the next generation will probably take to type-writing and relinquish the pen altogether.

The Arthur spoken of in this letter is Mrs. Trollope's third son, who was then staying with his grandparents, and, indeed, passed the greater part of his short life in their home.

"18th November, 1823.

"TOM AND HENRY,

"MY DEAR BOYS,

"Feeble as I am, Arthur will not let me rest, unless I take up my Pen to give you a Line or two in y^e Basket. He would hardly have y^e Face to persevere in this, if he knew (as y^e case is) that I have nothing more principal to mention, than how incessant he is in his pleasant Attentions towards me. He never lets me take my short fine-weather Walks, without placing himself at my Side (*claudit Latus*). I term him my *Ποδηγόν Τεροντος*. I have, as you both know, been a long time in a very weak and poor State of Health: I wish I could tell you I was growing better, but I cannot. Arthur has been with me some Weeks: in which time I have again taken him through Euclid; and I think there is hardly to be found one, of his Age, more at home in y^e Matter; no one, I am sure, who more relishes it and its cognate Subjects. Whatever be his Path through Life, he will, I have no doubt, sometimes find y^e said Euclid his Staff, sometimes his Lamp. Can you, Boys, suspend your Labours on y^e Tongues of Athens and of Rome, to sit in Criticism on that which your silly Grandmother has now embasketted to you?"

[The tongue in question formed part of a hamperful of good things forwarded to Winchester. The young gentlemen doubtless tore themselves away, now and then, from their classical studies to discuss these dainties.]

"I give you both, Tom and Henry, I give you both Caution (I know not which of you will thank me most) not to think of going Home at y^e approaching Christmas Holidays; FOR in ten Days time, I shall send there

a strange Folio Greek Grammar printed in 1580, which I think will, now and then, furnish to your industrious Father, half an Hour's Examination of its Plan and Contents : in which you may, possibly, be invited to partake, if it shall appear to promise other Information than your present shorter Grammars give. I have heard with Pleasure of y^e Credit Tom has done himself with his Task verses. I wish him to take home with him, a Specimen, which his Mother will contrive to send me.

“With hearty best Wishes to both,

“believe me, your affectionate

“Grand Father,

“W. MILTON.”

Within the sheet of paper whereon the above is written, there has been preserved a scrap addressed apparently to Mr. Trollope. It contains these words :—

“Proper Notice has been sent to Winchester that this formidable Greek Grammar in Folio would be sent to Harrow ; and a Caution given to y^e two Lads there, not to think of going to Harrow for their next Holidays in any Expectation of Pastime ; as their sedulous Father would hold them close to this old Book, if it was found to contain anything worth his Attention. . . . Many thanks for Tibullus, not forgetting y^e Pheasant.”

The following passage, in a letter of Mrs. Trollope's to her son (written also in 1823), will appear very strange in the eyes of readers of the present day :—

“I wish you had been with me yesterday on your pony. I rode Jack to a very delightful hunt in Wembley Park. We had a delightful gallop, but did not kill the hare, which, to say truth I was not sorry for, as that part of the sport is but savage work. But the gentlemen, I believe, were of a different opinion. The little girls amused me exceedingly. They had been talking and wondering a good deal about Mama’s going hunting; and when they saw me equipped and ready to mount, Cecilia said, ‘But Mama, you have not got a gun! You must have a gun!’ I laughed heartily at this, and told her I was not going shooting but coursing; upon which, with a great air of contempt, and to show off her superior knowledge, Emily said ‘No; Mama ought not to take a gun, but she ought to take Neptune.’”

Neptune was their great Newfoundland dog! That “abstract and brief chronicle of the time” which is furnished by our street advertisements, informs me that various sports and pastimes are carried on in Wembley Park; but I do not imagine that coursing the hare is among them!

I must give one more extract from the letters of this year. It was written on the occasion of some school honours won by her eldest son:—

“November, 1823.

“Though so many letters have lately passed, my dearest Tom, you must submit to receive one more, that I may thank you for all the pleasure you have given

me. Gratified pride is always a very agreeable sensation, but it is so often accompanied by some unamiable feeling of superiority to others, that one is almost afraid to indulge it. Now, however, I may be as proud as I like without danger of being unamiable. The talents and industry of a son may inspire a pride perfectly innocent, and therefore I have indulged myself in telling my friends how happy you have made me."

In the course of the following year (1824) Mr. Trollope was induced by George Hayter to sit for one of the lawyers in the picture of Lord Russell's trial, which the artist was then painting for the Duke of Bedford. The engraving from the picture is well known. Mrs. Trollope writes that the work is full of historical interest, and—so far as can be judged in its present state—admirably painted. "I shall like," she adds, "to see your father's head there."

During the autumn they made an excursion to the Isle of Wight, and, on their return, Mr. Trollope finds his table at his chambers in Lincoln's Inn, quite covered with law papers, many of which demand his immediate attention; so that his professional business had not yet left him.

It is worthy of remark that Mrs. Trollope at this time writes a great part of her letters to her sons in French and Italian—a great part, but not the

whole,—for Tom petitions for “*some English*” in every letter. She mentions, too, that her husband is working hard to learn *la dolce lingua*, and that she is really astonished at his progress. He is reading Tiraboschi—“*autore non punto facile*,”—she observes,—and she tells Tom that on his return home for the holidays, he and she must read Italian together assiduously, “lest Papa should outstrip us.” The two boys, being at Winchester, call on Dr. Nott, who held a prebendal stall there; and Dr. Nott writes to their mother a very agreeable account of their visit, and is much pleased by the elder boy’s speaking to him of Dante.

Certainly whatever idea of, or interest in, Dante the young Wykehamist possessed, must have been derived solely from his mother. We have seen Frances Milton a diligent student of “The mournful Tuscan’s haunted rhyme,” before her marriage. And neither the cares of a family, nor the increasing troubles and difficulties of her life, had blunted her zest for Poetry and Art. Indeed, her enthusiasm in these directions was probably a powerful antidote against sordid anxieties. The ability to delight in great thoughts and beautiful images is, to a mind like hers, as the wings of a dove, whereon it can flee away and be at rest.

The genial sympathy of her character is shown by the desire she constantly evinces, that others should share with her these intellectual enjoyments. Her letters to her son are full of such anticipations as the following :—

“When you are next at home I shall insist upon your going with me to the National Gallery. It begins to be well worth seeing (1825), and *I* begin to be anxious to find out whether you are likely to enjoy the pleasure which a good picture is capable of bestowing. To me the love of pictures has been through life a source of very great pleasure, and I heartily wish it may become so to you.”

There are many allusions, also, to the progress her daughter Cecilia is making in algebra with their friend Captain Kater, at whose house the little girl and her sister are staying. And the father writes that they have all been celebrating little Emily's seventh birthday at York House with the Katers, and that he (Mr. Trollope) had “taken her through a very good sum in vulgar fractions”—a part of the birthday celebration which, it is to be hoped, little Emily did not find too oppressive !

Mrs. Trollope herself had a great inclination towards mathematical studies. She never had time or opportunity to pursue them seriously ; but at

this period of her life she was frequently working out problems and sending them to Tom at school. The taste is not one with which she was likely to be generally credited ; indeed, to most of those who knew her in after-years, it would probably have seemed quite foreign to her temperament and tone of mind. Nevertheless she had it. In all likelihood she inherited it from her father. It was not the fashion in her day to talk much about "heredity;" but it may safely be assumed that children frequently resembled their progenitors a century ago, and that the fact of their doing so had not escaped the common observation of mankind.

CHAPTER IV.

"There is no general doctrine which is not capable of eating out our morality, if unchecked by the deep-seated habit of direct fellow-feeling with individual fellow-men."—GEORGE ELIOT, *Middlemarch*.

IT must have been previous to the year 1824 that Mr. and Mrs. Trollope paid an interesting visit to General Lafayette at his country house, La Grange—a visit of which she preserved a minute journal, now before me. But I cannot fix the precise period of it, for, alas! although the days of the month are carefully recorded, the date of the year is not. And, by a provoking chance, a letter addressed to Mrs. Trollope at La Grange also lacks any indication of the year in which it is written. I will, at any rate, record some extracts from it in this place.

The means of introducing the Trollopes to so intimate an acquaintance with General Lafayette, was, doubtless, Miss Fanny Wright, Lafayette's ward. The link which brought *her* into such close

intercourse with Frances Trollope was the Garnett family, of whom mention has been made.

The journey from London to Paris occupied three days, the travellers sleeping one night *en route* at Calais. They left Harrow in Mr. Trollope's gig at half-past three o'clock in the morning of the 31st of August, and drove to London by the light of a bright moon. An excellent breakfast was ready for them at the house of their friend, George Hayter; and they had partaken of it in time to reach the Tower Stairs by seven o'clock. Here they found "the steamship" just ready to start. They had delightful weather and an excellent passage, and "the steamship" landed them in Calais a little before eight o'clock in the evening. "By immediately declaring for the Hôtel Bourbon" [I know not if there be still a Hôtel Bourbon in Calais at this time, but its *title* dates itself as being subsequent to the Battle of Waterloo] "we were immediately taken under the care of a young man, who passed us and our night-bags through the Custom House, without examination."

They mounted the Paris diligence at nine the next morning (finding it "full of English, within and without"); and so, in the usual lumbering fashion, stopping to feed at Boulogne, Abbeville,

and Beauvais, they finally jolted into Paris at eight o'clock on the evening of the 2nd of September.

Their friends, the Garnetts, then residing in Paris, had taken an apartment for them in the Rue de Grenelle, and thither they drove at once, after calling at their friends' house to learn the address. "Being very tired by dust and sun, we resisted all the Garnetts' entreaties to join the party in their saloon, of whom Mr. Washington Irvine (*sic*) made one." They subsequently met, and made acquaintance with this delightful writer during this same visit to Paris. Among other personages whom they met, I may mention Mr. Curran, "son and biographer of the Irish barrister;" Mr. Wilkes, an American gentleman, who was afterwards very friendly to Mrs. Trollope in the United States; Denon, the famous traveller, whose collections they visited several times; a young Italian named Cobiانchi, "a *ci-devant* aide-de-camp of General Pepe's, a pleasing, animated young man who spoke in raptures of his General;" and last, not least, General Lafayette, for whom to the end of her life Mrs. Trollope entertained the warmest affection and the deepest veneration.

And here, since my subject is Frances Trollope,

I need make no apology for saying a few words about her political opinions.

It has been sometimes supposed that these were originally strongly Liberal, but that the extraordinarily gracious reception accorded to her in Vienna by persons of the highest rank, including the Imperial family, had changed her views, and turned her, in fact, into a high Tory. This is very far from being the case, as is proved by her letters written before her marriage, and long before she dreamed that the world would ever interest itself in the smallest degree in the question. Her husband was, indeed, a Liberal (the reader will bear in mind how greatly the political significance of that word has been modified since his day), and thereby ran counter, I believe, to the traditions of his family. Early in their correspondence, Frances Milton playfully tells him that, greatly as she admires the ability displayed in certain writings which he has praised, yet she and Mrs. Milton "are shocked at the seditious tone of them." And there are other passages in her letters to the like effect. She did not, therefore, in later life desert her original principles.

It certainly can be no matter for reproach to change one's political opinions; at any rate we

have illustrious warranty for not deeming it so; and, moreover, readers of to-day may reasonably say that the political opinions of Frances Trollope are in themselves quite unimportant. True; but her motives for forming and modifying them are not unimportant, if we would gain a true knowledge of her character, and do justice to one who can plead no longer for herself. Her opinions, political and other, were, I presume, no more impervious to the influence of those around her than is the case with most of her fellow-creatures. But, to speak frankly, it was republican America, and not aristocratic Austria, that was responsible for Mrs. Trollope's marked conservatism throughout her literary life. The blandishments of Austrian Archduchesses could not, at all events, have converted her *before* she had experienced them! Besides, the preface to the first edition of her first book is conclusive as to this point. Nor is the case by any means unexampled. The pessimistic Italian proverb, "*Roma veduta, fede perduta*," is capable, alas! of a pretty wide application in this world where the lamb of theory and the lion of fact have not yet arrived at a millennial good understanding.

At any rate, she was able to admire and

appreciate Lafayette, even although she might have disputed many of his political doctrines. But there are persons who seem to assume that one is bound hand and foot to his theory, like Mazeppa on his horse; and is galloped away with, utterly powerless to direct the course or modify the pace!

Such is the logical method familiar to certain ardent teetotallers who, if you claim for yourself the liberty to drink a glass of wine, at once infer that you are a supporter of drunkenness and a patron of *delirium tremens*; and to those perfervid Apostles of Peace, who construe your objection to abolish the Army and Navy into a ferocious enjoyment of slaughter.

The ten days passed in Paris before proceeding to La Grange, were spent by our travellers in sight-seeing. Of course all the public galleries were visited, besides the collections of Sommariva and M. Denon. Of the latter, she says, "It is considered the finest in the world for Egyptian and Japan specimens." On another occasion they go with Count Denon and a large party, chiefly English, to see the collection of Spanish paintings at Marshal Soult's. "The house of the Maréchal is splendid, and the collection a very fine one—

chiefly Murillo's," says Mrs. Trollope. Then there are visits to Père la Chaise, to Versailles—where she is not too bigoted a monarchist to observe that "it proves Louis le Grand to have been the vainest, most lavish, and most selfish of men"—to St. Cloud, and other well-known lions. Several evenings are passed at the Théâtre Français, where Talma and Mdle. Mars are playing. Mrs. Trollope is especially enchanted with Mdle. Mars, whom she saw one evening act "Elmire" in *Tartuffe*, and a blind girl in an afterpiece, to a house crowded in every part. Nor did they omit to do "a great deal of shopping in the Palais Royal."

At length, on the 13th of September, Mr. and Mrs. Trollope set off, accompanied by General Lafayette, to drive to the country house of the latter. The name of the estate is La Grange, and it is situated about forty miles from Paris, in the department of Seine-et-Marne, near Rosay.

Here the General resided in patriarchal fashion, surrounded by many members of his family. It was difficult at first for the strangers to find their way, so to speak, amid this numerous circle, but Mrs. Trollope soon learned the name and position of each individual. The party included M. and Madame de Ségur, two married daughters of the

General with six of their children, three unmarried daughters, various other relatives and connections, a lady who was there to teach music, and the young boy's tutor. Miss Fanny Wright and her sister Camilla had been expected to join the party, but, from some misunderstanding as to the date, did not appear. They sat down to dinner almost immediately on the arrival of the travellers, a party of twenty-one. The style of living at the Château was very handsome and stately ; in fact it is probable that many a German princeling of that day was neither so well lodged, nor so well served, as the Republican General.

“Six of the General's men-servants waited at table. These did not include two who had attended us from Paris. The dinner was excellent, and served in a very agreeable style, though not à l'Anglaise. The second course consisted of vegetables and sweet dishes, all served in silver. Then followed an excellent dessert and some very fine wine, one glass of which was handed to each person by the butler. . . . Our apartment is charming. It consists of two rooms and two closets. In the largest room is a very handsome bed in a recess, with rich crimson satin curtains, and a quilt of the same, covering the bed by day. In the smaller room is a small bed for Monsieur, if it were preferred. One closet is completely fitted up as a *cabinet de toilette*, the other to contain the valises, etc. . . . We passed the evening in two very handsome saloons. The inner one is round, being in

one of the large turrets of the château. It is a noble room."

The inhabitants of this luxurious abode were persons of culture and refinement. Music, conversation, or reading aloud—the reader being generally M. de Ségur, of whom Mrs. Trollope says that he reads admirably—occupy as much of the evenings as is not spent in rambling about the lovely lawns and woods by the light of a brilliant moon. But the great charm and attraction of the whole visit, to Mrs. Trollope, is the opportunity of enjoying the society of her host. I will here throw together all the notes of his conversation which I find in the journal.

✓ Mr. and Mrs. Trollope first met General Lafayette at dinner in the house of Miss Wright, on the third day after their arrival in Paris.

"Nothing," writes Mrs. Trollope, "could be more interesting than the conversation of this illustrious man ;—quiet and simple in his manners, open and unconstrained in giving his opinion, gentle and unassuming in listening to the opinions of others. He talked with ease and frankness of the most interesting events of his life, and described to us the entrance of Lewis the 16th into Paris, when he came to assume the national colours. He lamented the death of the King, not only on the score of humanity, but as a most grievous want of policy in the

republicans. Had they, said he, instead of falsely accusing him as one of the worst of men, proclaimed him as he really was, one of the best of Kings, they might have shewn to demonstration that even such were dangerous to the liberty and happiness of the people, and without injustice, and without crime, he might have been removed in safety and honour from a country no longer in a condition to submit to the yoke."

It is not a little astonishing to find Lafayette discussing, as a possible alternative to what really happened, that the men who enacted the French Revolution, either would, or *could*, have "proclaimed Louis XVI. one of the best of Kings;" and assuming that it would have been practicable for the Republicans to prove their case, by quietly "removing the monarch in safety and honour," etc. They were much more concerned to show to demonstration that the people can be dangerous to the liberty and happiness of Kings! But Lafayette's good faith in thus speaking cannot be doubted.

"Among other anecdotes, he told us that during his five years' imprisonment in Austria, he and his four *aides-de-camp* were removed from one prison to another just at the time the King's trial was going on. The inhabitants of a town they passed through, requested permission of their guards 'to look at the wild beasts they were conducting.' This was granted, and their

curious visitors began to talk to them of the King. Lafayette spoke of the position in which he (the King) stood, with all the sorrow he felt. His auditors exclaimed with surprise, '*Monsieur, vous êtes le premier Républicain qui a jamais parlé avec décence du malheureux roi.*' Nothing could be kinder or more flattering than his manner to us. He spoke in the kindest way of our visiting him at La Grange, and altogether I should think my journey to France well repaid, were this afternoon passed in his society the sole result of it."

At La Grange the General and several of the ladies of his family took long walks with their guests through the delightful woods in the neighbourhood. On one occasion,

"as soon as dinner was over, a large open carriage, which the General called his Russian carriage, came to the door to take some of us to a *Fête de village*. The rest of the party walked. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the evening, and the scene in front of a pretty little rustic church was enchanting. It was delightful to watch the good man looking like the father of the hamlet, dispensing his smiles around. All the young people from the château joined in the dance. Trollope danced with them. The young rustics performed their quadrilles in a style that might have been envied by a London drawing-room,—particularly by the gentlemen of it."

The following day she records that—

"The General, Madame de Maubourg, Trollope, and I, took a very beautiful walk to two pretty fountains,

surrounded by woods, chiefly of Acacia, which grows here to a great size, and in vast profusion. Occasionally we sate down on the benches which his taste had placed in the loveliest spots. To hear him talk of the events of his past life, his sentiments, his opinions, was a treat well worth visiting France to enjoy. Wisdom and goodness mark every word he utters, and his sweet, gentle, unassuming manner makes it delicious to listen to him. . . . After tea, which was made and served à l'Anglaise in the great saloon, I sate between M. de Ségur and M. de Lafayette, and enjoyed a couple of hours of very delightful conversation. The General told us that when the Allies were in Paris, he met the Emperor of Russia at Madame de Staël's. He had much conversation with him. He [the Emperor] took him aside and spoke *very freely* of the Bourbons. The General said he hoped adversity might have improved them. 'No,' said the Emperor, 'they are unimproved and unimprovable. Mark what I say, Lafayette; they are unimproved, and unimprovable.' On another occasion the Emperor was speaking with great reprobation of the African slave trade. He looked at the General, who happened also to be looking at him. 'I know,' said the Emperor, 'what Lafayette is thinking.' 'May I enquire?' said the General. 'You think that I, who am the Emperor of Serfs, have no right to reprobate slavery.' The General told me that the Emperor of Russia often thought justly and liberally, but that he was become a bigot, and had devoted himself to the Holy Alliance.

"M. de Ségur told many amusing anecdotes of the Court of Russia when he was Ambassador there; among

others, that Paul had said, when in familiar conversation, 'All the sovereigns of Europe are fools,—*all* without one exception.' He then enumerated them, challenging the possibility of contradiction. 'And as for myself,' he added, 'I may be something better. But wait a little, and I shall be as bad as the rest of them.'"

Among some gentlemen who came one day to dine at La Grange, Mrs. Trollope mentions

"*Monsieur de Shonner* (?) one of the Judges; a man of great talent and of the highest character. The General told me a fine anecdote of the manner in which he, being *one alone* among twenty, made his brethren reverse an iniquitous decree which they had voted, by declaring that he would publicly tear his gown from his shoulders, if they issued it."

On two evenings there was dancing at the château among the house party—quadrilles and waltzes. There were more readings of tragedies by M. de Ségur, singing by Nathalie Lafayette—who had a beautiful voice—and her sisters, and some pianoforte playing by "a wonderful little girl of fourteen, who had recently received the first prize from the French Academy." And then the visit came to an end.

The night before their departure, they danced nearly all the evening, and then, as they were to start very early, took leave of all the party

“excepting the beloved General, who has promised to dine with us in Paris on Thursday.”

The beloved General got up between five and six o'clock in the morning of the 22nd of September, to see his guests off. They had evidently made an excellent impression at La Grange; and the flattering attentions bestowed on Frances Trollope by such a man as Lafayette, and by his circle, are certainly a tribute to her personal qualities of head and heart. She was not rich, she was not then, as she afterwards became, a lion of the literary world, even assuming for a moment that such considerations would have weighed with them; she was simply an English gentlewoman, whose outward circumstances in no way distinguished her from thousands of others. But she was herself, and her personality was not a common one.

Lafayette kept his promise of dining with Mr. and Mrs. Trollope in Paris, and on the last evening of their stay there, he was present at a farewell party, given in their honour by Miss Fanny Wright. Mrs. Trollope writes in her journal:—

“The adieu from him was very painful to me. Never did I meet with a being so every way perfect. I may not hope to see him again, but the recollection of him

will remain with me as long as I have life, nor would I lose this recollection for the world."

The page on which these words are written has probably remained unseen by any eye, save her eldest son's, for between seventy and eighty years. The words are a genuine expression of feeling, and serve to prove that Frances Trollope's warm enthusiasm was, as Emerson says of man, "a noble endogenous plant that grows from within, outward," and was independent of the applause and excitement of *la galerie*.

She did, however, meet Lafayette again; and that he continued to remember her with cordiality, is shown by his message to her through General Pepe, and by a letter from himself written to her in the United States, which will be quoted in its proper place.

CHAPTER V.

“ To be resigned when ills betide,
Patient when favours are denied,
And pleased with favours given,—
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom’s part ;
This is that incense of the heart
Whose perfume smells to Heaven.”

COTTON, *The Fireside*.

IN the course of the year 1825, some clouds began to obscure the fortunes of the family at Julians, as Mr. Trollope had called his house.

In the first place, Henry, who was with his brother at Winchester, was causing his parents great anxiety by his idleness. It must be remembered that it was not merely his school career that was in question. The boy’s whole future—so they thought—was at stake. On his diligence and his progress at Winchester, depended his going to New College, and all that hung thereby. But Henry was idle. He bewailed his wasted opportunities later, very bitterly. And perhaps his lack of sustained energy was in a great measure due to physical causes. Although of a powerful,

muscular frame, like all his brothers, he had in his constitution the germs of that disease which carried off Arthur and Emily in their early youth, and struck down Cecilia in her prime. Henry had a bright intelligence and a warm heart; but he was of a haughty, exacting, and irritable temper. The bent of his mind appears to have been towards natural science. He had made considerable progress, before his death, in geological studies, and was a Fellow of the Geological Society. At Winchester, however, he failed to do well—to the anger of his father, and the deep sorrow and mortification of both parents.

Mr. Trollope's letters to his sons at this time are extraordinary from their minute and reiterated questions about every detail of their progress at Winchester, their status in their "part," the prospects of each individual in the school at the next election for New College, and a hundred more points. The mere reading of these old letters seems to arouse a kind of irritable antagonism. Nothing is taken for granted. Everything is discussed and inquired into, with the most wearisome insistence. In short he *worries* the boys unsparingly and unceasingly, unconscious that he risks creating a revulsion of feeling that

may frustrate the very object he has at heart. His aim is solely their benefit. No father could display more single-minded devotion to the welfare of his family than did Thomas Anthony Trollope. But he never put himself for a moment in the boys' place. He could not—at all events he did not—pause to imagine sympathetically how his letters would affect them. What he had to say, he reasoned, was right and just; it was proper that he should be kept informed of their progress; it was his duty to urge them onward. *Therefore* no repetition, and no insistence to attain this end, could be excessive. It is a painfully interesting study of character.

Then, besides this anxiety, there appear the beginnings of difficulty about money. Mrs. Trollope and her faithful nurse Farmer are making various garments—cricketing flannels, and so forth—at home, for the young Wykehamists, from motives of economy. She “flatters herself that they will turn out something worthy of a very good tailor.” They have been working hard. The father frequently suggests, in answer to the boys' appeals, that old shoes and trousers should be mended, rather than new ones bought. And then there is the relinquishment of a projected

holiday tour for the whole family in the Isle of Wight, from want of funds. They cannot go unless they should be able to let their house. They have had "a nibble;" but it has come to nothing. In a letter to her eldest son, dated May, 1825, Mrs. Trollope states the case plainly:—

"I enclose half a crown from Papa,—a proof at once of poverty and kindness. Without the former it would be more, without the latter it would be nothing. All the world are poor as Job,—and, rather poorer, for Job put none of his sons to public schools, and had no clients who did not pay him. Next year I fear we shall be poorer still, for assuredly there will be *no hay*. We are positively burnt up as if it were a hot mid-summer."

And then, having made her plaint—no very bitter one—she goes on to discuss Walter Scott's novel of "Woodstock," which she thinks Tom will like much.

"It is not equal," she opines, "to 'Ivanhoe' and some of the very first; but it is greatly superior to 'The Monastery' and some of the very last."

Circumstances must have mended somewhat, a few months later—perhaps some of the defaulting clients paid their debts; the hay was beyond amendment!—for in the autumn of this year, Mr. and Mrs. Trollope paid a round of visits in Lincoln-

shire, and subsequently made a short excursion to France. They visited Mr. Trollope's brother Henry, Sir John and Lady Trollope at Casewick, Mr. Linton at his place near Buckden, and Mr. Dymoke.

Mrs. Trollope writes—

“I wished for you very much last week, for we have paid a visit where we were surrounded by the most interesting antiquities. We have been passing a couple of days at Scrivelsby, the residence of the Champion of England (not the boxing champion !). Mr. Dymoke is the descendant of the Marmions. Perhaps you will remember the lines in Sir Walter Scott's poem, ‘They hailed him Lord of Fontenaye, of Lutterwood and Scrivelsby, of Tamworth tower and town.’ The first-named place is in Normandy, and I have promised the Champion to poke about the ruins and look for his arms.”

It was probably during this visit to France that the idea first arose of removing Henry from Winchester and placing him in a counting-house in Paris, in order to learn the language and gain some knowledge of business. The project was carried out the following year, but without any good result.

The mother continues to write assiduously to both her boys, and her letters must have been precious to them. We have seen that they were

treasured by her eldest son for seventy years. Between Tom and his mother there was naturally more equal communion of minds than was possible, at this time, with the younger children. She constantly asks him to tell her what he thinks of such and such a book, or on some question of the day. At one time it is a novel of Walter Scott's ; at another it is Lord Byron's "Cain" that is under discussion ; at another, Ariosto. When her son's holidays are approaching, she writes : "I hope you and I shall have some good talks together." Poetry and ethics are among the topics she looks forward to discussing. But, although those words may sound rather grandiloquent, there was no pedantry, no assumption of profundity in her mind. To her poetry and ethics were genuinely interesting ; and, fortunately for the majority of us, it is possible to be genuinely interested in great and lofty themes, without the possession of deep learning or extraordinary wisdom.

Frances Trollope never made the smallest pretension to be considered what her contemporaries called a blue-stocking. Certainly such a pretension would, in her case, have been absurd ; but that fact has not always sufficed to deter mortals

from pretending. She was, moreover, singularly free from self-conceit. When the days of her great success came, when the public eagerly read and the publishers eagerly bought her books, and when London society voted her the literary lion of the season, and besieged her with flattering invitations, there is no trace to be found, in her most private and familiar letters, of bumptiousness; no undue *puffed-up-ness*, if I may venture to use such a word. Gratification there is, of course; pleasure in the praise she received, and far more pleasure in the prospect that her work would be valuable to those whom she loved, and for whom she strove and laboured so valiantly. There was a steady ballast which saved her from being blown about by every wind of popularity—the ballast of strong sense and sterling honesty.

Nor should her happy perception of the humourous side of things be omitted from the ballast. It is a good gift, and a great preserver of sanity.

Early in the spring of 1826, Tom was made candle-keeper;* and his mother writes him a

* Candle-keepers are “the seven college inferiors who have been longest in college. They are invested with certain privileges. The office which gave rise to the title has been long extinct.”—“Notions: a Winchester Word-book,” by R. G. K. Wrench.

joking letter of congratulation, but with some earnest feeling under the jokes.

"Hail! All hail! As Volumnia bowed low before her Coriolanus, so do I bow low before my—Tom. Oh dreadful bathos! No; before my great Adolphus, that lion of the West! And as Volumnia knelt to her son for mercy on the Romans, so do I kneel to thee for mercy on thy fags. . . . Let me not say: ' . . . But Tom, proud Tom, drest in a little brief authority, like an angry ape plays such fantastic tricks in candle-keeping pride, as make præpostors laugh'!"

In the summer Mr. and Mrs. Trollope again visited Paris, taking Henry with them; and once more we find them in the midst of interesting and distinguished people. Among those whom she met and conversed with, she enumerates Sismondi the historian, Benjamin Constant, and the American novelist Fennimore Cooper. Of Sismondi she writes: "He is, indeed, an admirable man in every way, and is, moreover, what *all* clever people are not—extremely agreeable." She also thought Benjamin Constant amiable and agreeable in manner. "And so, by the way, is his wife, who was a German princess." Of Mr. Cooper she says that he has obtained the appellation of the Walter Scott of America, and that he has written some *very* clever novels. But she

was not pleasantly impressed by him personally. She again saw her revered and beloved friend, Lafayette. The General must have invited them all to his country house ; for she writes, after her return to England, to her eldest son :—

“Henry particularly wished for you and talked of you, when he was swallowing grapes by wholesale in General Lafayette’s vineyard, and breathed many tender wishes for your presence.”

Henry enjoyed his visit to the General extremely, and liked the novelty of Paris ; but he was naturally downcast on parting with his parents, and remaining alone in a foreign city. His mother thought him neither well nor cheerful when she left him. This was the first keen sorrow in the long chain of sorrows, anxieties, and separation from those she loved, which hung heavily on Frances Trollope during many ensuing years. There had been the greatest difficulty in finding a home for the boy in Paris. At last they succeeded in placing him in the family of M. Monod, “a Protestant Swiss clergyman, who seems to be a very pleasing sensible man.” But the expense was greater than they had calculated on.

What was the precise object that Mr. Trollope had in his mind in placing his son in a Parisian

house of business, and what was the precise nature of the business, I cannot tell. No doubt he conceived it to be the means of enabling Henry to earn his livelihood; but all the details seem to have been vague. The scheme—like almost all Mr. Trollope's schemes—proved a failure. And it seems to have been entered upon with singular precipitation. Neither by temperament nor education was Henry adapted for the position in which he found himself—a boy barely fifteen, in a foreign city, and amidst surroundings the like of which he had never had any previous knowledge of. To take a Winchester schoolboy (and a Winchester schoolboy of seventy years ago!) and plunge him all at once into a Parisian counting-house in order that he might become familiar with mercantile affairs, would have been an unhopeful experiment in most cases. In Henry's case it was utterly futile.

At first, however, the boy seems to have made the best of it. He wrote cheerful letters home, and his parents had good accounts of him from other sources. A French friend of theirs, Colonel Marbot, returning to England from Paris, goes down to Harrow to see them, and, writes Mrs. Trollope—

“gives a most excellent account of Henry. He says he is industrious in his office, and speaks French to the admiration of his hearers. He affirms, indeed, that he can speak French as well as he, Colonel Marbot, can English; who, you know, has been some years in this country.”

Henry, however, with characteristic honesty, declares to his brother—who, it appears, reported this flattering speech—that it is absurd to suppose a person who has been but four months in Paris can talk French properly; that he can read fluently and write fairly, but does not consider that he can talk at all!

I glean a few extracts from the boy's letters to his brother at this time, which are amusing.

One remark which he gravely makes is that French cookery is not so oily as he expected! He does not find “things” so cheap as he expected either; although the one item that he gives, namely, that “grapes cost four sous or twopence a pound,” certainly appears to be cheap enough. He adds, “You buy water here at exactly the same price as in the Isle of Wight” (!) The young gentleman is highly contemptuous of the conveyance which carried him and his parents from Calais to Paris.

"Oh, if you could but see the diligence or coach ! Picture to yourself a long vehicle fixed on four high cart-wheels, about the length of two English stage coaches, and scarcely painted at all. It has 3 bodies, and carries 15 inside and 6 outside passengers. And then, what curious kinds of harness ! And the traces,—some of rope, some chain."

But he is greatly impressed by some of the public buildings in Paris. During the two days spent there before proceeding to La Grange, he visited the Louvre and Tuileries, several churches, the Champs Elysées (which he pronounces to be "just nothing"), climbed to the top of the column in the Place Vendôme, and went twice to the theatre.

On the journey from Paris to Rosay, *en route* to La Grange, he remarks the abundance of wild apple and pear-trees: "Not here and there, but like elms or blackberry bushes in England." Of La Grange he says :

"It is an old house, not at all ruinous, but *très historique*. The mote (*sic*) is about fifty yards across. There is no drawbridge. There are shewn in the wall, the marks of cannon shot fired when the place was invested by the celebrated Marshal Turenne."

He saw cider being made, and a great abundance of apples lying in heaps in the orchard, of which

he ate "as many as were *convenient*"—a delightful phrase!

In Paris he is employed at the office in translating French letters into English, and English letters into French, until about four o'clock in the afternoon. After that hour he seems to be at liberty to go where he pleases. All his parents' friends receive him kindly. He enumerates among the houses to which he goes most frequently, those of the Garnetts, General Lafayette (when the latter is in Paris), and Miss Clarke, afterwards Madame Mohl. In one letter there is a description of the *Fête du roi*, as to which he tells his brother that he has never seen, and never will see, anything like it in England.

"In the evening the whole of Paris was illuminated, and the theatres were open the whole day, morning, and evening, and middle of the day. Anybody might go in free. The King paid all the playhouses to keep on acting the whole day. Nobody went in but the rabble. In the Champs Elysées there were four theatres erected, and raised so high that everybody in the Champs Elysées could see them. There were also about eight high stages erected for the music, and it played continually during the whole day. There were 3 soaped poles to climb for sacks (?) and other things. Also there were 8 great square places hollow inside, four

full of bread and meat, and four of wine. And a soldier inside each threw out bread and meat ; and the wine all ran about like a fountain, not only for the people to drink, but to carry away by pailfuls. And to crown all, a great balloon, and in the evening at dark, some admirable fireworks. A thousand rockets were let off at once."

On the day of the Fête he saw the Duke of Bordeaux, the heir presumptive, driving in the Champs Elysées.

"He was in a carriage drawn by six horses, and there were soldiers riding on either side, and another empty carriage behind, in case the one he is in should break down or overset. The Duke of Bordeaux is seven years old, and wears a sword, and he was *looking out of his carriage window and making faces.*"

There, at least, is an authentic bit of history ! And here is another.

"When I am walking, it is not uncommon to hear the boys holloa out '*Voici le petit goddam ! Nous battons les Anglais avec des manches à batai !*' "

To be sure, that was twelve whole years after Waterloo.

Meanwhile, at Harrow, despite some troubles at hand, and more ahead, there was a good deal of sociability and enjoyment.

Some private theatricals were given at the

Trollopes' house, and Mr. Trollope, who was pressed into the *corps dramatique*, displays a great interest in the affair, talks of the many rehearsals that were necessary, and says, "Stevens is a good prompter, and thunders capitally; we have not tried our lightening yet."

In October, 1826, Mrs. Trollope writes to her eldest son at Winchester:—

"I wish you had been with us on the night of our *grand representation*. We flatter ourselves that we were extremely successful. I may truly say that we had a full house, and the applause was most *flattering*. It was very fortunate for us that we had to perform it first more privately before your aunt and uncle. This we did twice, and it led us to perceive many errors, and to make many important alterations."

She then describes their ingenious contrivances for the *mise en scène*. Their first piece was Molière's *Femmes Savantes*, acted in the original French; their second, some burlesque or extravaganza of the day.

"In the *Femmes Savantes*," she writes, "we fitted up the stage with every kind of thing you can imagine fit to fill the drawing-room of a *blue lady*,—books, maps, plans of the moon, telescopes, rolls of paper, MSS., etc. Upon the white curtain opposite the windows, were fixed engravings, and two little tables loaded with

quartos were placed under them. All this, well shewn by the light of the lamps, had a very good effect, and we left the audience several minutes to admire it after the curtain drew up, before we made our entrée. The clapping was *prodigious* ! I must not attempt to describe the glories of the magnificent tragedy that followed. I hope you will live to see it. After supper seven young Drurys were deputed to request a repetition of the performances. They all came to the top of the table and knelt down to implore this favour of *my majesty*. You never saw a prettier group."

A month or two later, she gives an account of a little encounter she had with the Vicar of Harrow, the Rev. Mr. Cunningham.

There was considerable antagonism at that time in Harrow, between the party self-styled Evangelical, and those who, holding simply by the doctrine and customs of the Established Church, were apt to suspect a savour of hypocrisy and self-righteousness, in the Evangelicals. Mr. Cunningham's preaching and teaching were very popular with a large number of persons, but they did not find favour with many of his leading parishioners. Between those very important Harrovians, the Drurys, and their Vicar, there raged, indeed, open warfare (*vide* "What I Remember," ch. iv.). Mrs. Trollope was always specially averse from the forms of speech and

methods of teaching associated with Low Churchism, nor was this aversion in any degree due to indifference on the subject of religion. Her son has remarked in his *Reminiscences* that he cannot remember having received any religious teaching from her, in any set form. But this was the recollection of a Wykehamist, who left his home at ten years old, and passed from the nursery and nursery teaching at an unusually early age. Curiously enough, the very first guest who came to stay in the English home he made in Devonshire, on leaving Italy after a sojourn there of some forty years, was a lady who was almost his contemporary, who had been the playfellow and intimate friend of his sisters, and who cherished a warm affection for his mother's memory. This loyal old friend took him to task pretty sharply for what struck her as being a little reflection on his mother's principles and practice in the matter of religious instruction. "Why, Tom," said she, "what could you be thinking of? I spent weeks in the house at Harrow when I was a child, and a young girl, and I remember that your mother made a point of hearing us—your sisters Cecilia and Emily, and myself—read a portion of Scripture and the Church Catechism every morning."

T. A. Trollope was hurt by the thought that as this lady had taken his words, so might they be taken by others. And he expressed a wish that it were possible to do his mother justice in this particular. That wish I have now fulfilled.

To return to the Vicar of Harrow. Frances Trollope writes—

“We dined at Mr. B.’s last Tuesday, and alas! I was the only lady of the party not ‘pious.’ I was quite thrown out, when they began to talk of selling £200 worth of pincushions for various Christian purposes. Mr. Cunningham was there, and told me that he had heard that I had been amusing myself at his expense, by repeating what he had said about the *virtuous* manner in which certain young ladies played the piano-forte. I told him that I had; upon which he turned the other cheek and asked me ‘why?’ Whereupon I answered with my usual sincerity, ‘because you deserved it, sir.’ However, this sharp encounter of our wits by no means disturbed the harmony of the evening, for it was carried on at the corner of a sofa, and we parted the tenderest of friends.”

In one of the very numerous letters written at this time by Mr. Trollope to his eldest son, occurs this passage :—

“Mr. Sewell, from the Isle of Wight, the father of your brother Collegiate, called upon me yesterday. He seems to be a very sensible man.”

The brother collegiate was the present Warden of New College, the Rev. James Edward Sewell, D.D. And here I cannot refrain from giving an example of the way in which English public-school life forges a chain of comradeship that truly binds men's days each to each throughout many years.

In the spring of 1891, T. Adolphus Trollope was the guest of Mrs. Jeune (widow of the Bishop of Peterborough, formerly Head of Pembroke) at her house in Oxford ; and there, at a dinner-party, among other interesting and distinguished persons, he met his old schoolfellow James Edward Sewell, for the first time since sixty odd years. Mrs. Jeune, with her unfailing gracious tact and consideration, had altered the usual disposition of the guests at her table, to allow these two to sit next to each other, in order that T. A. Trollope, who was deaf, might be able to enjoy the Warden's conversation.

It was very touching to see these two men, both enjoying a green old age, taking up the thread of the long past years, and talking of vanished days and vanished people with a fresh and living interest. But the manner of their first meeting was the characteristic point. Those of Mrs. Jeune's guests who were staying in the house were all

assembled in the drawing-room, when the Warden of New College was announced. After saluting his hostess, the Warden walked straight across the room to his fellow-Wykehamist. A grip of the hand was exchanged. "How are you, Trollope?"—"How are you, Sewell?" And they began to chat as easily and tranquilly as though the sixty years which divided their last parting from their present meeting had been but sixty minutes!

But it is time to return to the period when the venerable Warden of New College, and the historian of the Commonwealth of Florence, were schoolboys, with the long road of life still stretching before them into the unknown future.

Early in the year 1827, Mr. and Mrs. Trollope's letters constantly express alternate hopefulness and anxiety about getting their son Anthony into Winchester—the father entering, as usual, into minute calculations of the chances of a vacancy, and urging his eldest son to give him every detail as to the boys who may possibly resign before the next election, and so forth. In fact, Anthony was admitted to college in the April of this year.

There is before me an affecting letter from Mrs. Trollope to her son Tom, dated April 11, 1827, pointing out with great earnestness how essential

it is that he should do all in his power to keep his brother up to the mark.

"Your father," she writes, "must certainly consider himself as very fortunate in getting three boys into College, and yet it will not do us much good, unless we get some *dispers** of the New College loaves and fishes. As far as Anthony is concerned this must very much depend on you. I dare say you will often find him idle and plaguing enough. But remember, dear Tom, that, in a family like ours, *everything* gained by one is felt personally and individually by all. He is a good-hearted fellow, and clings so to the idea of being Tom's pupil, and sleeping in Tom's chamber, that I think you will find advice and remonstrance better taken by him than by poor Henry. Greatly comforted am I to know that Tony has a præfect brother. I well remember what I used to suffer at the idea of what my 'little Tom' was enduring."

Tom had gone to Winchester at the unusually early age of ten. Both his brothers, Henry and Anthony, were twelve years old when they entered college.

In the course of this year, I find the first mention in the family correspondence of a person who afterwards played an important part during Mrs. Trollope's stay in the United States, and became

* It may be worth while to state, for the information of non-Wykehamical readers, that "*dispers*" is the Winchester word for a portion of food.

known as the illustrator of many of her books—
 X Monsieur Auguste Hervieu, the artist. How the
 family first became acquainted with him I do not
 know. Probably it was, directly or indirectly,
 ✓ through Miss Wright and the Lafayettes. At any
 rate, in 1827 he had become a familiar visitor,
 and frequently an inmate, in the house at Harrow.
 To one of Mr. Trollope's letters at this time,
 concerning the despatch of sundry classics for his
 son's use at Winchester, M. Hervieu appends the
 following postscript, which I give *verbatim et*
literatim :—

"MY DEAR THOM,

"if this Anacreon can please you, I do offert
 you.

"AUGUSTE HERVIEU."

One more summer vacation was spent by the
 family at Julians, when they were all united. It
 was decided that Henry should return from Paris,
 to his boundless joy. Mrs. Trollope writes to her
 eldest son, about a month before the holidays :—

"I enclose you Henry's last letter. I hope you will ✓
 share the delight he anticipates from the family reunion.
 I expect to enjoy it myself, not a little. I have already
 been planning sundry 'drolleries' to amuse us all. As
 I am to stay at home all the long vacation, I hope to be

very happy there. We must have our French play again, and 'Chrononhotonthologos' into the bargain. I flatter myself that you will this year find some fruit left for you ;—at least the gooseberries, currants, peaches, nectarines, and apricots, all promise largely."

It is a cheerful picture of a sunny season and a sunny mind. But it is the last of its kind for some time. The pleasant home was to be broken up, its inmates scattered, and the bright, brave spirit to whom they all turned for comfort in trouble and sympathy in joy, was to be sorely tried by exile, disaster, and disappointment, before any good days came again.

CHAPTER VI.

“La compagnie est belle et bonne,—mais c’est avec une grande joie qu’on se sépare.”—MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ, *Letter 84*.

THE circumstances which led to Mrs. Trollope’s visiting the United States, and the speculation which her husband entered into there, with the hope of retrieving his shattered fortunes, have been set forth in the autobiographies of their sons Thomas Adolphus and Anthony. But many particulars of her life in America have been omitted, both in their books and her own. It could not, indeed, have been otherwise. An attentive perusal and careful collation of many letters and documents, written and printed, have been necessary in order to present these particulars with any degree of clearness and without repetition of what has already appeared. The lapse of time has made it now possible to tell much that could not so well have been said fifty or sixty years ago. Distance of time, as well of space, not only softens, but reveals many objects.

A few words will suffice to say that the farming operations at Julians tended steadily towards failure ; that Mr. Trollope let the excellent house he had built, and removed to a farm-house at Harrow Weald (the same which Anthony Trollope has described in his novel of "Orley Farm") ; and that he resolved to invest the last remnant of his capital in a speculation at Cincinnati, in the United States of America. The speculation consisted in building a kind of bazaar or emporium, where a variety of fancy articles, chiefly imported from Europe, were to be sold. There was also a hope and expectation of finding employment for Henry in the United States.

It was arranged that Mrs. Trollope, with her two young daughters and her son Henry, should go first to America and settle sundry preliminaries, and that Mr. Trollope should join them there later, but not with any idea of eventually settling in the United States.

Mrs. Trollope, with her three children, Henry, Cecilia, and Emily, sailed from London for New Orleans on the 4th of November, 1827, and arrived at the mouth of the Mississippi on the Christmas Day following, the voyage having thus occupied a little over seven weeks. It was a peculiarly

✓ prosperous one as regarded its weather, and a smooth voyage, like a smooth life, offers but little material to the narrator. But, notwithstanding the general serenity of sea and sky, they did meet with one exciting incident, which Mrs. Trollope has omitted in her book on the United States. She has recorded it in some private notes now before me. The incident was nothing less than their being chased by a pirate! I give it in her own words:—

“We were sitting on deck, watching, as usual, the setting sun, when, as darkness approached, one among us descried in the west, a light that appeared like that of a beacon. We called to the captain to tell us what it was. He looked very grave, and said, ‘it is a signal to us, to lie to.’ ‘Shall you do so?’ we asked. He appeared not to hear us; but we immediately heard him giving orders which were followed by hoisting as much additional canvas as we could safely carry. He evidently kept out of our way to avoid questions, and we saw there was something wrong though we knew not what.

“The next morning when I got on deck, I saw every glass on board pointed to a speck on the horizon. ‘Is she gaining on us?’ was pronounced in accents of so much anxiety by the standers-by, that I became convinced something terrible was approaching. When the good captain found that he could no longer conceal the fact, he confessed that there was every reason to believe we were chased by a pirate.

“For some hours our situation was painful enough. The common sailors, having less discretion than the

captain, scrupled not to assure us that they should all be barbarously murdered, and that we should be robbed and chained down to our berths *at least*; if not thrown, one upon the other, into the sea! The stranger sail evidently gained upon us, and terror was as evidently doing the same, when another vessel, and a right gallant one, was discovered chasing our chaser. The latter tacked, and shifted, and at length veered about, scudding away as fast as possible before the wind, with the English man-of-war (as she was soon discovered to be) after her.

"I doubt if the females on board felt more relieved at their escape than did the crew. It is true they knew better what the danger was, than we did; and various, and most ghastly, were the stories with which they entertained us for many days afterwards, of the 'water-rats' that frequent the entrance to the Mexican Gulf."

It has not been found possible to "police" the mighty Atlantic into uniform good behaviour; but the Cunard passenger ploughing with swift keel through its waters, may at least congratulate himself on being free from any danger of pirates—which was a very real one eight and sixty years ago!

Miss Frances Wright was Mrs. Trollope's travelling companion on this voyage; and it is probable—although I can furnish no proof of it—that the whole scheme of the American speculation was originally suggested by her to the Trollope family. The more so, as I find that she was staying in

their house at Harrow only two months before the voyage was undertaken.

In a description of this remarkable woman in "What I Remember," T. A. Trollope writes—

"There exists—still findable, I suppose, in some London *fonds de magasin*—a large lithographed portrait of her. She is represented standing with her hand on the neck of a grey horse (the same old gig horse that had drawn my parents and myself over so many miles of Devonshire, Somersetshire, and Monmouthshire roads and cross-roads), and, if I remember rightly, in Turkish trousers."

He did remember rightly ; for I have discovered. not in a London *fonds de magasin*, but in an old folio scrap-book belonging to the family, the very lithographed portrait in question. There stands Frances Wright, leaning on the old grey horse, as T. A. Trollope describes her. It cannot be said that the drawing of the quadruped is felicitous. But the artist, M. Hervieu, has succeeded better with his human model. The portrait represents a tall, handsome woman, with regular features, richly curling hair cut short all over the head, and an earnest expression of countenance. And she is dressed absolutely and positively in the Bloomer costume ! Any one turning to the illustrations of *Punch*, published at the period when Mrs.

Bloomer was making her crusade in favour of this costume, may see the counterpart of that worn by Frances Wright in the early part of the present century. There it is—short tunic, wide sash round the waist, full trousers gathered in at the ankle—even to the broad-brimmed straw hat which she holds in her hand. Nothing new under the sun? No, not even “rational dress”!

Miss Wright had already spent two years in the United States, previous to a prolonged sojourn in Paris, where, as we have seen, she was on terms of affectionate friendship with General Lafayette and his family. She was also a friend of the well-known Robert Owen of Lanark, socialist and philanthropist.

Mr. Owen had, in 1825, established a colony, on communistic principles, in the state of Indiana. The estate comprised twenty thousand acres of land near the Wabash river. Here, in a valley named New Harmony, life was to be carried on in accordance with Mr. Owen's social views. Industry, Peace, and Plenty, were to bless the settlement; and those disasters of the Old World, which were, in his opinion, due to long-rooted error, were to be rectified in the New. Miss Frances Wright was as fervid and single-minded

an enthusiast as Mr. Robert Owen, and was, like him, ready to give irrefragable proof of her sincerity by sacrificing the considerable fortune she possessed to the good of the cause.

The cause which she particularly had at heart in the year 1827, was the abolition of negro slavery. Later on, she lectured vehemently against revealed religion, and had a scheme for erecting a Temple of Science, where education was to be carried on upon her own principles.

Miss Wright had purchased an estate in the midst of a partially cleared forest in Tennessee, called Nashoba. It was to be cultivated by free negroes. One of her pet schemes was to prove the intellectual equality of the black and white races, which, she was persuaded, could be effected to demonstration by giving an absolutely identical education to white and negro children in "mixed classes."

Mrs. Trollope had proposed passing some months at Nashoba with Miss Wright and her sister; but I do not find any hint of plans for a more prolonged residence there, nor of any sort of partnership in the educational schemes. It is possible that there may have been some idea of finding employment for Henry at Nashoba. If so, this

hope went down in the general flood of disappointment which overwhelmed the English family when they saw the settlement.

Mrs. Trollope has described in print her arrival at Nashoba, and the desolate savagery of the spot. But, far from exaggerating the wretched conditions of the life there, she has, in a measure, extenuated them, by giving a mere general statement, which is never so effective in such a case as particular instances. Ideas as to what constitutes severe discomfort, vary greatly in different individuals. Dirt, for example, is not fatal to the cheerfulness of some persons. I will, therefore, give one or two details from Mrs. Trollope's private notes, and leave the reader to form his own judgment on the facts.

“ The Frances Wright of Nashoba, in dress, look, and manner, bore no more resemblance to the Miss Wright I had known and admired in London and Paris, than did her log-cabin to the Tuileries, or Buckingham Palace. But, to do her justice, I believe her imagination was so exclusively occupied on the scheme she had in view, that all her other faculties were, in a manner, suspended ! When we arrived at Nashoba, they were without milk, without beverage of any kind, *except rain water*; the river Wolf being too distant to send to, constantly. Wheaten bread they used but very sparingly, and, to us, the Indian corn bread was uneatable. They had no

vegetables but rice and a few potatoes we brought with us ; no meat but pork ; no butter ; no cheese. I shared her bedroom. It had no ceiling, and the floor consisted of planks laid loosely upon piles that raised it some feet from the earth. The rain had access through the wooden roof, and the chimney, which was of logs slightly plastered with mud, caught fire at least a dozen times in a day. And yet I verily believe that Miss Wright was unaffectedly surprised at perceiving that I did not find their manner of life everything that reasonable beings could wish for. She herself made her meals on a bit of Indian corn bread, and a cup of very indifferent cold water, and while doing so, smiled with the sort of complacency that we may conceive Peter the Hermit felt when eating his acorns in the wilderness. . . . I found her amiable sister, Mrs. Whitby, in very bad health, which she confessed she attributed to the climate ! This so much alarmed me for my children, that I decided upon leaving the place with as little delay as possible, and did so, at the end of ten days."

But there was one person of the party, whose disappointment was far more acute than Mrs. Trollope's, and whose manifestation of it she describes in a letter addressed on the 14th of March, 1828, from Cincinnati, to her "beloved boys" at Winchester. This person was M. Auguste Hervieu, who had accompanied Miss Wright to Nashoba.

Nashoba could scarcely have been looked upon, even by the most sanguine enthusiast, as a hopeful

field for the art of a portrait-painter. But it was as a teacher that M. Hervieu's talents were to be utilized. He was to be professor of drawing—presumably to the “mixed classes.” Mrs. Trollope writes—

“I must now tell you of M. Hervieu's adventures. You know that Miss Wright induced him to accompany her to her settlement, for the purpose of teaching drawing in her schools there. As soon as he arrived, he asked, ‘Where is the school?’ and was answered, ‘It is not yet formed.’ I think I never saw a man in such a rage. He wept with passion and grief mixed, I believe. He immediately determined upon going to the little town of Memphis, fifteen miles from Miss W.'s settlement, and trying to get some employment there. He succeeded beyond his expectations, and made more than enough to pay all his expenses. But the place is so small, that he had soon done all there was to do, and he was quite ready to accompany us to Cincinnati.”

It turned out that Monsieur Hervieu's presence in Cincinnati was of the greatest comfort and assistance to Mrs. Trollope and her family. Her letters report many traits of the most generous kindness on his part, acknowledged with the most generous warmth on hers. In after years, Hervieu's relations with the family became less pleasant. His eccentricities and somewhat over-weening temper were irksome to all, especially to the

younger members of the family. But in any honest biography of Frances Trollope, justice must be done to the warmhearted Frenchman who stood so staunchly by her and her children when they sorely needed a friend.

The Nashoba scheme, it is almost superfluous to say, failed utterly. Within a few months of Mrs. Trollope's departure from the place, Miss Wright and her sister had also left it, and the little blacks who were to have figured in the "mixed classes" were, together with all the other slaves (between twenty and thirty), shipped off to Hayti. Mrs. Trollope says that Miss Wright herself accompanied them thither, and left them under the care of the President. This measure, at all events, was not only a kind, but a wise one. It was, perhaps, the *only* way of securing the safety and freedom of her negroes. And probably they did not deeply lament that the experiment which was to have proved their intellectual equality with the white race, had been thus nipped in the bud.

Another deception befell Mrs. Trollope in connection with New Harmony, whither her son Henry was sent, on the faith of what proved to be absolutely false pretences.

We must have the courage to tell the truth, even

about the failure of the best intentions. That the intentions of Mr. Robert Owen and Miss Frances Wright—like those of many another fanatical enthusiast—were good, cannot be doubted. As little can it be doubted that a grain or two of humility would have furnished a leaven of priceless value to the mass of their theories. A grain or two of humility might have given them pause before embracing a root-and-branch system of cutting down and digging up everything, in order to begin all over again. A grain or two of humility might have suggested that they possibly did not possess the superhuman wisdom necessary for carrying on such an enterprise beyond the preliminary stage of destruction. But the grain or two of humility were lacking ; and the root-and-branch system is so seductive to vanity and the thirst for personal predominance ! A witty French writer has said, in one of his novels, “ *Le bien ne se fait qu'en détail.* ” At any rate, it would be well if those who desire the good of their fellow-creatures, would condescend to *begin* with doing the duty, however humble, which lies nearest to them.

Mrs. Trollope gives a lively account of the fate of New Harmony and its society in an early chapter of her “Domestic Manners of the Americans.”

Her private notes, as usual, more than corroborate her printed statements. Mr. Owen finally broke off all connection with the place in 1828. But Mr. Maclure, a Scotchman of some property, had founded a school in New Harmony, to which he liberally contributed a fine collection of books, scientific instruments, etc. The expense of keeping it up was to be defrayed by the profits derived from the labours of the pupils, who were to alternate, at certain fixed hours, manual toil with intellectual study. Thither was Henry Trollope sent, on the faith of sundry rose-coloured representations. He found on his arrival that Mr. Maclure had left New Harmony; that the direction of the place was in the hands of his "partner," a French woman; that this practical-minded person had entirely dropped the intellectual part of the programme, but had adhered tenaciously to the plan of making all the young people on the settlement work hard with their hands; and that the result was great prosperity—for the lady. Many of the youths sent there, in the hope of receiving an excellent education, belonged to poor families living at a great distance, and had no money to enable them to return to their homes.

In a letter from Henry to his brothers, he says

a brief, but sufficiently graphic word about his existence at this settlement founded with such high pretensions. Henry had not only to earn his bread, but to make it, and bake it, and to labour in the fields all day. Such is, such doubtless has been for ages, the lot of millions of men. But it was scarcely necessary to cross the Atlantic, in order to discover that the New World has not, in this respect, improved on the conditions of the Old.

It was not possible to remove Henry from New Harmony as soon as the hopeless state of things there became manifest, for Mrs. Trollope was literally without money. By some unexplained accident, no letters reached her for half a year after leaving England. In one of her letters to her son Tom, written on the 4th of May, 1828—just six months after her departure—she mentions that she is despatching by the same mail, her ninth letter to Mr. Trollope, and that she has not yet received one line in return!

There is no department of life in which the advantages enjoyed by us in the present day, over our forefathers, are more striking and incontestable than the post-office. Mrs. Trollope's letters from various countries, and during many years, give details as to the delay, uncertainty, and expense

connected with postal communications, which appear almost incredible to us now. In one letter from Cincinnati, she instructs her son to inquire about a certain coffee-house, called the North and South America Coffee-house, whence, she has been told, a letter can be despatched to the United States at a cheaper rate than they have been paying! She is sure that she could often get her letters more quickly if they were despatched directly from London, instead of being sent first to Liverpool. But this, she says,

“cannot be done by putting them into the London post office, but by learning, either at Lloyd’s, or at the above-named coffee-house, what vessels are going from the port of London, and *when*.”

All this would seem rather extraordinary to the present authorities at St. Martin’s-le-Grand.

Mr. Trollope, on his part, was suffering anxiety at the non-arrival of letters from his wife. But in her case the distress was increased by the pressure of absolute want.

“I cannot express to you,” she writes to her sons, “the dreadful anxiety to which this silence gives birth. Is your father ill? Is he dead? Have his affairs fallen into such confusion that he has not been able to procure the money necessary to send us a remittance? Wherever you may be, my dearest Tom, when you receive

this, I entreat you to write to me immediately. Our situation here would be dreadful, were it not for M. Hervieu's grateful, and generous kindness. It is more than a month that we have not had a mouthful of food that he has not paid for. How are you both, my darling boys? Oh, what could I do—alas, I have nothing to *give*, but what would I not give, to have you both for half an hour! Dear Tom, dear Anthony, do not forget us!"

The situation was truly dreadful. She was in a strange country, separated by thousands of miles from husband, home, and friends, and with three helpless young creatures depending on her prudence and energy. One side of this letter is covered by the effusions of Cecilia (then a child of eleven) and Henry. Both are dejected enough. The poor little girl winds up hers with these words: "Cincinnati is a very pretty little town, but I heartily hope papa will come and take us away from it!" She was not the only one of the party who hoped so. The mother squeezes in at the end a highly characteristic postscript: "I think the young people have tried to make us appear more wretched than we are. *Do not be unhappy about us, dear ones.** Adieu."

By the 30th of the following June, however,

* The italics are mine.—F. E. T.

things have mended. Mr. Trollope is expected to go out to them immediately (as a matter of fact he did not sail for America until September), and they are all eagerly looking forward to his arrival. Although they have nearly reached the hottest season, they have not as yet suffered from the heat. Henry has been very ill, but his malady began before the hot weather. (Its immediate cause was, probably, the mental misery and bodily hardship endured at New Harmony.) His mother writes—

“You would hardly know Henry and me, we are both grown so thin. This climate is a very strange one. The heat, though the thermometer is sometimes as high as 104, is not very terrible, but the vicissitudes of the weather are most extraordinary, and the climate of England is, in comparison with this, very little subject to change.”

The sudden alternations of temperature are often commented on in the family correspondence; and Henry tells his brothers that an American man of science declared to him that in Cincinnati he had observed a variation of forty degrees in the course of a single day!

It is in this letter of the 30th of June, 1828, that we find the first hint of the possibility of Mrs. Trollope's writing a book about America.

"I amuse myself," she says, "by making notes, and hope some day to manufacture them into a volume. This is a remote corner of the world, and but seldom visited" [you will remember, good reader, that she is speaking of the Cincinnati of seventy years ago], "and I think that if Hervieu could find time to furnish sketches of scenery, and groups, a very taking little volume might be produced."

The one volume grew into two, and the work certainly proved to be "taking;" but equally certainly it owed a very small part, if any, of its attraction to M. Hervieu's pencil. But Frances Trollope's previsions about her own success were always very modest, even after she had gained a high place in public favour. The motive which instigated her to attempt authorship, was, undoubtedly, the desire to add to the slender resources of the family. Without giving unqualified acceptance to Dr. Johnson's strong assertion that "no man but a fool ever wrote books except for money," one may go so far as to say that a vast number of good books *have* been written for money!

CHAPTER VII.

“Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita
Mi ritrovai per una selva oscura.

* * * *

Ahi ! quanto a dir cos'era è cosa dura,
Questa selva selvaggia, ed aspra, e forte !”

DANTE, *Divine Comedy*, Canto 1.

MR. TROLLOPE, accompanied by his eldest son, paid a brief visit to America in the autumn of 1828, and the final arrangements were then made for building and opening the bazaar. The place was intended to serve various purposes besides that of an emporium for the sale of fancy goods. Among other projects, there was to be exhibited a panorama of London, which Hervieu was to paint. There is no doubt that Mr. and Mrs. Trollope received a great deal of local encouragement for their scheme. On that point there is plenty of testimony. Some of the encouragement may have been given from interested and dishonest motives ; but much of it was, doubtless, genuine enough, although surprisingly rash. But enthusiasm is

everywhere apt to prevail over prudence, in the disposal of other people's money.

It is due to Mr. Trollope to state that in this disastrous speculation, he was not (as had been the case in some other matters) running counter to the advice and wishes of his wife. I do not think that Mrs. Trollope would ever have originated the idea of going to the United States, but, being there, she certainly founded great hopes on the scheme of the bazaar; and she entered into the preparations with all her native energy and vivacity.

Her husband and son returned to Europe, leaving her with the two little girls and poor Henry—for whom it seemed terribly difficult to find a niche in the world—to start the new undertaking.

It would be worse than useless to attempt any detailed account of the disappointment of all their hopes. It may be stated in a few words that the bazaar was a total failure, and that the capital embarked in it might as well—for all the benefit the Trollope family ever derived from it—have been thrown into the Atlantic Ocean.

And yet, indirectly, the project opened a prosperous career to Frances Trollope. It is no exaggeration to say that she achieved a brilliant

literary position, and a comfortable competence, and that the first step to both was the publication of the "Domestic Manners of the Americans." The book has been enormously read, and it would be superfluous to recapitulate any of its contents. But some more extracts from her private letters and notes may be found interesting and amusing.

After the departure of her husband she received a kind letter from General Lafayette, and writes to England:—

"The same post which brought me the General's letter, brought one also from him to Mr. N——" [a resident in Cincinnati] "requesting him to do all he can to make our residence here agreeable. Such an introduction is worth something in this country. I am very much pleased by these letters of Lafayette. They contain, *in fact*, the first certain assurance that we are not a set of very accomplished swindlers!"

I copy here Lafayette's letter as it lies before me, in its almost faultless English. One fault, indeed, there is—the persistent mis-spelling of her name as Troloppe. But this orthography of the family patronymic I have found so frequent, among all sorts and conditions of men, at home and abroad, as to suggest the idea that there must be some mysterious reason in the eternal fitness of things why it ought to be so written!

“Lagrange, November 11th, 1828.

“DEAR MADAM,

“I do not know when this letter may reach you, having been told, under a later date than your Cincinnati confidential communication, that it was your intention to move with your family to New York. I am afraid my letters to my friends, the N. family, will not have arrived in time; but hope your acquaintance will have been formed on the ground of common remembrance and feelings in behalf of your old absent friend.

“While our dear Fanny was giving us the general, and minute, features of the New Harmony system, and, notwithstanding her enthusiasm, of the uncomfortableness of Nashoba life, I wondered at the determination of a London lady to make herself a Forest pioneer! The more so after the letter I had received from you, dear madam, before I came to Paris. I admired the effect of her” [Miss Wright’s] “eloquence, the warmth of your friendship. But not knowing your other motives to go to the U.S., and thinking it would be very hard on my part to remonstrate against so affectionate a determination on behalf of the beloved girls, I had only to pour my tender blessings upon you, as upon them. I have already expressed how much I grieved to hear you had left Nashoba after a visit of eight days. Not that I ever thought that sort of forest life could suit you, or can object to the sense of other duties which called you at a distance from your enterprising friends, but because so abrupt a separation might be prejudicial (*sic*) to them. No explanation was obtained from Fanny, who only, in a kind word, mentioned your departure. Your Cincinnati letter with all its details, for which I am much

obliged to you, has been the sole account I had given to me on those, so very, very interesting subjects. I have not for a long while heard from Fanny and Camilla. I suppress the feelings which several particulars of your letter could not fail to excite, but request you, dear madam, to write as frequently and as minutely as you can to me. Should you be still in Ohio, my correspondence with N. must, at a long distance of time I fear, have answered your purpose. In New York you are surrounded with friends. I hope the next packet will bring me letters from Fanny, and let me know where you now are. In the meanwhile I send these lines to Mr. Wilkes, and requesting my best regards to Mr. Trollope, to your son, and all the family, I am very affectionately

“Your friend,

“LAFAYETTE.”

The General's kind solicitude on behalf of Fanny Wright and her sister, must have subjected him to considerable anxiety and many disappointments; for it was not possible to induce the former to write fully on any other topic than that which engrossed her imagination for the time being.

In a letter from Mrs. Trollope to her son, dated Cincinnati, May 1, 1829, we get an amusing glimpse of Fanny Wright. She was now devoting all her zeal and enthusiasm to preaching *Unitarianism*, combined with such simple and practical

moral precepts as that "Affection shall form the only marriage ; kind feeling and kind action, the only religion ; respect for the feelings and liberties of others, the only restraint ; and union of interest, the only bond of peace and security !"

Mrs. Trollope writes—

"I have mentioned in a former letter that Miss Wright has bought a church at New York for the delivery of her own lectures,—and all others, as I imagine, on the same side of the question. Whether the speculation is likely to answer to her as a matter of profit, I have not heard. If it does not, I think she will speedily be distressed for funds. I am greatly mistaken if her *gazette*" [a socialistic journal published at New Harmony] "long continues to pay its own expenses. It is so inexpressibly fatiguing to read the same thing expressed in five thousand different ways, even though it be the amusing assurance that the world was made by chance. I remember General Lafayette once reading me a letter of F. W.'s in reply to one of his which had conveyed to her some (as he thought) *important* European news. She assured him that she felt her mind so elevated above all the petty concerns of life, that she could no longer give attention to such subjects. The remaining pages of a long letter were occupied by a minute narrative of domestic proceedings at Nashoba ; and told how black Peggy stole a pair of shoes, and how black Jenny quarrelled with black Joe, etc. The same, or a similar, state of mind is, I think, visible in every page of her twaddling *gazette*. Everything that she can catch which

has a bearing upon her own particular dogmas, and her own particular whims, finds place there in wearisome succession ; but all subjects of general import, interesting to man as he is, not to man as she dreams he might be, are excluded. And I doubt if any preacher that ever lived, from Bossuet to Cunningham inclusive, has been able to produce more yawns from a given number of pages, than Frances Wright."

One more mention of this singular woman may be given before taking leave of her in these pages, because it is an original and contemporary record of a very characteristic little scene. The passages I transcribe are from a diary kept by T. A. Trollope during his short visit to the United States. He had taken leave of his mother, and was waiting with his father in New York to sail for Europe :—

" Thursday, February the fifth, 1829.

" Went to call on Miss Wright. I found her sitting at a table opposite to William Owen to whom she introduced me. The table was covered with sheets of paper, —some written all over, some partially covered, and some as innocent as spotless whiteness could make them. Some printed sheets were mingled with the confused heap, and a huge pewter inkstand stood in the middle of the table, equidistant from the two composers. She received me very graciously, asked about my adventures in the West, etc., and what were my prospects and intentions in England. The conversation then turned to General Jackson" [then recently elected President, after

a tough contest, in which his competitor was Quincy Adams], "whom she said she knew perfectly well; and from him to the tariff. She said that although she approved of the general principles of free trade, she thought that political economists had taken erroneous views of the matter."

This sweeping utterance irresistibly recalls the delightful man servant in George Eliot's essay, who being asked, "What is the cause of the tides, Pummel?" replies: "Well, sir, nobody rightly knows. Many gives their opinion. But if I was to give mine, it 'ud be different."

"She was about to explain her ideas to me on this subject, when we were interrupted by a woman who was ushered in, and requested an interview with Miss Wright. After a somewhat lengthy and periphrastic preamble, the good lady intimated that perhaps it might be more *agrecable* to Miss Wright, to speak her opinion in private. Miss Wright said there was no subject on which she was not ready to give her sentiments before the gentlemen then with her,—Mr. Owen and myself. The woman then abruptly began: 'Miss, they tell me that you say the Devil has more friends than God. Do you say so?' 'No, indeed; I say very little about God or devil.' 'I *thought* you preached no such thing!' 'Oh no; I never preach at all.'" [*Lecture*, the wise it call]. "The woman then went on to state her particular case. It was that her brother was a sectarian preacher, but that when he was not engaged in his spiritual trade he

followed the more wordly, and possibly more profitable, one of making 'gambling instruments'—by which I presume the woman meant cards or dice. Now she argued that her brother ought to abandon one of these callings, and not serve both God and Mammon. On this point she requested Miss Wright's opinion. Miss Wright was all smiles and condescension, and gave her a long sentence of advice, the substance of which was to attend her (F. W.'s) lectures. The woman then departed, saying as she went, 'They told me as I should be afraid of you. *But I knewed we was too much alike for that!*' I said I feared Miss Wright did not make so good a thing of her consultations, as the lawyers and physicians did of theirs. She said, 'Oh no; I am dreadfully plagued by these sort of interviews.'"

Ay, as a ball-room beauty is "dreadfully plagued" by the admiring attentions of those tiresome men! And yet, apart from the delusions of vanity, Fanny Wright honestly wished well to her fellow-creatures, and desired to do them good. If she was a quack, she was one who believed in her own nostrums.

In the autumn of this same year a storm of misfortune burst upon the family in America. Besides the complete ruin of the bazaar speculation, Mrs. Trollope was prostrated by a most serious illness. Her life was at one time quite despaired of by the doctors, and her recovery appears to have

astonished every one. It was a severe trial of the magnificent constitution which enabled her to do and to endure so much, and "to live after it to be eighty-three!" as her son says.

The following extracts from her letters will best tell the story of the latter part of her stay in America. I will string them together, merely interpolating an explanatory sentence when necessary, and premising that they were written from the immediate neighbourhood of the city of Washington.

"April, 1830.

"Nothing, my dearest Tom, but the state of mind I was in when Henry left me, could excuse my not writing to you by him. I will not now dwell on all that has happened. You will doubtless learn it soon enough from Henry. I trust the return to his native air will restore his health, which was dreadfully shaken in the climate of Cincinnati."

Henry had returned to Europe in the spring. The manner of his arrival at home after such an absence, and such a voyage, is too singular and characteristic to be omitted. I again copy from the diary of his elder brother, then at Harrow:—

"Monday, April 19th, 1830.

"At half-past twelve last night I was awakened by a knocking at the door, and having got up and gone down,

I found Henry at the door, who had just arrived by the coach from Liverpool, and walked down here. I gave him my bed, and passed the rest of the night in a large chair. He came across in a British trader, the *Dalhousie Castle*. All to-day has, of course, been consumed in talking to him."

In all probability the payment of the coach fare from Liverpool to London had exhausted Henry's purse. Innumerable instances could be given of the boys being left absolutely penniless. Their father seems never to have considered it possible that they could want ready money. They all appear to have accepted quite naturally his Spartan views as to personal comfort. But for a delicate lad of eighteen, having suffered hardships and sickness in a foreign land, and just arrived after a tedious voyage across the Atlantic Ocean in a sailing-ship,—for such a one to perform the last portion of his journey on foot arriving after midnight, seems a somewhat severe experience. Yet I find no further remark on it in the family correspondence. To return to Mrs. Trollope's letters :—

"The pleasantest feeling that I have experienced for a very long time, was that produced by reading the certificates you took with you to College. Dear, dear Tom, let me ever hear you spoken of thus, and I think

I cannot be quite unhappy, let what will arrive. For your own sake, as well as for mine, cherish and nourish your intellectual faculties to the utmost. Let me *hear* of you ! I am sure you have the stuff in you to become something. The anxiety you expressed during my long and melancholy illness touched me deeply. I never thought I should address you again, my beloved son.

"I am now with the oldest friend I have in the world." [This was Mrs. Stone, eldest sister of the Julia Garnett, who married Dr. Pertz.] "She is a most agreeable woman, and seems as well pleased to resume our old friendship as I am. With her I hope to remain until something can be arranged for our future plans. I fear that our means, crippled as they have been by the loss at Cincinnati, will not allow us to live *decently* in England until some return from the property there can help us to do so. But let me not fill my letter, which I can so seldom afford to send, or you to receive, with our troubles."

She then goes on to speak of the city of Washington, the capitol, the Chamber of Representatives, etc., in terms of warm admiration. Many of the passages in her letters are to be found *verbatim* in her book on America. And, surely, there could be no more complete proof of her truthfulness and sincerity: for the letters were written first; they are communications of the most confidential kind from a mother to her son; and were certainly written without foreseeing

that they would be hoarded by him for sixty years as a precious possession, and finally presented to the world through the medium of printer's ink! Later in the summer she writes—

“I imagine that when this reaches you, you will be at home for the long vacation. Oh how I long to see you all!—to know how you, my dear Tom, now almost of age, are going on,—what your present hopes are, and what their foundation. Alas, since last we conversed together my life has been almost one continued scene of suffering. Often have I rejoiced that you were where you could not see it. Yet often would I have given much to have your affection to support me. *Everything* from the time you left us, went wrong, spite of exertions—nay hard labour, on our part that would pain you to hear of. I suspect that poor Henry, in suffering as he did in every way at Cincinnati, thought he had suffered enough, and that he has *altogether* avoided giving the painful details to your father; for by his letters it appears that he is still ignorant of nearly all the events that preceded our departure. For instance, he says that he ‘cannot imagine why it was necessary for Henry to set off immediately,’ when the fact was that *every bed had been seized*, and that we—your sisters and myself—were sleeping together in one small bed at Major L.’s” [a Cincinnati neighbour] “and boarding there, as well as Henry and Hervieu who both lay on the floor in the kitchen, *for the value of my parlour carpet*. And yet your father wonders why Henry did not stay the winter!

“In one letter, in answer to one of mine in which I stated our situation, your father writes, ‘How is it

possible that you are dependent on Hervieu for your living, when I have sent out goods to the amount of £2000?’

“Is it not strange, Tom, that he does not yet know that these goods never brought *one penny* into my hands? The proceeds of those we sold, went to the workmen and servants, and the *rest were seized*. I trust my letters have reached him, and that he now knows this fact, but I would have you recal it to his memory.

“My only hope in quitting Cincinatti was that my old friend Mrs. Stone would be able to receive my girls and me until our return home and the manner of it, could be settled. I then hoped that some of the brilliant prophecies which poor Hervieu heard for his picture, would be realized. But here again disappointment has followed us.”

The picture was a large oil-painting representing the landing of General Lafayette in America. It was exhibited at Philadelphia and at Washington, and greatly praised. But the exhibition did not pay its expenses.

“The only thing that has *not* disappointed me, is the friendship of Mrs. Stone. Nothing can exceed her kindness, and with her we have found a home the tranquillity of which has done much towards the recovery of my health both of mind and body. But you must expect, my dear Tom, if Heaven indeed permits my safe return, to see a very old lady! My eyes have greatly failed me since my illness. I can do nothing without spectacles, and I can no longer walk as I did. But I am infinitely

better than when I came here" [*i.e.* to Stonington, her friend's house], "and still young enough to enjoy a long, long talk with you as in days of yore.

"Give our most affectionate love to your father. We have lately sent him through Mr. Vaughan" [then British Minister to the United States] "a packet containing letters from your sisters. This disappointment respecting the picture, will, I fear, prevent my seeing Niagara. I regret this the more, as I fear *my book* will seem very imperfect without it. But I can hardly hope that what Hervieu can make this winter, will admit of this additional expense. He has several good pupils, and he has just had a fifty-dollar portrait ordered. He pays for our board here. Were my dear friend Mrs. Stone as rich as she deserves to be, this expense would be spared. But she has a very large family, and has had most serious losses. I wish with all my soul that you could see and hear poor Hervieu! He seems only to live in the hope of helping us. He has set his heart on getting us home without drawing on your father's diminished purse. God send us safe home, and he will, I know, be repaid, not only in money, but by the gratitude and affection of my husband and children. But sometimes my heart sinks when I think of our present dependence.

"Poor Cecilia is literally without shoes, and I mean to sell one or two small articles to-morrow to procure some for her, and for Emily. I sit still and write, write, write,—so old shoes last me a long time. As to other articles of dress, we should any of us as soon think of buying diamonds! Your dear sisters have had a pretty sharp lesson in economy. They mend,—and mend,—

and mend. They are, indeed, treasures to me, and their devoted affection outweighs all my misfortunes. I often comfort myself with thinking that they would not have loved me so tenderly, had they not seen me suffer.

"You will think, my dear boy, that I am trying to increase *your* affection for me by the same means! But I wish not that you should be ignorant of our life since we parted. It is not one sheet, however, nor a dozen, that could do justice to it. Be not unhappy about us nevertheless, dearest. We are really very comfortable here; you know enough of composition to be aware that nothing more completely and agreeably occupies the mind; and Hope—that quits us the last, perhaps, of all our friends—tells me that it is *possible* my book may succeed. It will have great advantages from Hervieu's drawings. If it *should* succeed, a second book would bring money. If I can but get home next spring, I feel as if I should still find the means of being happy and comfortable.

"My poor dear Anthony will have outgrown our recollection! Tell him not to outgrow his affection for us. No day passes,—hardly an hour—without our talking of you all. I hope a letter from your father is on the way. Tell Henry that my wrist has lately recovered greatly, and that I trust his ankle will do the same. The dear girls would fill a volume with phrases of love. Say all that is affectionate from all to all. God bless you, my dearest Tom.

"Ever your affectionate mother,

"F. TROLLOPE."

Truly these are not sentimental grievances nor imaginary woes!

The eagerly longed-for return to home did not take place quite so soon as had been hoped. It was not in the spring, but in the full summer of 1831 that Mrs. Trollope with her two daughters and M. Hervieu quitted the United States. They sailed from the port of New York, and landed at Woolwich on the 5th of August, proceeding direct from Woolwich to Harrow. T. A. Trollope had on that day gone up to London to see if he could gather any tidings of them, and on his return home found them arrived.

His diary for the two following days records that nearly all their waking hours were occupied in hearing and telling all that had befallen both divisions of the family since their last parting. Tom found his mother looking much better than, from her letters, he had expected. And in the joy and excitement of the reunion, he says, "we talked, talked, talked all day long."

CHAPTER VIII.

"If, therefore, the profession you have chosen has some unexpected inconveniences, console yourself by reflecting that no profession is without them; and that all the importunities and perplexities of business are softness and luxury compared with the incessant cravings of vacancy and the unsatisfactory expedients of idleness."—JOHNSON, *Boswell's Life*. x 7

FROM the day of her return to England, there began a period of literary activity for Frances Trollope, which lasted over twenty-five years. The more one investigates the records of her life, the more astonishing appears her conscientious and unflagging industry. No doubt she had a certain enjoyment in her work. No good work can be done quite unenjoyingly; but the industry which induced her to *stick to it* until it was accomplished, whether she were willing or unwilling, sick or sorry, is none the less admirable. ✓ ✓

The two volumes which she had brought with her from the United States were offered to the firm of Whittaker and Treacher of Ave Maria Lane, and originally published by them in the

spring of 1832 ; but the copyright was eventually sold to Messrs. Bentley and Son, who were the publishers also of her works on "Paris and the Parisians," "Vienna and the Austrians," as well as of the most successful of her novels, including "Tremordyn Cliff," "Jonathan Jefferson Whitlaw," "The Widow Barnaby," and "The Vicar of Wrexhill."

I have no intention of entering into bygone quarrels, but it must be broadly stated that Mrs. Trollope's relations with Mr. Whittaker had become considerably strained before she finally broke off all dealings with the firm.

Sir Walter Scott, speaking of publishers, says : "It is a wrathful trade ; and the *irritabile genus* comprehends the book-selling as well as the book-writing species."

If this be so—and Sir Walter's authority and experience carry weight—it must arise from the circumstance that the appreciation of a work of art, unlike that of other saleable articles, depends on individual temperament, sagacity, education, and so forth, and cannot be reduced to a certain standard, as can the quality of cotton stuffs and hardware. There is a market price for the latter commodities ; but every book has to be valued

by private judgment before it is submitted to the public. A conflict of opinions is apt to be even more bitter than a conflict of interests ; and when both are in the field at once, considerable "wrathfulness" may be expected.

It is pleasant, however, to be able to add that in the case of Mrs. Trollope's dealings with Messrs. Bentley and Son, there was no quarrel. Some differences, no doubt, arose in the course of them. It was inevitable that they should do so. But they were conducted, on both sides, with fairness and courtesy. I have in my possession several letters from Mrs. Trollope, expressing her obligations to Mr. Richard Bentley for acts of kindness and consideration in the manner of his payments, at a time when she was hard pressed for money to supply the needs of a whole family dependent on her exertions.

A few days after "The Domestic Manners of the Americans" had been consigned in Ave Maria Lane, T. A. Trollope calling, at his mother's request, on Mr. Whittaker to inquire as to its fate, was told that "Basil Hall was reading the manuscript."

I am not aware whether there had been any previous acquaintance between their families—I

am inclined to think not,—but from the time of Mrs. Trollope's first negotiations with a publisher, she found in Captain Basil Hall, to the end of his life, a judicious, zealous, and loyal friend. His opinion of the book on America was highly favourable. He wrote of it to the authoress with warm praise, and gave her, moreover, most valuable business advice as to the terms of publication, and so forth.

Meanwhile the manuscript had been privately submitted to Henry Milman. I glean the following extracts from Mrs. Trollope's letters to her son during the autumn of 1831, when the question—so all-important to her—of the publication of her book was being decided. The first is dated on the 12th of October, from "The Sacred Den, Harrow;" the family having so nicknamed the little room she used to write in.

"Yesterday the whole Milman family mounted the stairs to my room, 'clamorously calling for 'More book! More book!' Imagine me, if you please, looking extremely modest, but being vastly delighted. I certainly did not intend that they should all read the M.S. beforehand, but wished to take *his* [Henry Milman's] opinion on the religious passages, and I am very glad I did so. He does not think me at all too strong, and his observations on other passages are excellent. I

know his taste may be trusted, and I shall not fail to profit by it. The old Lady Milman told me that if I had been hid behind the door the evening before, I might have been well contented with what I heard, which was what could rarely happen to authors so placed! All this is very encouraging. . . . So the Bill is gone!" [alluding to the throwing out of the first Reform Bill by the peers]. "Everything has been tranquil as yet. A mob collected round the House of Lords Monday night, but we have as yet heard of no violence. That happy personage, your poetry professor" [Henry Milman was elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford in 1821] "is to dine to-day at Lockhart's, to meet Walter Scott and Tom Moore. He says that if the mob visits them he shall take 'little Tom' by the arm, and feel quite safe."

She alludes with great contempt to a well-known vagary of Lord Brougham, who, in his great speech as Lord Chancellor, on the second reading of the Reform Bill, ended by a prayer, and fell on his knees on the woolsack, and asks—

"Had the venerable Eldon played such monkey tricks when he had a point to gain, what would have been said of him? Henry Milman told me that the Lord Advocate sate down one evening in the House beside Croker; on which Croker addressed him very courteously, saying that as men of Letters they ought not to permit political difference of opinion to keep them asunder, and that he should be happy to make his acquaintance. Jeffrey received the overture with equal courtesy, and some days after, again placed himself near Croker. He

then began addressing him in a very confidential tone, and told him that he was perfectly disgusted with Brougham, who had treated him in the most insolent manner imaginable ! ”

Later on she writes that she has requested her cousin, Charlotte Hellicar, to send her some particulars of the Bristol riots, which had then recently taken place, and with which all England was ringing. The Hellicars’ town house was quite near the scene of the greatest disorders.

“Imagine their terror !” Mrs. Trollope writes. “The H. Milmans have been staying with Sir William in London for a few days, and dined at Judge Alderson’s. It seems that the talk was all of massacres and riots. If the upper classes fall into a panic, it is over with us. But if they sustain the shock manfully, I believe there is nothing to fear.”

An amusing scrap from M. Hervieu, inserted in this letter, displays less stoutheadedness ! I give his English as I find it.

“Certes I could not choose a worse time to write to you. I have been for nearly three weeks vexed beyond the power of any mild temper. First this cursed Reforme Bill, then my illustrations to Billy Taylor, with all their *genuine* merit, cannot bring me a single penny, then the lithographic stone from France is not yet here, your poor Mamma has been floating about from incertitude to incertitude, cholera morbus and revolution spread

their wings over everything we meet,—yes, we must all go to the devil at last ! That is my firm opinion.”

Luckily it was not Frances Trollope’s. For such pessimistic previsions are rather apt to bring about their own fulfilment !

The incertitude in which poor Hervieu describes Mrs. Trollope as “floating,” regarded, of course, the final agreement about her book. As to the *cholera morbus*, it was a very real terror. Captain Kater was so scared by the reports of it, that he fled with his family to France, although, as Mrs. Trollope remarks, he was not likely to be at all safer there than at home. Hervieu himself, about this time, had an attack which perilously resembled this dreaded disease. Mrs. Trollope nursed him indefatigably, and says : “I am quite proud of my patient, who, I really think, without a good doctor and nurse, might have been in very considerable danger.”

She is never either so busy, or so anxious, as to be indifferent to her friends. Nearly every letter contains proof of the hearty interest she took in their joys and their sorrows. In one, she urges Tom to endeavour to sell certain books at Oxford, for the benefit of a family fallen into distress ; in another she tells him—

✓✓

"I was much pleased the other day, by a visit from my old friend Herman Merivale. He was always a favourite of mine, and I still think him very particularly agreeable. He had a halo of pretty Drury cousins round him, but I almost forgot they were there, so well pleased was I to listen to him."

Mrs. Trollope certainly showed her discrimination in admiring this brilliant young man, who had already made a high reputation for himself, although only five and twenty years of age, and whose after-career was full of honours.

Then a large part of her letters is occupied by the strange story of an old friend of her husband's. This gentleman, a Mr. Smith, contrived to convey a letter from a private madhouse in Salisbury, where he had been improperly placed, and was then imprisoned, to Mr. Trollope, beseeching him, in the most touching terms, to come to his assistance. Mr. Trollope at once set off on what would have seemed to many persons a Quixotic errand, and was certainly one involving much that was difficult and disagreeable. At Salisbury he received great kindness and hospitality in the house of a local clergyman, who seems to have taken great interest in the case. Mr. Trollope evidently displayed both ability and energy on behalf of his ill-used friend. He had to overcome many

obstacles, and his wife says that she conceives the keeper of the madhouse to be a sufficiently accomplished villain to serve Mr. Bulwer for a hero, adding, "I am not sure that I will not take him myself, one of these days!"

It is good to know that these humane efforts were successful. Mr. Trollope brought his friend away from Salisbury in triumph, and Mr. Smith remained for some days at Harrow, where his amiable manners and cultivated mind made the most favourable impression on all the family. He ended his days peacefully in the house of his sisters, who were much attached to him.

Mrs. Trollope writes of this story with as intense and lively an interest, as though she had no anxieties in her own family circle, and were quite at leisure to attend to the troubles of those outside it.

Nay! I have written an idle word. Absence of personal sorrow has not been found a guarantee for sympathy with the sorrows of others. Imagination enough to comprehend, and benevolence enough to feel for them, are what is needed. And a charitably compassionate spirit is a fountain that flows the more abundantly the more it is drawn upon.

The negotiation with Mr. Whittaker dragged its slow length along, in a somewhat harassing manner. She writes—

“I have another letter from Captain Hall, long, and very friendly. He tells me not to sign and seal the agreement with W. until I have communicated with him. . . . He is now at Portsmouth, in attendance on Sir Walter Scott, who is to pass the winter at Naples for his health. My dear Lady Dyer urges my going to stay with her, but I may not do it consistently with my present plans. I have done nothing to my new book, nor shall I till the other is gone to press. I always feel that I have still something more to do to it. I took an early dinner on Wednesday with the young Lady Milman. She is a charming woman, and I must find time to pass another day with her, for I like her better than most things I meet in this working-day world. I have, however, made a point of refusing invitations. Did I not, I plainly see that I should have time for nothing but botching up a cheap, smart wardrobe, and eating dinners and suppers which I could not return. . . . Mr. Cunningham brought Dr. Longley here the other morning to introduce him to me. He seems a pleasant, conversable man.”

Dr. Longley, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, had been appointed to the Head Mastership of Harrow School in 1829, during Mrs. Trollope's absence from Europe. It is a significant indication of the esteem with which she was held, that the Vicar—despite her deplorable views as to the

Evangelical party—should have thought it worth his while to be the means of presenting to her so great a potentate as the Head Master of Harrow School is—at any rate in Harrow.

At length she is able to tell her son that (thanks chiefly, it would appear, to Captain Basil Hall's indefatigable kindness) the agreement for her book is signed, and the manuscript in the publishers' hands.

“I *quake* a little, but if I can get even a little money, I will not mind abuse,—nor labour. Lady Milman, with whom I have been passing two days, told me she hoped I should be *ready* with something else. Now, as I have never mentioned this intention there, I was well pleased to find it had occurred to them as the natural and proper result of the encouragement I have received. . . . While my head is at work upon story-telling and money-making, I often encourage my energy, and solace my fatigue by thinking that if I *should* succeed in getting up one step of the literary ladder, it would incontestibly help *you* immediately to the second.”

Again, in speaking of certain hopes she entertained, she breaks off suddenly—

“What a Jew I grow! My whole thoughts run, morning, noon, and night, on the possibility of getting something by this, that, or the other. I have, however, human feeling enough left, to delight in the idea of

seeing you in the Christmas vacation. Adieu, beloved son !”

A significant commentary on the foregoing, is furnished by a few lines from Mr. Trollope, written by way of postscript, wherein he says, that he sends his son a draft for fifteen pounds, but considers that eleven ought to be amply sufficient for the *dead* quarter, and hopes that Tom will bring four pounds home with him, for they will be much wanted there !

And all this time Mrs. Trollope was sorely tried by what certainly seems to have been the strangely harsh treatment of Henry by his father, and by the results of it.

Tom was at Oxford, having gone thither with an exhibition from Winchester. Henry, after his return from America, had been entered at Caius College, Cambridge, but withdrawn after a short time, *deficiente crumendâ*, as his brother writes in his diary. He was now to read law with a Mr. Lovat, at his chambers in London. But at this point there arose endless discussions respecting the allowance which could be deemed sufficient to supply Henry with the bare necessities of life—nobody seems to have thought of expecting more !—while he was in London. Mr. Trollope was by

no means a miserly man. He loved to dispense hospitality as long as he had means to do so, and could be generous to his friends. But he seems to have been absolutely a prey to a sort of monomania on the subject of allowing his sons any money. He never appeared to think that they could, or ought to need it! And the Spartan *régime* to which he thought it quite natural they should submit, was of incredible rigour. Henry on his part deeply resented what he thought to be injustice, and the result was scenes of the most painful kind between father and son; scenes where the mother was called in by Henry to mediate between them, and became herself so shaken and agitated as to be obliged sometimes to have recourse to a dose of laudanum to procure a night's rest!

It would have been impossible to present any adequate picture of the conditions under which Frances Trollope performed some of the best of her literary work, without revealing this "rift within the lute" at home. But I am persuaded—and I think any candid reader, who has perused the autobiographies of his two sons, must be persuaded—that the explanation given by T. A. Trollope of his father's state of mind during his

latter years, is the true one. I must be allowed to quote here one or two brief passages from "What I Remember." The writer states the case better than I can do it, and speaks with an authority on the subject to which I cannot pretend.

"The terrible irritability of his temper, which sometimes in his latter years reached a pitch that made one fear his reason was, or would become, unhinged, was undoubtedly due to the shattering of his nervous system caused by the habitual use of calomel. . . . I am more convinced that bodily ailment was the *causa causans* of most, if not of all this unhappy idiosyncrasy, that I have before me abundant evidence that as a young man he was beloved and esteemed by his contemporaries and associates. . . . What so grievously changed him? I do not believe that he was soured by pecuniary misfortunes, though he had more than enough. His first great misfortune—the marriage of his old widower uncle whose heir he was to have been—was, I have the means of knowing, borne by him well, bravely, and with dignity. I believe that he was destroyed, mind and body, by calomel habitually used during long years."

Add to the baneful effects of the drug so recklessly taken, a temperament naturally prone to hypochondria, and his tendency, early manifested, to check any display of tenderness as being liable to the suspicion of insincerity, and it is not difficult

to imagine that he became truly a terror and an oppression to those whom he best loved. Such a state of mind calls forth sincere pity for its victim ; and certainly not less pity for those who were constantly exposed to the ebullitions of a most violent and, apparently, incalculable irritability.

But in the autumn of this year Mr. Trollope began a literary attempt of his own ; and it acted, in a great degree, as a safety-valve for the morbid energies of his mind. His wife writes :—

“I cannot express my delight at his having found an occupation. He really seems quite another being ;—and so am I too, in consequence.”

This work was an “*Encyclopædia Ecclesiastica*,” of which one volume only ever appeared. I possess it—a goodly quarto, published in 1834 by John Murray, Albemarle Street, and printed in very clear and beautiful type. Since it cannot be supposed that many copies of this solitary, unmated volume are extant in the world, I here give the full title-page for the information of the curious in such matters :—

“An *Encyclopædia Ecclesiastica* ; or, a complete history of the Church, containing a full and compendious explanation of all ecclesiastical rites and ceremonies ; a distinct and accurate account of all denominations of

Christians, from the earliest ages of Christianity to the present time ; together with a definition of terms usually occurring in ecclesiastical writers. By Thomas Anthony Trollope, LL.B., late Fellow of New College, Oxford, Barrister-at-law."

It is illustrated by some very good lithographs (drawn by Hervieu), representing monks and nuns in the habits of their various Orders.

One wonders that he should have thought it possible to complete such an undertaking unassisted. And yet his industry was so portentous, and his learning so respectable, that he might, perhaps, have achieved it had his life been prolonged. But he died within a year after the issue of the first volume ; and his eldest son has recorded how, and under what difficulties, he laboured at it to the end. His wife mentions, while the work was still in progress, that he has had

"a most kind, flattering, and liberal answer to his prospectus, from the Bishop of Hereford, enclosing £10 for *the whole work*, which he says he is too old to see published."

This was Dr. George Isaac Huntingford, Bishop of Hereford, and Warden of Winchester College, then an old man of eighty-four. He died only a few months after writing the above-mentioned letter. He had been Warden of Winchester during

Mr. Trollope's time there, and still held that office when Tom and Anthony were in college. He had, therefore, known the family for so long a period as to make this testimony of his friendship and good opinion unusually valuable.

There arose, also, a gleam of hope in another direction: Mr. Trollope applied for a London magistracy then vacant. It is a position he would have filled admirably. His honour and impartiality were above suspicion; his knowledge of law was solid and extensive; and his clear-headedness beyond the power of sophistry to bamboozle. His uncle, Mr. Adolphus Meetkerke, who had, it seems, some influence with the Whig party, called on Lord Melbourne (then Home Secretary in Lord Grey's administration) to solicit the place for his nephew.

"Lord Melbourne," writes Mrs. Trollope, "received him very civilly, and desired him to request Mr. Trollope to write to him on the business. Your father did so. Lord M. immediately replied by a note from *himself*. The answer did not appear to me to be favourable. Your father, however, says that he *has no doubt* that Lord M. intended to intimate that he should have the office. . . . Think no more of this, my dearest Tom. *I* shall not be disappointed. And I trust your father will not feel it very deeply."

She understands that her book is to be reviewed in the *Quarterly*. And Miss Milman has just received a letter from her brother Henry in London, from which Mrs. Trollope transcribes the following passage for her son to see :—

“I must not forget to say that Lockhart has read the first volume of Mrs. Trollope’s book, with which he is very much amused. He said it was the cleverest woman’s book he had read for a long time.”

It was not yet published, but copies had been sent to the reviews, and it was being talked of.

“The young Lady Milman says she has heard it spoken of in several places quite distinct from each other. Dr. Longley told the Milmans that he understood it was very entertaining,—in short, to tell you the truth, I am afraid it is being over-puffed beforehand, *and that it will fall sadly flat afterwards.*” *

Truly, her mind was not much subject to the gaseous inflation of vanity.

The following letter contains passages too characteristic to be omitted :—

“Harrow Weald, Midnight, Feb. 17th, 1832.

“The bubble has burst, my dearest Tom; and the magistracy can be dreamt of no more by any of us. . . . So much for bad news. On the other hand, your

* The italics are mine.—F. E. T.

father's MS. has been perused by one of Murray's readers, and *much approved*. This he learnt yesterday in an interview with Murray himself. Before they parted, the following conversation took place :

" *Murray*. 'I think, Mr. Trollope, that your advertisement should appear in the next *Quarterly*.'

" *Trollope*. 'When will the next number come out, Mr. Murray?'

" *Murray*. 'In a day or two, sir.'

" *Trollope*. 'Indeed ! I thought it would not appear till next month.'

" *Murray*. 'We have some important political articles that we want to put forward.'

" *Trollope*. 'I am somewhat interested in the next number.'

" *Murray*. 'Aye? By the bye !—*Trollope*—who the devil is Mrs. Trollope? Her book is the cleverest thing I ever read. I have read it through. So spirited !'

" *Trollope*. 'The lady is my wife.'

" *Murray*. 'Why did she not bring it to me? It will sell like wildfire ! She ought to have brought it to me. But I will help it all I can. You must introduce me to her.'

" 'There, my son, what do you think of that? May I not say like Lord Byron, 'I awoke one morning and found myself famous'? 'The American Exile' [a novel, afterwards published under the title of 'The Refugee in America'], does not sleep,—although I sometimes fear he may make others do so ! I have finished my first volume, and two long chapters of my second. If the printer's devil, Lockhart, Hall, Milman, and Murray, are right, then—let it be as bad as it will,—I shall get *something* for

it. It is strange to observe how circumstances can change one's character. I remember the time when a glowing review in the *Quarterly*, and the being read before publication, and approved, by the set above mentioned, would have made me as proud as a peacock. But now—I only count the possible pence.


“Apropos of which I may tell you that on Lockhart's report I bought a quarter of a pound of green tea, and on Murray's, half a pound of fresh butter, and at this moment—past eleven p.m.—I am sipping my favourite nectar with all appurtenances, in solitary comfort by the light of a *wax* candle. I am already reaping the fruit of my literary honours; for Hervieu, astounded at the wit I have put forth, and expecting more to come, has insisted on my having his room to write in at night, and declares himself to be extremely comfortable in a smaller one.”

A few days later the personal introduction to Mr. Murray took place. Mrs. Trollope had been to town to visit her old and greatly beloved friend Lady Dyer—now married a second time to a German nobleman Baron von Zandt,—and she took the opportunity of calling on Mr. Murray. She writes—

“Mr. Murray received me in a very flattering manner. . . . Murray's drawing-room—or, rather, library—is magnificent. Such books! He showed me many MSS. of Lord Byron's: some queer and curious enough. Your father was talking to him all the time about his

work, or I should have got more conversation with him. He seemed very well inclined that way. I have been working very hard at the novel, and have sent it to Captain and Mrs. Hall for judgment. I *tremble*, as you may well imagine. I will write the moment I hear their verdict. If it be favourable, I think I have a good chance of leaving behind me when we start for the Continent" [she was contemplating a tour in Germany, to be described in a book of travels], "wherewithal to support us for some time in comfort, on our return."

Then, on the 19th of March, 1832, her first and most famous book was presented to the public.



CHAPTER IX.

"Some minds are tempered happily, and mixed
 With such ingredients of good sense, and taste
 Of what is excellent in Man."

COWPER, *The Task*.

"THE Domestic Manners of the Americans" made, as all the world knows, a great success. Mrs. Trollope did not, at first, realize *how* great a success. But even when she obtained a clearer knowledge on that subject by the most convincing proofs—namely, that the first edition was speedily exhausted, and was followed by a second, a third, and a fourth—her good sense and genuine modesty prevented her from rashly concluding that her fortune was made. On the contrary, she shows even more diffidence about her second book than her first; and is eager to avail herself of all her friend Captain Basil Hall's suggestions and emendations.

Meanwhile, her reputation was spreading. The public talked of her book; the periodical press

wrote about it; and the fashionable world voted her a lion, and desired to have her in their saloons. She writes—

“Mr. Trollope told Murray yesterday, that I had a novel nearly ready. ‘Yes,’ said Murray, ‘I know that; and a very clever one too.’ ‘Where can you have heard that?’ said Mr. Trollope. ‘From Lockhart,’ replied Murray. This I trace to my kind friend Lady Milman, junior. She is very intimate with the Lockharts. Baron von Zandt told me the other day, that he was going on the Continent, and intended himself to present ‘my admirable volumes’ to the King of Bavaria. He believes they will be translated into German. Everything that adds to fame, helps to bring money. You see I think of nothing but base lucre! Mrs. Hall tells me that Theodore Hook says the book is too clever to have been written by a woman. Saucy, that!”

Saucy, no doubt. But, of course, flattering. And Theodore Hook’s joke is very much fairer than the Jove-like condescension, the “pretty-well-considering” tone, adopted by some critics of women’s books—in the year 1832.

Early in April Mrs. Trollope was again in London, whence she sent a long letter to her son Tom, then spending the Easter vacation, together with his young sister Emily, in the house of their cousin Miss Fanny Bent, at Exeter. It begins:

"I promised to send you the first news of my receipts, my dear Tom, Emily, and Co.!"

The "Co." included her well-beloved cousin, Fanny Bent. This letter strikingly illustrates the singular frankness of the writer's character. Few persons would have been inclined to give so unreserved an account of their money transactions. And it may be admitted that prudence would have dictated more reserve. But I am not trying to paint Frances Trollope as she might have been, but as she was. Infallibility is not claimed for her. But it *is* claimed for her that none of the revelations made by her openness of character are calculated to make us love her the less.

She enters minutely into the disposition of the money she has hitherto earned. It is nearly all parcelled out for others. Hervieu is to have half the proceeds of the second edition of the "*Domestic Manners*." This, I think, will be generally held to be a very excessive proportion for his share of the work, judged on its merits. But that had been the bargain, and of course it was adhered to. Nor do I find any trace of discontent with it on her part.

There are some curious items in the budget which she so frankly communicates to her correspondents. Among other things she pays for all the coal and

candles used in her own room during the winter. But unless her husband can find means to contribute, she will be totally unable to pay £180 needed for Henry, until she shall have sold an edition of the novel. The list winds up with "A few indispensable necessities for myself, and money enough to take us to Julia Pertz."

She had a scheme for taking her daughter Cecilia to stay for a year with Dr. and Madame Pertz in Hanover, where the former was then Royal Librarian and Archivist, and had achieved a distinguished reputation—by no means limited to his native land—by the publication of the first volume of the "*Monumenta Germaniæ Historica*." This project was to be combined with a book of German travels, for which Mrs. Trollope hoped to receive a commission from Murray; and Tom was to be of the party in the long vacation. His mother looked forward most eagerly to travelling on the Continent with him. This wish is expressed over and over again in her letters, from the time when he was a schoolboy of fifteen.

After the above financial statement in her letter, she proceeds—

"I think I told you that I was going to dine with Mr. Murray. I did so on Monday last, and a most splendid

entertainment it was. Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart, Mr. Croker, Captain Hall, Mr. Landor, and half a dozen more, all lions, were there. I was abundantly complimented. Tuesday I breakfasted with Captain Hall, and on Wednesday went with him and his wife to a morning assembly at Mrs. S.'s. Then I was introduced to half the poets, painters, wits, and wonders that were in town. And there again I was beflattered most outrageously. . . . I am quite weary of being in London, and hope to get away to-morrow evening. I have done nothing very *gay*, except seeing Madame Vestris and Liston. If the cholera is *very* bad on the Continent, my dear Tom, we must postpone our going."

She did leave London, but found it necessary—or, at least, very desirable—to return to it shortly. And she seems to have remained there during the greater part of the season. She took a lodging for Cecilia and herself in Thayer Street, Manchester Square. On April 25th she writes—

"You would laugh did you know to what an extent I am lionized. *Two* invitations arrived yesterday from Mrs. S.!"

This was a lady of fashion whom Henry, in writing to his brother, irreverently describes as "the lion-huntress." The phrase reminds one of the delightful Mrs. Leo Hunter of Eatanswill. That fascinating woman had not yet appeared to enchant mankind; but her prototypes, of higher

or lower gentility, were extant in life if not in literature. Mrs. S.'s son had been a fellow-Wykehamist with Tom Trollope, and sends many compliments and regards to him through Miss Cecilia, who has accompanied her mother to one or two large assemblies. I know not whether it were because Mrs. S. had *not* written a successful book of travels, but Tom responds in a rather lukewarm fashion to these civilities, and seems to have but a hazy recollection of his dear friend!

Praise of another kind, and one that could not fail to be gratifying, comes from a different quarter.

"To-day I got a letter from Captain Hamilton" [author of 'Cyril Thornton'] "in which he tells me that his two neighbours on the Lakes, Southey and Wordsworth, are both *delighted*. Captain Kater writes a volume of panegyric, and in short I am bepraised so violently that"—observe the conclusion *she* draws!—"I am afraid my poor little novel will disappoint everybody."

Among others who write congratulatory letters are the Gabells and Miss Mitford. Mrs. Trollope says that Captain Basil Hall continues to be "a most kind and efficient friend and admirable critic." I have before me several letters from Captain Hall to her, from one of which I shall have to quote at some length later on. In London he and his wife

showed her kindness of the truest and most practically friendly sort. There is something very frank, pleasant, and unaffected about his communications. Here is one little note :—

“DEAR MRS. TROLLOPE,

“I met the Miss Berrys to-day, who are exceedingly anxious to see you, and they have begged to have the honour of your company on Sunday evening next, at No. 8, Curzon Street. Of course you must have heard of them often. Miss Berry is herself an author, and one of the pleasantest persons in the world. They are enchanted with your book, and say that every word and thought in it bears internal evidence of truth, and carries authority with it accordingly. So I hope, if you can, you will come. But, of course, don't bother yourself. Only, in writing to me, make your answer such as I can send on. If you can contrive to come, you had best come to us first—say at 8—and we can attack the party together. Do as you like, however, and leave it to me to fight your battles.

“Ever truly yours,

“BASIL HALL.”

Mrs. Trollope did accompany the Halls to Miss Berry's, and met, of course, a very brilliant society. Although it would be absurd to suppose that her reception there was not gratifying to her, yet she keeps her head, and writes, indeed, half quizzing *herself* for the fuss that is made about her.

"I went last night," she writes to her son, "with Captain and Mrs. Hall to a party at Miss Berry's in Curzon Street. They are ladies famous for their conversation parties; and a very '*good*' set were assembled there. I dare not, even to you, repeat all the things that were said to me. A *few*, however, you shall have!

"The Countess of Morley told me she was certain that if I drove through London proclaiming who I was, I should have the horses taken off and be drawn in triumph from one end of town to the other! The Honourable Mr. Somebody declared that my thunderstorm was the finest thing in prose or verse. Lady Charlotte Lindsay *implored* me to go on writing—never was anything so delightful. Lady Louisa Stewart told me that I had quite put English out of fashion, and that every one was talking Yankee talk. In short I was *overpowered*! But all this must help the sale of the next book whatever may happen after.

"Next Wednesday Cecilia is going with me to Lady Alderson's—a splendid party I am told. How strange all this seems!"

During the early part of this season, Mrs. Trollope sat for her portrait to Hervieu—a process which she describes as "a *dreadful* consumer of time." But she submits to it for his sake, as several of his friends have urged him strongly to do it—doubtless by way of an advertisement for himself.

This was the oil-painting of which an engraving—truth compels me to say a very bad one!—

appeared in the popular one-volume edition of the "Domestic Manners of the Americans," in 1839. Very many of the long series of visitors who passed through T. A. Trollope's house at Florence, and subsequently at Rome, will remember the original picture, which always hung in the study where he wrote. It was one of the best executed of Hervieu's portraits, and an excellent likeness, although the engraving vulgarises it out of all recognition.

The subsequent fate of this portrait is wrapped in mystery. When T. A. Trollope finally left Italy to establish himself in England, his mother's portrait—not a miniature in a casket, which might easily be lost or mislaid, but a life-size three-quarters figure—was despatched to London with other cases, to the care of a relative. The cases remained there until it was time to send them to the house which T. A. Trollope had taken in Devonshire. But among them was *not* the portrait of Frances Trollope, nor has it been traced from that time to this! A not improbable explanation is that it never left Italy, although the authorization necessary for exporting all works of art was duly obtained. It is quite within the range of possibility that the picture has come, by

a circuitous route, into the hands of some dealer in bric-à-brac; and that it may be sold as the authentic effigy of a Roman Principessa, or disposed of as a family portrait to some prosperous *parvenu* willing to give a good price for the luxury of a few ancestors.

The London season of 1832 went on with really a stronger family resemblance to the London season of 1895 than perhaps the present generation could readily believe! And Mrs. Trollope was in the full rush of society. She writes—

“I *hope* the whirl of engagements in which I live, will be advantageous to me—to us, rather. But I almost doubt if I shall not lose more than I can ever gain. It is true that everybody tells me they are longing for the novel, but the novel has yet half a volume to be finished, and I can scarcely find an hour in each day to give to it.”

This must have been “The Refugee,” which appeared in the course of the year.

“The life I lead makes it impossible for me to write much. I trust it will help me on, but, though flattering and agreeable, it is fatiguing to excess. You would stare to see the mass of cards round my chimney-glass. *I hope it will not blow quite over before you can share it.** Thursday I am to dine with the Countess of St. Germans.

* The italics are mine.—F. E. T.

‘Evenings’ and ‘Mornings’ are incessant. God bless you, and preserve the brain of your venerable mother through this whirl!”

Henry Trollope was made a fellow of the Geographical Society, in the May of this year. He occasionally accompanied his mother to some of the assemblies to which she was invited. But his brain seems to have been in as little danger as hers, of becoming intoxicated with fashion and finery. Here is an extract from one of his letters to his brother at Oxford:—

“At the Miss Berrys’ I had the honour and glory and so forth, of being introduced to the famous Countess of Morley. She is still very handsome. Captain Hall was very kind, and introduced me to a great many people—Mr. Stanley among others, who had a friend residing at New Harmony, and who was well-known to me. It seemed so strange, on this side of the Atlantic, to be talked to about a queer enthusiast in that Ultima Thule of society. I promise myself great pleasure in going to Mr. Murchison’s to-night. I suppose you know he is President of the Geological Society.” [Mr., afterwards Sir Roderick, Murchison had been elected to this post in 1831.] “I would rather be acquainted with him than with anybody in London.”

Famous countesses who were “still very handsome” might have found that statement difficult to believe.

In several letters of this period, there are allusions to the disturbed state of the public mind. There is, I think, considerable comfort for the lovers of this

“ land of settled government,
A land of just and old renown,
Where Freedom broadens slowly down
From precedent to precedent : ”

in the perusal of such contemporary glimpses of the flying day, as it flew sixty years ago. It was eminently practical wisdom that put into the mouth of a leader of men the encouraging “ *passi graviora* .”

Henry writes to his brother on the 12th of May—

“ I have seen a good many people very violent about the Bill, and the Whig Ministry. The King is abused by all. Radical meetings are held at every pot-house almost, and the most seditious placards are circulated. The names I have heard for the next cabinet are, for Premier, Grey again, Wellington, Peel ; for Chancellor, Sugden, Lyndhurst,—all which, I suppose, is tugs * to you.”

On the 14th Mrs. Trollope writes—

“ I will not say we are alarmed, because, in fact, I am *not*. But many expect riots in London to-day, in consequence of placards posted in all parts of the city, calling upon the citizens to assemble in the Regent’s Park. We

* Tugs is Wykehamical for stale news.

are here on the high road to it, but everything is quiet. . . . I have been living among high Tories, and have had the honour of meeting sundry peers, but their apathy and despair provoke me beyond expression. If we are to be lost, it will be the fault of this party, who, as I told Lord E." [name undecipherable] "the other day, appear to me to do nothing but lie on their sophas; and groan."

She goes on to say that her own affairs stand still, the book trade participating in the depression of things in general.

"Whittaker seems in utter despair at the state of affairs. I am told that every one is collecting gold to be ready to start ! . . . Had I not heard so much of *certain ruin*, I should have enjoyed my season of popularity greatly."

A little over a year previous, Oxford had been disturbed by anticipations of a visit from the "Swing" rioters. And the Bristol outrages were still fresh in the public mind.

A letter addressed by Mrs. Trollope to her eldest son at Oxford on the last day of May, contains some words of sound advice. I know not whether the advice respecting the desirability of taking a good degree, be obsolete. I am inclined to believe not. But what she writes of books of travel, must certainly be applicable to all periods. Her son

was planning a tour in the rural parts of Germany, and a book describing it. She writes—

“I have long looked forward to your entering on the career of authorship, with (I think) a well founded hope of your success. As to your first start, I should wish it to be exactly in the path which tempts your fancy most ; and the sort of work you mention would give ample scope for talent in various ways. The objections are,—first, your not speaking the language, which would rob you of that sort of racy originality which the remarks, and even the phrases, of the people among whom you travel, can *alone* give to such a work. Secondly, how can you prepare for your degree if you are thus occupied? I have not time, my dearest Tom, to express fully all I could say on the vital importance of this preliminary step being well taken. Remember the sort of effect which this must produce in after-life. Whether you apply for a Fellowship, a pupil, a living, a London lectureship, an article in the *Quarterly*, or an engagement with a book-seller, a good degree will aid you at first setting out, beyond anything else whatever. Be firm to this object. . . . I have much, too much, to interrupt me, but I trust I shall have finished soon, and moreover that the time I have given to engagements is not lost, speaking professionally.”

Three weeks later she says—

“I write expressly to announce to you that *I have finished my book*, and right glad am I to say so. I shall not, however, be able to send it to Capt. Hall until

Monday, as Cecilia will not have finished the manuscript before."

Cecilia was now installed as her mother's amanuensis and transcriber for the press.

"Heaven grant it may pay me ! I really have worked very hard at it. . . . To-morrow I set to work on that part of my MS. which has been already submitted to Capt. Hall, and mean to go through it carefully, profiting by his remarks. I have written over thirty pages to-day, so excuse blank paper."

The trip to Germany, including a visit to Hanover, and to her friends the Pertz's, which Mrs. Trollope had been eagerly anticipating, had to be abandoned in consequence of the disturbed state of the Continent, and of the cholera which was raging in many parts of Germany. Mrs. Trollope says that she should feel herself to be absolutely criminal, were she to expose her daughters to such danger as she hears talked of. In addition to the dreadful epidemic, people were predicting that within a short time Germany would become the seat of war ! The relinquishment of her project mortified and vexed her greatly. But she takes it all in her usual brave, unselfish spirit, and seems chiefly anxious to console the others for their disappointment.

"For me," she writes, "I must endure the present as well as I can, work hard, and look to better luck in future for the enjoyment of what I may gain by my labour."

During the month of July, negotiations were proceeding with Mr. Whittaker for the publication of her novel "The Refugee." Captain Basil Hall was again her active and disinterested adviser as to the business part of the bargain. She finally agreed to sell one edition of the work, consisting of twelve hundred copies, to Messrs. Whittaker and Treacher, for four hundred pounds. Her friends considered this a very high price for one edition, and several of them warned her not to be too sanguine for the future. Captain Hall writes to wish her joy, but adds that she must not expect a book of this kind to succeed like the former one—nor anything like it. V ✓

"So," she writes to her son, "I carefully restrain my hopes. . . . Should my little fame expire directly, and no further returns reward my labours, I shall burn my pen, and *immediately* seek a situation where I may earn something. In families of distinction women of my age are often highly paid for superintending masters, and directing a course of study. I trust it will not come to this; but the word of my Mæcenas, one from Miss Gabell in the same warning tone, and Miss Milman's laughing words, 'You must not expect to make a thousand

pounds *every* year !' have set me thinking a little upon the uncertain nature of literary success. And I have therefore made up my mind to do without it."

In my judgment there is something very admirable—nay, astonishing, in the absolute clear-headedness, candour, and modesty, of all this. Be it remembered that not only had she just been overwhelmed by the praise and petting of society, but that her publisher had given proof, beyond the suspicion of flattery, of *his* faith in her powers. And yet she neither becomes presumptuous in anticipation of success, nor embittered by the thought of failure.

The money earned by her first book was, she says, "oozing fast." The rents from some house property of her husband's in London did not come in ; the annual sum paid to Lord Northwick for the farm steadily swallowed up all profits ; and other money affairs of Mr. Trollope's turned out disastrously. Failure seemed to follow him with almost demoniac malice. Moreover, his suffering from headache was constant. It is extraordinary in how large a number of the family letters the statement occurs, "Papa is in bed with headache." Or, "Your father wished to add a few lines but is too unwell, being prostrate with headache."

It is difficult to imagine what would have become of the family had Frances Trollope not been able to earn some money ; for the items she sets down of her expenditure, apart from her husband's, include "half a year's rent and taxes paid in advance ; a good bed, pillows, bolsters, sopha, and a chest of drawers bought at a sale ; and five guineas at Hookham's." Moreover, she stands engaged to purchase a cow, malt for brewing, and to pay between seventy and eighty pounds for fixtures before Michaelmas !

The fixtures were in the house which they called Julians Hill—the same mentioned before as the original of "Orley Farm"—whither the family removed in September. All these charges were a heavy weight on her shoulders. But she says she so longs to have a *home* in some degree deserving the name, that she will willingly give up all other indulgences to obtain it.

It seems strange that such ordinary articles of household furniture as some of those enumerated, should have then to be provided. But during her absence in America, the material part of the household seems to have gone to ruin. In a preceding letter there is a touching passage about the anguish it had caused her to see Tom (who, in his

youth, was, like his father, subject to severe headaches) "lying in a comfortless garret, without a pillow under his poor aching head." In a letter to her husband enumerating the necessities lacking in their house, she says, "You know that not one of our five children has a pillow for his head."

This degree of privation is beyond what their straitened circumstances could wholly account for. Mr. Trollope, as has been pointed out elsewhere, had developed a singular, ascetic disregard for physical comforts—or rather, perhaps, a Spartan resolve to disdain them: enduring hardships—some of which might easily have been mitigated—with a stubborn unflinchingness, sustained possibly by a half-unconscious persuasion that he was thereby taking his share in the heat and burthen of the day.

✓ And thus, amid many and increasing domestic cares, lightened, however, by a brilliant, literary success and the warm and faithful attachment of many friends, the year 1832, which had been so momentous for her, and for all belonging to her, came to an end.

CHAPTER X.

“On me dit que pourvu que je ne parle ni de l'autorité, ni du culte, ni de la politique, ni de la morale, ni des gens en place, ni de l'opéra, ni des autres spectacles, ni de personne qui tienne à quelque chose, je puis tout imprimer librement.”—BEAUMARCHAIS, *Mariage de Figaro*.

(Motto chosen by Mrs. Trollope for her book on America.)

“THE Refugee” made a decided success, but it was attacked with great virulence from an unexpected quarter. It was the subject of a hostile article in the *Quarterly Review*, the chief reason for alluding to which now is that it elicited a very characteristic letter from Captain Basil Hall. The original now lies before me, and shall speak for itself.

“71, Harley Street, Monday Morning,
“21st January, 1833.

“MY DEAR MRS. TROLLOPE,

“I not only did not write the article in the *Quarterly Review* on your novel, but I was quite as much vexed at it as you could be, perhaps as much, or more, surprised. I shall of course take all the pains I can to

do away with any such impression as that you allude to. And although I do not think it possible that the Bishop of London can have stated what you have been told" [presumably that Captain Hall was the author of the article], "I shall nevertheless write his Lordship a line to put the matter right in that quarter. And I shall ask Mr. Lockhart not to say who *is* the author (for that I have no wish to know), but to oblige me by stating, if asked, that I certainly am not. I shall beg him to add that I entirely disapprove of the criticism, which I consider not only most unfair, but in every sense of the word uncalled-for.

"You must be aware that, having written such a book as your travels, you necessarily raised an immense host of vindictive, vulgar, active enemies, and this is but one of thousands of envenomed shafts which you must expect to have shot at you. But I feel particularly obliged to you to have given me an opportunity of turning off the point of this particular blow. How little can any one know of either you or me, who could for an instant credit such a preposterous inconsistency as this report implies! Never mind! Your book and mine have both done some good we must trust. But you must recollect that in this world there is nothing gained above the common line, without risk, and no risk without boldness. Now you have had the boldness to publish your opinions on America, and having thereby incurred the risk of censure and ridicule, you must not shrink from the endurance. I have already had my share, and have taken it all in good humour. Even this black bit of calumny—which it is, if ever there was a morsel came out of hell—has only amused me, as proving the success

with which I have driven home my point. So pray borrow a little of my philosophy, and accept all such things as compliments to your talents, and testimonies to your truth.

"We shall be most glad to see you here when you chance to be in town.

"Ever yours with the truest respect,
confidence, and regard,
"BASIL HALL."

There is a frank, honest, sailor-like tone in this, as in all Captain Hall's letters I have seen, that has the wholesome freshness of a sea-breeze. And his words are not only spirited, but sensible.

"The brave man venerates, the base man fears."

And, however much authors may venerate their critics collectively, it is neither valiant nor politic to be too much afraid of them individually.

That Mrs. Trollope was far from being hypersensitive to criticism, was abundantly proved under many circumstances. But the personal attacks to which she was subject—to a degree inconceivable by those who have not read the contemporary journals that occupied themselves with her works—could not fail *sometimes* to give pain. These attacks were, of course, in one sense a compliment to her talents, as Captain Hall says. To have

"half a brick heaved" at one, may, under certain circumstances, be a testimony to the respectability of one's appearance, but that reflection will scarcely console one for a black eye!

A few days after the above letter from Captain Hall, Mrs. Trollope received one from Mr. George Bartley, the actor, from which I give one or two extracts. Mr. and Mrs. Bartley were among her friends. There is frequent mention of both of them in the family correspondence.

" 19, Charlotte Street, Portland Place,
29th January, 1833.

" MY DEAR MRS. TROLLOPE,

" It is very seldom that I can command time to attack three volumes, but I have contrived to find enough to read your 'Refugee,' and am desirous of expressing the great pleasure I felt during the perusal. The whole of the scenes at Rochester are capital. And 'I calculate if I live from July to Eternity, I shall never oblivate that go!' The interest of the story is extremely well kept up, and I reflect on the book altogether with unmixed satisfaction. You must not blame me, however, for owning that your scenes from real life (which I am sure very many of them are) awakened in me the most interest, and yielded me the most entertainment. . . . In brief, my dear Madam, pray accept my sincere acknowledgements for the pleasure you have given to a poor fellow whose time is generally so much occupied, that he dare not venture much out of his daily

track,—and when he does, he seldom meets with such a reward !

“With best regards to Mr. Trollope and your family,

I am,

“My dear Madam,

“faithfully your obliged servant,

“GEO. BARTLEY.”

A letter from Cecilia Trollope to her brother at Oxford in the early part of this year, gives an account of a visit to Covent Garden on the occasion of Mrs. Bartley's final retirement from the stage.

“The Grants and ourselves, a party of eleven, went to see *Macbeth* on Monday, and were more delighted than I can express. Macready played ‘*Macbeth*’ very finely. I liked him about sixty thousand times better than I did Young in the same part, and liked Mrs. Bartley in about the same proportion better than I did Fanny Kemble. Mrs. Bartley looked quite beautiful. There was a great row in the pit during her last scene. And they made such a noise during the little address in which she took leave, that scarcely a word could be heard.”

There was a constellation of dramatic celebrities assembled to do honour to Mrs. Bartley. Madame Vestris played “Kate O'Brien” in the afterpiece of *Perfection*, and Taglioni, Albert, and other stars of the ballet danced in a *divertissement*. *Apropos* of Madame Vestris, here is an instance of the fate

that attends all artists—especially, perhaps, female artists—who have been long before the public : having their age exaggerated. Cecilia remarks with astonishment that “Madame Vestris, though past fifty, looked quite young.” Madame Vestris was then just thirty-six years old.

In the same letter the writer describes a visit to the exhibition of pictures at Somerset House, and says—repeating, of course, what she hears—that “the best picture is a portrait of Sir Walter Scott as a shepherd, by Landseer.” This picture has become widely known by engravings.

The portrait of Mrs. Trollope, the mysterious fate of which has been mentioned, was in the same exhibition, and attracted a great deal of attention. A silly little sneer about it, dragged in by the head and shoulders, appeared in a contemporary literary journal. The writer (whose business was to judge the painter, but who in this instance appears to have limited himself to carping at the sitter !) says—

“This is the portrait of the sarcastic Mrs. Trollope. The painter has not flattered her good looks. He has had vinegar in his brush, too.”

(The “*too*” is delightful.) Here there is evidently some reproach, or reproof, implied in the epithet

“sarcastic” Sarcasm, like other things, may be good and useful, or bad and mischievous, according as it is applied. *Tartuffe* and the *Femmes Savantes* would no doubt have objected to it under any circumstances. The critic reveals a somewhat limited and ignorant conception of the nature of sarcasm, when he describes it as being manifested by a *vinegar-y* expression of countenance! But the word “vinegar” applied to their mother, was received by all the family with the greatest hilarity. Cecilia writes to her brother in high amusement: “Mamma now goes by the name, at home, of old Madam Vinegar!”

The influenza was raging in England during the summer of this year. Various friends of the family, in London and elsewhere, were stricken with it; and at Harrow all the Drurys, all the Longleys, and all the Trollopes had it—a pretty large contingent! The epidemic seems to have manifested itself under as many various symptoms as in its more recent visitations. Mr. H., the family medical attendant (apothecary, as he was then often called), adopted what we should now consider appallingly “heroic” methods of dealing with it. Henry had fourteen leeches applied to him; Anthony was bled until he fainted; Cecilia

became hysterical from weakness ; and M. Hervieu, after having swallowed sundry powerful draughts and pills, was found wandering in the fields, a rush of blood to the head having produced delirium ! Mrs. Cox, the lady's maid, and Emily, were the longest in recovering. In Mrs. Trollope's case the influenza was accompanied by a considerable amount of fever, and it was some time before she threw off the effects of it. Indeed, according to the account of the quantity of doses they were made to swallow, they must all have had to recover from the remedies as well as the disease.

Mrs. Trollope was at this time finishing her novel of "The Abbess," and writes—

"I have never, at any period of my work, felt so pressed—I may add, so oppressed—as at present. I think I have fever still hanging about me."

But still she worked on !

In October, 1832, the family had started *The Magpie*, and it is a frequent topic in Cecilia's letters. *The Magpie* is described on its title-page as "a weekly Magazine of Literature, Politics, Science, and Art," bearing the motto: "*Pagina judicium subitura movetur.*" The whole is in manuscript ; each contribution being written on one side of the paper, and pasted into its place

on the blank page of a great folio scrap-book now before me.

It was, of course, mainly a joke; or, rather, a half-joking, half-serious playing at literature. I believe there are one or two persons still living who can remember *The Magpie* and the important evenings when the contributors assembled to hear it read allowed. This was usually done in the Trollopes' house, but sometimes in that of their neighbour, Colonel Grant. Among the contributors were Mrs. Grant, and a member of the Drury family. The "Magpies" were somewhat exclusive. They had no desire to shine before the general public. Occasionally an outsider would petition for leave to be present at a reading, and this was generally granted. But the privilege was rather jealously guarded. Possibly for this very reason—the desire of human nature to open a locked door being ineradicable—the number of such applicants increased greatly; and Cecilia writes with grave indignation to her brother at Oxford, that she should not be surprised if *all Harrow became "Magpies" before his return!*

Henry was the editor, and appears to have held most professionally Draconian views as to the treatment of his contributors. The whole thing

is more or less childlike, and can have no interest for the general reader, beyond what may be found in any true fragment of the real life, the ways and words, of a past generation ; nor is it for a moment pretended that *The Magpie* is a monument of family genius, or the production of intellectual prodigies. But there is considerable talent and a quaint sense of humour in many of the little articles. And they are all strikingly individual. Apart from the testimony of the handwriting, no one at all acquainted with the various members of the family could fail to recognize the author of each contribution. Mrs. Trollope's hard-worked pen sometimes finds the necessary minutes to indite a few lines. A letter signed "Your *intending* admirer and constant reader, Scrutator," in the first number, offers occasional contributions, in several long-winded and involved sentences so carefully guarded from possible misconstruction, as to be almost unintelligible on a first reading ! It is, of course, Mr. Trollope's. The mother, having evidently been implored and petitioned to write something, dashes off a few lines with the signature of "Grub Street," solemnly warning the editor *never* on any account to employ weary and hackneyed writers,

who, if, by any unlikely chance, they should get hold of an idea, are certain to use it for the manufacture of three volumes post octavo, instead of presenting it in three lines to *The Magpie*! But this ingenious device does not save her from further demands: for in more than one letter of Cecilia's I find such notices as "A very good *Magpie* last week. Mamma wrote two things for us!" The editor, in his opening address in the first number, appeals, he says, with no undue diffidence to his distinguished public, "holding it altogether unnecessary to apologize to authors for any defects in their own compositions!" But enough of *The Magpie*.

Two works were published by Mrs. Trollope in 1833: one a three-volume novel called "The Abbess," published by Whittaker, and the last of her works issued by him, and the other entitled "The Mother's Manual." This latter is the only book of hers which I do not possess. It was favourably reviewed in the *Athenæum*; but, in truth, it has not much merit. It is a humorous poem on the well-worn topic of match-making mothers and husband-hunting daughters. It is a slender octavo volume, remarkably well printed, with handsome margins, and illustrated by twenty

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✓

plates designed by Hervieu. These, by the way, are decidedly the best of his illustrations to Mrs. Trollope's books. The *Athenæum* also gives high praise to "The Abbess." This is perhaps the least known of her early novels, and is written in a rather high-flown, ultra-romantic vein, quite out of her usual manner. But it will compare favourably with many popular novels of its time and class.

No sooner is one piece of work finished than she prepares to begin another. She had made up her mind to undertake a foreign tour, with the purpose of describing it in a book of travels, and we have seen how her first scheme was frustrated by the cholera and by rumours of war. She now resolved to visit Belgium as well as part of Western Germany. Her eldest son was still at the university, preparing for his degree; and she was accompanied on this journey by her second son Henry and Monsieur Hervieu. The latter was to have furnished illustrations to her book; but a few lines appended to the table of contents, sets forth that—

"The sketches by Mr. Hervieu so frequently alluded to in the following pages, were intended to accompany this publication; but the expense of engraving them in the style they deserved was found so great, that the idea was abandoned."

The degree to which she evidently believed M. Hervieu's drawings would be likely to help the success of her books, appears very strange, after having examined his illustrations to "The Domestic Manners," "Paris and the Parisians," and other works. And yet she was by no means alone in thinking well of them. Over and over again distinguished persons are quoted in her letters as having expressed the highest approbation of them. And the majority of the press writers of the day certainly did not fall foul of them. One or two original sepia and water-colour drawings by M. Hervieu, are certainly better than the published lithographs and etchings. But, indeed, this is saying but little. These drawings furnish in some degree a scale whereby to measure the wonderful improvement of public taste and knowledge in this direction during the last half century. Illustrative woodcuts are scattered broadcast throughout scores of periodicals nowadays (not to speak of the especially artistic journals), which for correctness of drawing, expression, and truth, M. Hervieu could no more have rivalled than he could have painted Titian's "Assumption." A certain humorous appreciation of his author's meaning when humour was in question, and a

certain quick eye for the grotesque and ridiculous, he had. But his conceptions were often coarsely, and sometimes feebly, rendered.

Mrs. Trollope, with Henry and Hervieu, left England for Belgium on the 1st of June, 1833. Their first halt was at Ostend, in the house of Mr. Fauche, the British Consul, whose wife was an old acquaintance of theirs. This lady, a daughter of Mr. Tomkison, the well-known pianoforte maker, was remarkable for her personal beauty, and for the possession of a very fine voice. Brought up in the midst of the best musical world of that day, her talent had been highly cultivated; and her singing rivalled that of more than one first-rate professional artist.

Mrs. Fauche had arranged some amateur theatricals, and engaged Henry Trollope beforehand to take part in them. He was to perform "Tony Lumpkin" in Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer*; and M. Hervieu was cast for "Diggory" in the same comedy. This latter performance, at any rate, must have been highly comic. It is difficult to imagine Diggory's utterances about "grouse in the gun-room," delivered with a strong French accent! The afterpiece was the extravaganza of *Bombastes Furioso*, which had very nearly

brought the evening's entertainment to a tragic conclusion: for in it Henry Trollope, fighting a burlesque duel, received a wound in the thigh from his adversary's sword, which confined him to his bed for ten days.

Fortunately, there were no further ill consequences from the accident. The occurrence is recorded in Mrs. Trollope's book, but there she naturally passes it over as lightly as possible. In private letters home, however, it is plain that it caused her at first considerable anxiety. The wound was very deep, and inflammation was feared. As usual she had to be chief nurse, her son desiring her almost constant presence at his bedside. At the same time she was making notes for her book, and endeavouring to see as much as possible of the neighbourhood in which she found herself. As soon as Henry was able to walk a short distance with the help of a pair of crutches, they pursued their journey to Bruges. The mode of conveyance from Ostend thither was a barge on the canal, the smooth, gliding movement of which was very favourable to the invalid.

Within a week after his wife's departure from England, Mr. Trollope was taken seriously ill. He appears to have had a seizure of an apoplectic

nature, and was for some hours in great danger. After being subjected to the usual treatment of bleeding and cupping, he recovered, although remaining, of course, much weakened. His daughter Cecilia was assured by Mr. H., the local practitioner at Harrow, that there was no danger of a recurrence of the attack—the nature of which he avoided specifying to her by any name. Nevertheless, a second attack took place about three weeks after the first. It seems, however, to have been less severe, and the recovery more rapid.

By one of those postal miscarriages so frequently chronicled in the family correspondence of this and an earlier period, Cecilia's letter containing the news of her father's illness did not reach Mrs. Trollope until long after date; and in the interim other reassuring letters had been received. Mrs. Trollope, writing from Liège, says that had the first letter reached her in due course, she would at once have relinquished all engagements and returned to England. So that the delay might after all be considered a fortunate circumstance for her. In fact, when her father began to recover, Cecilia was much perturbed by the idea that her mother *would* hasten back, and lose the expense and labour of the journey already made.

The two volumes of travels entitled, "Belgium and Western Germany in 1833," were published by Mr. Murray, and appeared early in 1834. The ground Mrs. Trollope here travels over, was a beaten track even sixty years ago. But there are, nevertheless, many pages of her book still worth reading, both for the sake of what is changed and of what remains unchanged. A few words in the preface seem to me to be so well said, and are of so much wider applicability than merely to this unpretending work, that I will venture to quote them.

"My little volumes on America have been much read. Many have said that this was owing to their being written with strong party feeling : but I—who am in the secret—know that such was not the case. The cause of their success, therefore, must be sought elsewhere ; and I attribute it solely to that intuitive power of discerning what is written with truth, which is possessed, often unconsciously, by every reader. Be he pleased, or displeased by the pictures brought before him, he feels that the images portrayed are real ; and this will interest, even if it vex him.

"I have an inveterate habit of suffering all I see to make a deep impression on my memory ; and the result of this is a sort of mosaic, by no means very grand in outline or skilful in drawing ; but each morsel of colour has the reality of truth—in which there is ever some value. And it is on this, and this alone, that I rest my

hope that the following pages may be acceptable to the public."

I think that Mrs. Trollope's perception, manifested in this work, of the intrinsic greatness of Germany—its massive force, and its moral and intellectual worth—is not a little remarkable, when we consider the time, and the circumstances, in which she wrote. To begin with, her acquaintance with the language was very superficial, and scarcely more than enabled her to make herself understood by the population of waiters, chambermaids, coachmen, and *valets de place* with whom the passing tourist comes into contact; so that she had no first-hand acquaintance with German literature to help her to a sound judgment of the people. And as for the elements of political greatness in Germany, it is not difficult to recognize them in 1895, but they lay considerably less on the surface in 1833. All that was true, solid, and genuine in the nation, appealed to her true, solid, and genuine character. As the German proverb has it, "What comes from the heart, goes to the heart." And this organ is an indispensable assistant to the head, in comprehending human beings. Many profoundly sagacious persons have fallen into sad blunders from the lack of it.

She confesses in the course of her book that she despairs of ever acquiring "that last finish of an accomplished traveller, so general in these latter days—*the nil admirari*." There is, if we consider it honestly, something stupid, as well as repulsive, in this *nil admirari* tone of mind, whether real or affected. But, as Mr. Carlyle somewhere says, a canary-bird can only hold his own quantity of wonder!

An interesting visit was paid by Mrs. Trollope during this tour to the Landgravine of Hesse-Homburg, Princess Elizabeth of England, the third daughter of George the Third and Queen Charlotte. The Princess received her with great kindness, and walked with her through a suite of rooms in her palace near Frankfort-on-the-Main, from the windows of which a beautiful view was enjoyed. The library contained a large and excellent collection of books. The Princess said, "I brought these volumes with me from England," adding, with a smile, "I am proud of my library." Speaking of the beauty of the scenery, she said, "I can never forget Windsor and Richmond, but Germany is a glorious country." In one of the rooms hung a portrait of George the Third, before which Mrs. Trollope stopped, struck by the powerful

likeness. "You know that portrait," said the Princess. "It is my father. It is quite perfect." It will be remembered that Mr. Thackeray alludes to this same portrait in his "Four Georges." He, too, saw it in the apartment of the Landgravine, "amidst books and Windsor furniture and a hundred fond reminiscences of her English home."

Before the end of the tour, Mrs. Trollope had the satisfaction of paying the previously deferred visit to her friends Dr. and Mrs. Pertz. She stayed in their house in Hanover, and under Dr. Pertz's auspices had the best possible opportunity of examining the fine library, and all other objects of interest in the town and neighbourhood.

Mr. Trollope joined the travelling party at Hamburg, and they all returned to England together.

CHAPTER XI.

“In Bruges town is many a street
Whence busy life hath fled,
Where, without hurry, noiseless feet
The grass-grown pavement tread.”

WORDSWORTH.

IMMEDIATELY on her arrival at home, Mrs. Trollope was busily engaged in arranging the notes she had made during her travels.

Besides this work, her mind was occupied in a more painful way, for she found herself, on her return to England, plunged into the midst of ever-growing money difficulties.

Quite at the beginning of 1834, when the family was assembled at Harrow—as it proved, for the last time—the scheme of leaving England for a continental residence was canvassed among them. Mrs. Trollope, although by no means then anticipating such a crash as really happened, already foresaw that it must, sooner or later, become impossible to continue their life at Harrow. She was therefore anxious to ascertain what provision

remained out of the wreck of their property, on the regular payment of which she might rely.

In her strenuous efforts to do this, her brother Henry Milton assisted her; and in the course of their investigations some circumstances came to light which would appear incredible, did not our daily experience bear witness to the truth of the homely proverb that "the shoemaker's wife is ever the worst shod." Mr. Trollope's legal knowledge and acumen would have been vigilantly exercised on behalf of his clients, but in the case of his own family affairs they seemed to have slept as though under some malignant spell. It appeared that not only had Mrs. Trollope's marriage settlement not been registered, but two gentlemen who, with Henry Milton, were her trustees, had never signed it! Moreover, title deeds of property in Keppel Street and elsewhere were found to have been lodged as security in the hands of various persons, without due acknowledgment being received for them.

Mrs. Trollope was, of course, terribly agitated by these discoveries. Her husband seems to have done his best to remedy the mischief, and to have co-operated with Henry Milton to that end. But some losses were already irreparable.

The place Mrs. Trollope had fixed her mind on as their foreign residence was Bruges. It united two great advantages—cheapness of living and easiness of access from London. Her friend Mrs. Fauche assisted her in seeking a dwelling. But before it was finally decided on, she wished her family to see and approve of the house; and it was therefore agreed that they should all proceed in the summer to Belgium, and board with the Fauches (who occupied a much larger house than they needed for their own use) until their future home was chosen.

In the midst of all these anxieties, occupations, and interruptions, her attention to her own work never relaxed. She had despatched a portion of her manuscript to Mr. Murray in February; and subsequently paid him one or two personal visits in Albemarle Street, to carry on the negotiation for publishing it. During one of her trips to London for this purpose, she called on her old friend, the Rev. Dr. Nott, who was then lodging in St. James's Place. Her eldest son accompanied her, and has preserved a record of the visit in his diary. One point in it may have an interest for some readers, namely, that Dr. Nott had just been engaged on a translation of our liturgy into Italian,

for the use of a congregation at Malta. He complained that "some of the Bishops" (he did not say which of them) opposed its adoption on grounds which he considered frivolous and ignorant. For instance, one bishop knew nothing of the existence of the Latin authorized version of the Liturgy made by Pearson and others, and dedicated to King Charles the Second. Another objected to part of Dr. Nott's version, which on turning to it proved to be adopted word for word from Diodati's translation, long acknowledged by the Church. Dr. Nott was greatly scandalized by the Episcopal lack of knowledge on these points. But, my own ignorance of the matter being quite as profound as the Bishops', I must leave it to the better-instructed reader to determine how far Dr. Nott was justified.

After leaving St. James's Place, T. A. Trollope witnessed a procession which is scarcely likely to meet the eye of any passer-by in London nowadays. It was the funeral *cortège* of some nobleman, passing down Regent Street. There were ten mourning-coaches, and a large number of led saddle-horses, one of which carried the deceased peer's coronet on a cushion !

The mother and son had a satisfactory interview

with Mr. Murray the same day. Tom writes in his diary—

“As soon as Mr. Murray came into the room, my mother went straight to her point, and asked him if he thought of publishing her book. His reply was, ‘Indeed, I do think of it.’”

He appeared to have formed a very favourable opinion of the part of the manuscript which he had seen, and asked for more. He was told that he should have the remainder as soon as Mrs. Trollope could complete the passages required to bind her notes together. “For,” said she, “the book really consists of notes taken at the time; and I have now merely to thread them into a consecutive form.” Mr. Murray said he was very glad to hear it, as that was the real way to write a book of travels, giving the genuine first impressions.

Before returning to Oxford for the Easter term, T. A. Trollope went down to Lincolnshire to fetch his sister Cecilia, who had been visiting her uncle, Henry Trollope, and spending Christmas at Scrivelsby with the Dymokes. His aunt and uncle received him most kindly, and “tipped” him very generously: his uncle making him a present of ten pounds, and his aunt of five, “to prevent his

being out-of-pocket by the journey." Mr. Trollope's brother Henry was a consistently kind friend to his sister-in-law and her children. When they first removed to Belgium he lent Mrs. Trollope a hundred pounds, which sum, it was agreed, should be repaid *out of her earnings*. It was so repaid. And, indeed, unless from that source, it is difficult to conjecture how it could ever have been repaid at all!

It is worth noting that, in all their money troubles, the family never lost the support and kindness of their friends. Those who were their nearest neighbours, and consequently most intimate with them, stuck to them staunchly; and friends and relatives at a distance were equally kind and helpful. The Milmans' house at Pinner was always open to Mrs. Trollope and her daughters. And the Katers, the Basil Halls, the Gabells, the Freelings, the Skerrets, and many more, were untiring in offers of help and hospitality. As to the family of Colonel Grant, their warm and loyal affection was beyond description. Nor was Frances Trollope the woman to forget it, or to return it with lukewarm gratitude and grudging acknowledgments.

Mr. Henry Milton had, by the help of his

solicitor, succeeded in regaining possession of the title-deeds of some property which formed part of his sister's marriage-settlement, and was arranging to have a certain small annual sum assigned to Mrs. Trollope's sole use for the maintenance of herself and her daughters, before she ventured to go abroad. Some of the deeds had been in the hands of a person who showed a considerable disposition to detain them; and their recovery had required a great deal of trouble and some diplomacy. But Mr. Milton's solicitor, for all fee, "politely begged a copy of the Domestic Manners," as Mrs. Trollope wrote to her son.

The latter had been ill after his return to the university, and was, besides, nervous and anxious about the result of the impending examination for his degree. His mother writes—

"Keep up your spirits, dearest Tom, and do not anticipate disappointment. We are, in truth, arrived at the *corner* I have so often talked about, and if we can but turn it, things must be better with us than we have seen them for years. £250 in a cheap country, with my own management, and the hope of gaining more by my own means, yours, and Henry's, cannot be called a dreary prospect. Courage! and you will do well. You cannot suppose that the generality of those who have taken degrees are your superiors. I am *sure* they are not. Courage! and we will make a tour together yet."

The cheery hint as to the possibility of Henry's adding to the family earnings, arose from his having found a pupil to read with for a few weeks at this time. The pupil lived at Fulham, and Henry was installed in a little lodging close to his Uncle Milton's house there, with his sister Cecilia near at hand to take care of him. She was the guest of her aunt and uncle. A letter from her to her brother at Oxford is franked by a personage whom the young lady with youthful emphasis and extravagance characterises as "one of the greatest rascals unhung!" This was Mr. Daniel Whittle Harvey, M.P. for Colchester. Probably Cecilia's knowledge of him was almost confined to the facts that his application to be called to the bar had been refused by the Benchers of the Inner Temple on the ground of malpractices as an attorney, and that he was a Radical politician and a Dissenter. His frank is before me, written in a legible hand. Whether it were contrary to his political principles to recognize such social distinctions, I cannot say, but the address to "T. A. Trollope, Magdalen Hall, Oxford," is without the customary addition of "Esquire." As few of my readers are likely to have much information about Mr. Daniel Whittle

Harvey, it is fair to add that, although the judges, in their quality of visitors of the Inn, confirmed the decision of the Benchers not to admit him, yet a Select Committee of the House of Commons, Daniel O'Connell in the chair, exonerated Mr. Harvey from the charges of fraud made against him. He founded the *Sunday Times* newspaper, and was appointed Commissioner of the City Police force under Lord Melbourne's Government, which post he filled for twenty-three years.

With her invariable responsiveness to every gleam of hope and sunshine, Mrs. Trollope wrote, as we have seen, cheerfully about her son Henry. But on his return to Harrow at the termination of his engagement, he was so evidently out of health that his mother had him examined by the local practitioner. This gentleman's verdict was that Henry's state required the most extreme care, but he *hoped* his lungs were not yet touched. Whether this were a pious falsehood to soothe the mother's anxiety, or the result of an unskilful diagnosis, the melancholy fact was that the poor young man was already marked out as a victim of consumption.

The preparations for removing to Belgium were going on. It was settled that Mr. Trollope was

to cross to Ostend on the 18th of April, and his wife, with Henry and her daughters, were to follow on the succeeding Saturday. A letter announcing these arrangements to Tom, betrays no suspicion of what was imminent at Harrow; but within a few hours of Trollope's departure from his house, an execution was put into it at the suit of Lord Northwick.

This episode has been described in the autobiography of Anthony Trollope; but one or two circumstances not mentioned (and, indeed, doubtless not known) by him, fall within my province to narrate. One of these circumstances is that Mrs. Trollope bought back, out of her own money, many indispensable articles of household furniture, at the appraiser's valuation. Another is highly characteristic of her unselfishness and courage. Her son Tom was, as has been stated, reading for his degree at Oxford, and in a somewhat despondent state of mind about it. She refrained from telling him the particulars of the distressing scenes she had undergone at Harrow, until he had successfully passed the ordeal. She writes to him on the 10th of May :—

“That you should think you had reason to complain of me is most natural. And yet when you know why I

have not written to you, I feel certain you will feel the *value* of my silence. Your father had not left the house five hours before it was filled with bailiffs who seized on everything it contained, at the suit of Lord Northwick. We were ourselves of course obliged to quit the premises, and but for the affectionate friendship of the Grants, should have been without a shelter to cover us. At this moment you were in all the agony of your examination. Where would have been your power of mind, had I communicated our dreadful situation? It was then I wrote the letter which you justly call vague. Was I wrong?

"Meanwhile I settled everything for going abroad. My trunks were packed and sent on board the steamboat, when Mr. H. told me that he considered the coast of Ostend, or even its neighbourhood, would be *fatal* for Henry. I will not say a word of the agony this occasioned. I instantly sent off Hervieu and Anthony to get the things back, and wrote to Fanny Bent to tell her that I would bring down Henry to Devonshire. I did this at great expense, for he was obliged to sleep on the road. But I have left him *better* and safe under her most kind care in Dawlish. On Saturday next I go to Ostend with Emily. I *must* send Fanny Bent money to pay Henry's expenses at Dawlish. And whether we shall have enough to find us bread till the June rents come in, I am very doubtful."

From Cecilia's letters at this time, it is evident that the general feeling in Harrow was strongly against Lord Northwick's action, and in favour of the Trollopes'. Not to speak of Colonel and Mrs.

Grant, Lady Milman offered to receive either, or both, the girls at Pinner for as long as they chose to stay; other neighbouring acquaintances, who were much less intimate with the family, came forward in a similar spirit; and even the Vicar, Mr. Cunningham, paid a long visit to Mrs. Trollope, and invited her daughters to his house.

Another gleam of comfort amid her troubles was that the publication by Mr. Murray of her book, "Belgium and Western Germany," was finally arranged. Henry Milton undertook to correct the proof-sheets for his sister, she herself having scarcely an hour at her own disposal before quitting England. She had to see Lord Northwick and other persons, and to attend to a mass of business connected with their departure from Harrow.

In answer to some inquiries from her son at Oxford as to what arrangements had been made, especially respecting the farm, she writes—

"Nothing, surely, of equal importance was ever left in such a manner (unless it were the bazaar at Cincinnati). I have done, and will do, all I can to set things in order. But I must see, and talk to you before you can have an idea of how everything has been left."

Of personal complaint, there is no word beyond this—

“Cecilia and Anthony crossed to Ostend last week. I remained here with Emily to see Lord Northwick, Rowe the constable who has the warrant, and many other persons. And in truth I was not sorry after my fatiguing and anxious journey into Devonshire, to remain quietly here” [she was then in Colonel Grant’s house at Harrow] “for a few days, before I begin the harrass and fatigue of preparing a new home with such little means of making it comfortable.”

All the family (with the exception of Tom, who, on leaving the university, had found an engagement to read with a pupil in London for a few weeks) were soon settled in a house a short distance outside Bruges, called the Château d’Hondt. Mrs. Trollope writes early in July to her eldest son, asking him to bring her, when he comes, a ream of writing paper, and a supply of pens.

“The day before yesterday I opened my MS. again for the first time since Friday 18th April,—on which day we turned our backs for ever upon Julian Hill, and I now feel sufficiently inclined to work upon it. But I am shocked and surprised to discover my great want of *tools*. My paper has almost entirely dwindled away for the letters of the family, and I find not more than half a dozen little pens in my box.”

The manuscript alluded to, was that of the novel published in the following year by Richard Bentley, under the title of “Tremordyn Cliff.” It

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was one of her most successful novels, although completed under circumstances of extraordinary pain and difficulty.

Henry was thought to have greatly benefited by his stay at Dawlish, and, by his own desire, joined his family at the Château d'Hondt towards the middle of July. Among the little facts which help one's imagination to reconstruct the daily life of a past generation, I may mention that one of the commissions which Mrs. Trollope gives her son, is to bring her "six pounds of *wax ends*," those she can buy in Bruges being wretchedly bad and very dear. He is on no account to buy spermaceti. These wax ends were, no doubt, the remains of candles partially consumed in wealthy mansions, club-houses, and so forth. A supply of old brown Windsor soap is also demanded.

Tom is desired to call personally on Mr. Murray in Albemarle Street, and to consult him as to the best method of conveying a copy of her book on Belgium and Western Germany to the Landgravine of Hesse-Homburg. A copy is to be sent also to Dr. and Mrs. Pertz in Hanover. "As to the rest of my friends," writes Mrs. Trollope, "I hope they will either buy or hire!"

It had been at first intended that Tom should

accompany his brother Henry to Ostend—chiefly that the invalid might have his care and attention on the voyage. But the pupil could not be neglected, and Henry therefore went over alone. When his brother saw him in London on his way from Devonshire to the Continent, he was shocked at the change in his appearance, and thought him looking “*desperately* ill.” He seems from this time to have entertained no hope of Henry’s ultimate recovery, and records in his diary, his fear that “owing to his youth and strength, Henry’s struggle with the dread disease may be long and painful.”

Henry, like his brothers, had a remarkably powerful and muscular frame.

After his arrival at Bruges, there seems to have been one of those deceitful rallies so common in cases of consumption. The mother, hoping against hope, began soon afterwards to revolve in her mind a scheme for sending him to the West Indies. She thus writes of it to her eldest son :—

“I want you to give all your attention to a plan wherein lies nearly all my hope for his recovery. We have heard the most extraordinary accounts of the recovery of desperate cases, by a voyage to the West Indies. And my heart—as well as his own, poor fellow,—is now fixed on his going with *you* to Jamaica. Bishop Lipscomb will, I am sure, receive you with all

kindness. . . . The *means* for this must come from Murray. His letter tells me that half the impression is sold, and that *as soon* as the whole is disposed of, he will let me draw on him. My hopes and fears for this, make me sick at heart. Yet I do, and will trust that I shall not be doomed to see this precious hope pass away from me."

Tom, at his mother's behest, made inquiries at the docks about the cost of a passage to Jamaica, and also to Madeira. The fare to Jamaica was stated to be forty-six pounds, and that to Madeira thirty or thirty-five pounds; the average length of passage to the latter place being twenty days. He writes a melancholy little note in his diary to the effect that he fears this must be quite beyond his mother's means.

The scheme was, however, abandoned on other grounds. On the 29th of July Mrs. Trollope writes—

"After many consultations, and collecting the best information I can get on the subject, we are led to think that sailing about from port to port in the Mediterranean, and passing the winter months on its shores, would be better for Henry than the West Indies. And he himself greatly prefers the idea of it. Let me know what your feelings are respecting accompanying him. . . . I thought that you might have seen some notices in the papers about the book" [Belgium and Western Germany].

"Now that I believe Henry's only hope of life hangs on the change of climate, you may guess with what anxiety I look for every indication that may give me a hope of finding the means of giving it him. . . . My mind is in no good state for composition, but I do my best. Henry is, I think, a *little* better. His cough is not so bad as I had expected ; but his weakness is very great."

During this summer a tragedy by Miss Mitford, entitled *Charles the First*, was performed at the Victoria Theatre, with Mr. Abbott as the King. T. A. Trollope, having a ticket given to him, went to see it. Of the play he merely says that he "did not much like it ;" but of the acting, he declares it was execrable. He called on Miss Mitford and her father, who were then in town, and "talked about the tragedy." Miss Mitford on this occasion strongly advised him to pay a visit to his grandfather's widow, Mrs. Milton, at Reading. She probably thought that, in the family circumstances, the visit might be politic. Tom was kindly received, and pressed to return ; but there is no record of any substantial assistance being received from Mrs. Milton.

Mrs. Trollope's life at the Château d'Hondt at this period was one of continued strain and stress. She says that scarcely any one would believe how little time she has for writing, since she cannot refuse

to give the greater portion of her day to Henry ; and yet she *must* get on a little with the novel ("Tremordyn Cliff"), or all hopes from that source would have to be laid aside, at the very season in which such help will be wanted for her son's winter abroad.

"I wait to hear from you that something near £100 is due from Murray, and when I know this, I will write to him stating the simple fact, and asking his permission to draw for that sum. . . . Learn if possible how the sale goes on. It is dreadful to think that dear Henry's *life* may perhaps depend upon it !"

Later, in the middle of August, the Mediterranean tour was given up altogether, on the advice of a Belgian physician mentioned in the letters only by an initial. In all probability this gentleman's medical knowledge led him to foresee that the end must come in a few months, and he therefore dissuaded Mrs. Trollope from sending her boy abroad to die. She says—

"I need not dwell upon the feelings produced by Dr. B.'s letter. Yet I feel that he is right. Henry bears the disappointment better than I could have expected,—but yet it is one."

Poor Henry was anything but a gentle and patient invalid. The irritability of his temper

became almost unendurable except by the all-enduring mother. She passed nearly all his waking hours with him: writing at her novel when he would let her be at peace to do so, and talking or reading to him when he desired it. Then when he slept she kept herself awake by the use of strong coffee (as has been chronicled by her sons T. Adolphus and Anthony), and wrote nearly all night. Another pang was added to her sufferings by the increasing delicacy of her youngest child Emily. And Mrs. Trollope had to accomplish the difficult task of keeping the brother and sister as much apart as possible, without letting either suspect the reason. Above all things she desired to conceal from Henry the extreme gravity of his condition. It would, as she said, do no good to tell him of it, and the revelation that his state was hopeless would have given rise to agonizing scenes.

Hopeless, indeed, the young man's state was. And yet until within a month or two of the end his poor mother experienced fluctuations of feeling, during which she *could* not accept the despairing truth.

"There are still moments," she writes, "when I think it *possible* he may recover. But my fears predominate. My life is too sad, and the calls upon me too incessant,

to let me write much. But I *must submit* to this. There is no help for it."

If success in her calling, and the applause of the world, could have made Frances Trollope happy, there was no lack of either at this time. Literary success, indeed, gave her some comfort; but only as ensuring due tendance, skill, and, to some degree, luxuries, for those she loved.

About the end of August, John Murray, junior, surprised her by a visit to the Château d'Hondt. He had good-naturedly brought with him a copy of the *Quarterly Review*, containing a very favourable notice of her "Belgium." Mrs. Trollope says that the criticism particularly pleased her because, being written without any political allusions, its praise could not, she thought, be attributed to party bias.

Leopold, King of the Belgians, and his consort visited Ostend about this time, and informed Mr. Fauche, the British Consul, that they had read Mrs. Trollope's book "with great pleasure." The King further intimated that if Mrs. Trollope came to Ostend he should be happy to receive her.

To the latter gracious intimation which reached her through a Belgian gentleman named Steinmetz, and through the Fauches, Mrs. Trollope with, as

it seems to me, equal dignity and prudence, replied that should such a flattering desire be conveyed to her officially, she would hasten to obey his Majesty's commands ; but that, otherwise, she had no present intention of leaving her home for Ostend. Her position with respect to their Belgian majesties was a somewhat delicate one ; for although there are not a great many pages on the subject of politics in the Belgian portion of her book, yet when the subject is mentioned, she, with her usual uncompromising honesty, allows it to be seen that she has no sympathy with the revolution which separated Holland from Belgium and placed Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg on the throne of the latter country.

To the prince's personal qualities, however, she paid a warm tribute.

As to the pleasure with which the King and Queen have read her book, she takes the statement with her accustomed sober sense wherever her own praises are concerned, and writes to her son—

“ I have reason to know that King Leopold had been told that my book was a violent and vituperative attack on him and his government ! So when he read it for himself, he was naturally pleased at finding it so much better than he had expected ! ”

Here, as in so many another passage of her literary life, one cannot but be struck by the *intemperance* of the accusations brought against her. Her critics seem to get into such a violent passion when they find fault with her views and opinions ! One is reminded a little of Sir Anthony Absolute in a foaming fury, exhorting his son to follow his example and "keep cool." The fact is, that Mrs. Trollope's printed statements are usually characterized by considerable sobriety of diction. She is seldom rhetorical, not often enthusiastic, in her phraseology. To talk of "violence" and "vituperation," in connection with her book on Belgium, is literally absurd. King Leopold adopted a course which seems to have been by no means the universal practice of her critics, and read what she had written before pronouncing a judgment on it.

This is a good plan if you wish to know what an author has really said ; but it is sometimes open to the objection of chilling the ardour of your attack.

Cecilia writes to her brother of the "Royal civilities" which seem to have impressed the society at Ostend and at Bruges. She also explains the origin of an absurd report that was current in both places—that "an American captain" had met

Mrs. Trollope on the public promenade at Ostend and had insulted her! The sole foundation for the story was, that Mr. B., a local banker, had mentioned in the hearing of a person who understood but little English, that an American captain then visiting Ostend wished to see Mrs. Trollope, and had inquired if she were likely to appear on the promenade, and desired to have her pointed out to him. The expression of this very innocent and natural curiosity was distorted by the listener into a threat of insults dire, and the American gentleman was maligned—but certainly *not* by Frances Trollope.

Mrs. Trollope recurs again to the subject of John Murray's visit, and says "he took coffee with us, and gave us a delightful quantity of literary gossip, all fresh from the mint." He also spoke confidently of a second edition of her book on Belgium.

At the beginning of September, Mrs. Trollope rather suddenly resolved on a brief visit to London. This was undertaken solely on Henry's account, and by his desire. He expressed a wish to consult a leading London physician. But there was also a restless craving for change of scene, which belongs to his disease. The means to

undertake the journey were furnished in the following manner.

Mrs. Trollope's dear friend, Lady Dyer, had lent her, a few months previously, a sum of money which was now to be repaid. But on hearing that the sum was about to be paid in to the hands of her London banker, Lady Dyer wrote, earnestly begging that the discharge of the debt should be postponed until money matters were easier with her friend.

The kind and generous offer was accepted. As soon as Henry heard of it, he was wild to have the money employed on a journey to London. His mother, writing to Tom to procure a lodging for her, for Henry, and for Emily, is almost apologetic as to this expenditure. And, indeed, the measure could not be defended on economical grounds. But the poor mother touchingly pleads that "Anything which relieved the tedium of the poor fellow's lingering complaint, would be a blessing."

On the 8th of September she arrived in London with her son and youngest daughter, and took up her abode in a lodging in Northumberland Street, Marylebone.

CHAPTER XII.

“Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor ;

* * * * *

Short-lived possession ! But the record fair
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm.”

COWPER, *Lines on his Mother's Picture.*

AMONG all sorts and conditions of men there are few homes to which the presence of a beneficent physician has not brought some lightening of care, some comfort to the mind as well as to the body. In our own country it would be difficult to find a household that has not some tale to tell of devotion, skill, and disinterestedness among the members of this noble profession. The very poor have reason to bless the charitable doctor ; but blessings—not loud, but deep—are perhaps still more often invoked upon him by the *not very* poor : those to whom the payment of a large fee is a sore strain, yet whose place in the world makes it imperative that the strain should be encountered.

The physician to whom Mrs. Trollope was recommended to apply for an opinion on her son Henry's case, was a Dr. Harrison, of whom I know no more than that he was a doctor of repute in London sixty odd years ago, and a friend of the Misses Skerrett. This gentleman paid several visits, and made a long and patient examination of Henry. He also examined Emily; and brought with him on one occasion a brother practitioner of high standing, in order that Mrs. Trollope might have the benefit of a second opinion. The second opinion coincided only too perfectly with the first; and both shut the door on all hope as to Henry. They pronounced also that Emily was in a precarious state. Dr. Harrison, in spite of reiterated attempts to induce him to accept some payment, absolutely declined to take any fee.

In the afternoon after his first visit, Mrs. Trollope and her eldest son took a long walk round the Regent's Park; and then the poor mother told Tom that the verdict on his brother was "no hope." Dr. Harrison had wisely and kindly told the mother the truth. But from poor Henry the truth had still to be concealed; and the task of concealment—which fell, of course, chiefly upon her—was a long agony. But with regard to

Emily she still clung to hope ; and for all her children she still kept a brave, bright front, and made life as cheerful to them as was possible in her circumstances.

During this visit to England she saw Mr. Murray, who paid a considerable sum of money for the Belgian book. A second edition of it was published this autumn.

Although the London season was over, and the London "world" mostly out of town, yet Mrs. Trollope saw a few of her old friends. She dined quietly with Sir William and Lady Milman, and one or two others. At this time also, T. A. Trollope met at dinner at his Uncle Milman's house in Fulham, a personage in whom all the family had taken some interest, but whom none of them had hitherto met. This was the Rev. Isaac Fidler, who had written a work on America. It concerned, I believe, chiefly the statistics of labour and employment. But in the course of it he tells the following anecdote (N.B.—I have not his work before me, and quote from a letter addressed to Mrs. Trollope):—

"One day, conversing with some American gentlemen about the 'Domestic Manners,' one of them asserted that it was a tissue of illiberal falsehoods. Mr. Fidler

thereupon desired them to get the book, and said that if they found one statement illiberal or false, he would do penance for his countrywoman, and eat her book. The work was procured, and—he doubted not—carefully read through. But the following morning on his enquiring the result of their search, they desired that no further mention might be made of Mrs. Trollope's name!"

T. A. Trollope reports in his diary that he thought the reverend gentleman rather a heavy sort of man, but that he was said to be a profound scholar, and especially learned in Sanscrit.

On the 26th of September, Mrs. Trollope, with Henry and Emily, returned to Belgium. Her eldest son accompanied them to the Tower wharf, and saw them on board the Ostend boat. At the end of the entry in his diary he writes: "Poor Henry! Have I seen him for the last time?" It proved to be indeed the last time.

After her return to the Château d'Hondt, Mrs. Trollope suffered from an acute attack of rheumatism in the shoulders, and was very ill. She mentions the fact merely that her son may communicate it to Mrs. Grant and other friends as an excuse for her having failed to answer their letters. "My shoulders are in such very severe pain that I can hardly guide my pen," she says. Nevertheless,

the pen was compelled, by indomitable energy, to do its daily allotted stage of work for the press.

Mr. Milton, at this time, sent a pressing invitation to his niece Cecilia to pay a long visit to his house at Fulham. His motive was, to remove her from the neighbourhood of Henry's sick-room. Mrs. Trollope thankfully accepted the offer. Much as she knew she should miss her daughter, she rejoiced to place her "in safety," as she says.

Cecilia arrived duly ; and on the 16th of October, her brother Tom returning from Fulham where he had dined, witnessed the conflagration that destroyed the Houses of Parliament. He describes in his diary how he perceived in the heavens the reflection of a large fire ; how he left the Fulham coach in Piccadilly, ran down to the Park, and learned that the Houses of Parliament were on fire ; how he made his way with great difficulty through the crowd to Westminster Bridge, and with still greater difficulty managed to mount to the top of the parapet, where, holding on by one of the lamp irons, he had a complete view of the splendid and terrible spectacle.

He notes another circumstance, which I give, for the sake of a humble little historic parallel : "I

heard many persons expressing exultation at the fire."

A year, or perhaps somewhat less than a year, ago,—at any rate in the course of Anno Domini 1894,—a friend of mine was going over Westminster Abbey, in company with many other persons. His attention was attracted by the conversation of two men in the garb of decent artisans, whose whole interest in the building appeared to consist in anticipations of its destruction. Before every noble historic monument, especially before the monuments of Kings, powers, and principalities, they cheered each other with previsions of how "all that" would be done away with, razed to the ground, scattered into dust, in the good time coming when Revolution and Socialism should have triumphed. No doubt they conceived themselves to be quite in the van of progress—among the pioneers of the newest and most "up-to-date" ideas, to use the graceful phrase in vogue. And yet just sixty years previous, among the mob that witnessed the great fire of 1834, there were many individuals holding precisely the same views.

The fact is, that the number of those *qui ante nos nostra dixerunt*, is oppressively great in all departments of human affairs. And the worst of it is,

they refuse to perish ! They crop up with mortifying liveliness in unexpected places, and unhand-somely rob us of our claims to originality.

From Bruges up to almost the end of the year the accounts are of Henry's steadily increasing illness, and of his mother's steadily increasing difficulty in working at her novel. And yet, as she writes, the inevitable expenses of her son's protracted malady, and the growing certainty (arising from failures in the payment of London rents, cost of repairs, and other causes) that the bulk of what income they could rely on must come from her earnings, were a constant spur to labour. A few extracts from her letters will give a vivid picture of her life at this time. The first extract is dated 27th of October.

"The more I feel pressed by the want of money, the more I fret over the ever-recurring impediments to my getting on with 'Tremordyn Cliff.' But indeed I do my best,—not to put the impediments aside, for that would be impossible, or, at any rate, what I *ought not* to do—but I try to get on in spite of them. I have taken to sit up, under the awakening influence of coffee, for about three hours every other night. If I can keep this up it will greatly help me. Henry is very uncertain in his hours. Sometimes he lies in bed very late, and then I scribble away ; but when he gets up, it is over for the day. . . . Emily is very little with him. She comes up

for half an hour after he has taken his tea, and stays while I read aloud two chapters in the Bible. This was *his* request. I place her on the side of the fire next me, and at a good distance from his place.

“He now lives entirely upstairs, in the room that was the girls’. I sit alone with him from four o’clock—his dinner hour—till nine. This makes a long, long evening. For some time I did not even go downstairs to tea; but now I do, which is a great relief, though it lasts but for a few minutes. . . . You will wonder to hear that he has taken to *carpentering*, and has bought various tools. It is astonishing to see the steadiness and firmness with which he hammers. I think, on the whole, he has suffered less of late.”

It is all very pathetic!

But then there did come a piece of good fortune, which Mrs. Trollope, and indeed all the family, welcomed with hearty satisfaction. This was Anthony’s appointment at the Post-Office. At first sight it might seem that this small clerkship was no such great boon to a young man born in his state of life, and brought up—in his earlier years, at all events—with much higher prospects. But it was a settled position, with a certain salary, and a reasonable prospect of promotion. And nothing is more noticeable, and, I will add, more honourable, throughout the chronicles of the family, than the simple way in which all honest employment is

accepted by each and all of them. If it be true that "*bon sang ne peut mentir*," I think we must admit that it is never more respectably manifested than in the disdain of small gentilities, and the freedom from that envious dread of subjection which afflicts a certain class of mind.

None of the family could then foresee that not only would Anthony highly distinguish himself in his new calling, but that the wide experience of many phases and classes of English life gained in pursuing it, would furnish food for his literary faculty, and enable him to draw so many types of genuine native character—the Lily Dales and Mrs. Proudies, the Archdeacon Grantleys and Johnny Eameses—that have delighted the reading world.

This Post-Office appointment was obtained through Mrs. Trollope's old friends the Freelings. Sir Francis Freeling was at this time Secretary to the Post-Office, and his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Clayton Freeling, was a dear friend of Mrs. Trollope's. T. A. Trollope enters in his diary on the 28th of October:—

"I got a letter from Mr. Freeling to-day, containing an offer to Anthony of a place in the Post Office, and desiring to see me upon it."

The next day he went to Mr. Freeling "at the Excise," and was informed that letters on the subject had been sent to Anthony (who was then at Brussels with the Rev. William Drury) and to his mother at Bruges.

Mr. Smiles, in his interesting memoir of John Murray, entitled "A Publisher and his Friends," has fallen into a little error on this subject. He writes—

"Mr. Murray was frequently invited to obtain situations for young men in London. It was through his influence with Sir Francis Freeling, with whom he was very intimate, that Mrs. Trollope obtained for her son Anthony a clerkship in the Post Office. She writes from Bruges to Mr. Murray (20th January, 1835) expressing her thanks to him and to the Freelings. . . . She deplored the loss of her boy, but says, 'I can never forget that the last weeks of his life here were rendered as comfortable as they could be, by your *premature* payment.'" (Vol. ii. p. 384.)

Mr. Murray may very possibly have mentioned Anthony's name to Sir Francis Freeling, but, as I have said, the Freelings were already old friends of his family, and I find no allusion to Mr. Murray's intervention in any of their letters. There is also an apparent confusion in the passage quoted, between Mrs. Trollope's two sons. When she speaks of her boy whose last weeks were made

comfortable by Mr. Murray's obliging *premature* payment (for her book on Belgium and Western Germany) she means, of course, poor Henry.

The sad drama in Bruges was nearing its end. On the 2nd November she writes—

“My life is a very sad one, but I keep up as well as I can. And I write too,—though I scarcely know how I *can* do it.”

Alluding to Anthony's appointment, she says :
“I am happier in receiving this news than I thought anything just now could make me.”
Again later—

“What a blessing are the dear Grants to you ! How I rejoice at the comfort it must be to you to go there as you do ! Indeed we have no cause to complain of our friends ; for our sorrows have drawn them nearer, and not sent them away from us.”

Her brother Henry Milton has expressed himself delighted at Anthony's appointment ; mentions that he himself began (as a clerk in the War Office) with ninety pounds a year, and sends congratulations to “his brother clerk.”

Early in December Mrs. Trollope writes—

“This is my night for writing,—not letters, but novel ; so do not wonder at my scrawling with more rapidity than precision. Tell my dear, dear friend at Harrow” [Mrs. Grant], “whose kindness to you binds me to her

for ever, that I will write to her next week. But tell her also that in spite of everything I go on with my book, which makes the indulgence of scribbling even to her, a thing that must be taken only now and then;—though, Heaven knows, I love her better than all my heroines. . . . Poor Henry grows daily more *exigent* as to my time. It is so hard to refuse him in his sad state when he wishes to have me with him. But I do get on, though not so fast as I wish. And I *do* take care of myself, dear Tom;—all the more because my children wish it. My working nights are far from disagreeable, and I sleep the night after, like a top. . . . I have great hopes that my dear kind cousin Fanny Bent will come to me. Think what a comfort this would be! Emily is getting well fast, and if we were less sad in our circumstances would, I feel sure, be quite herself again. Henry is *very* bad. Poor dear, dear fellow! It is heartbreaking to watch him. God bless you, my beloved son. Write to me often. It is such a comfort.”

Then on the 23rd of December comes the end.

She writes on this date:—

“It is over. My poor Henry breathed his last about nine o’clock this morning. I wish Cecilia to return to us *immediately*, and I would wish you to bring her over. After all I have suffered—and it has been *very much*—I need the comfort of your presence. Make as little delay as possible,—and this very much for Emily’s sake. Nothing will do her so much good as having you both here. The doctor here declares her well, but delicate

and nervous. . . . If it were possible for you to go down to Dover on Friday night, and (if the weather were *perfectly* good) to sail for Ostend on Saturday, I should be very thankful. We want the comfort of seeing you and Cecilia, dearest Tom. We have suffered greatly. Give our most affectionate love to dear, dear Anthony. Tell him I will write to him in a day or two, but *cannot* do it now. God bless you."

CHAPTER XIII.

“J’aime qu’un Russe soit Russe,
 Et qu’un Anglais soit Anglais.
 Si l’on est Prussien en Prusse,
 En France soyons Français.

* * * *

Mes amis, mes amis,
 Soyons de notre pays !”

BÉRANGER.

THE wonderful elasticity of spirit—the power of recovering from the oppression of sorrow—which Mrs. Trollope possessed, has been dwelt upon by both her sons. But this power was incalculably stimulated by the thought of those who, humanly speaking, depended on her for the happiness and prosperity of their future lives.

To her, as to many another mourner, it would doubtless have been soothing to give way for a time to grief; to brood over the memory of her lost son, and to ease the aching of her heart by unrestrained tears. But there were others to be thought of. There was her husband, whose health was rapidly failing; there was Emily, delicate

and fragile, and already showing unmistakable symptoms of the terrible disease which had carried off her brother; there was her elder daughter Cecilia; and there were her two dearly loved boys. She must be up and doing.

The success of her travels in Belgium and Western Germany no doubt suggested to her the idea of writing "Paris and the Parisians." The plan must have been in her mind even before Henry's death.

About the middle of February, 1835, she went to London, and writes thence early in the following March, announcing that she has agreed with Mr. Bentley for a work on Paris, in two volumes. It is to be completed and in the printer's hands by October.

During Mrs. Trollope's absence in London on this business, her husband, with Tom and Cecilia, remained at the Château d'Hondt. I find the following strange circumstance recorded in her son's diary at this time:—

"Saturday, February 21st.

"It was a very fine sunny morning, and I walked to the Grande Place and amused myself by strolling among the market folks. I saw a respectable looking man on horseback carrying a large tricoloured flag, attended by two men beating drums, selling bills to the people (of

which I bought one) purporting to be a letter from young Napoleon" [the Duke of Reichstadt] "to Louis Philippe. He was declaring to the people that this prince had risen from the dead.* I heard afterwards that it has caused a good deal of speculation as to the probable result in the town."

The result in the town appears to have been a no more important one than to make the market folks stare, to delight the boy population, to furnish subject-matter for talk to the wiscacres in many a *cabaret*, and, last not least, to give "the respectable looking man on horse-back" a plentiful harvest of *sous* by the sale of his bills. But the whole scene smacks rather of the fifteenth century and Perkin Warbeck, than of the enlightened epoch Anno Domini 1835.

In the same diary is noted, on the 31st of March, "My mother returned this evening, to the great joy of all concerned."

Mrs. Trollope was in the midst of preparations for her departure for Paris, when a letter came to her eldest son offering him the position of assistant master at King Edward's Grammar School in

* This handbill is in my possession. It is printed both in Flemish and French. It is an appeal to Louis Philippe to allow the (*soi-disant*) writer to give his services as a soldier to France. The poor boy died in 1832; and the handbill is said to be "licensed for distribution in Paris" in 1834.—F. E. T.

Birmingham. It was decided in family conclave that this should be accepted, and that Tom should start forthwith for Birmingham. With his usual promptitude he set off by the earliest possible conveyance from Bruges next day.

The whole story of the repeated postponements of his election, and of his final appointment, has been fully told in "What I Remember." I will therefore merely give, as briefly as possible, one or two facts necessary for explaining the position to readers unacquainted with those memoirs.

After numerous delays and disappointments, it was decided that the formal nomination of an assistant master should not be made until the new school buildings in New Street, then in course of erection, should be completed. And, in fact, T. A. Trollope was not finally appointed until the early part of the year 1837.

At Birmingham, on his first visit, with which we are now concerned, he was very kindly received by the Rev. Dr. Jeune, then Head Master of the Grammar School, and subsequently Head of Pembroke College, Oxford, and Bishop of Peterborough; and to him and his charming wife, T. A. Trollope was indebted for constant friendliness during the whole period he spent in Birmingham.

It has been already set down in these pages how, towards the close of his life, he had the satisfaction of once more meeting his old friend Mrs. Jeune, and of being her guest in Oxford. For years he had been accustomed to speak of her as one of the most delightful women he had known, and one of the handsomest. Youth and its attractions had long passed away when he met her in 1891; but not so the charm of culture, intellect, and gracious dignity, which made her still one of the most delightful of women.

In the April of this year, 1835, Mrs. Trollope lost one of her oldest and most intimate friends, Captain Kater. Tom, being in London on his way back to Belgium after the hurried rush to Birmingham, spent an April afternoon with Captain Kater and thought him then better, and in better spirits than he had been for some time past. (He had been suffering from hypochondria.) But two days afterwards he received a note from Miss Henrietta Skerrett, telling him that Captain Kater had died suddenly from a stroke of apoplexy.

Mr. and Mrs. Trollope, with their daughters and Monsieur Hervieu, who was to illustrate her book, had meanwhile established themselves in Paris in

an apartment at No. 6, Rue de Provence. Their dear friend Mrs. Garnett was living in Paris, much to the Trollopes' satisfaction.

This period, the early part of King Louis Philippe's reign, was undoubtedly a very interesting one in which to visit Paris. But there was a seething fermentation still going on throughout the whole social body, that made it extraordinarily difficult to obtain any view of the state of public feeling which should be at once wide and distinct ; or to form any trustworthy generalization from so many conflicting opinions. As to the former, it may be granted that the difficulty was not special to that place or that period. What is called public feeling is everywhere a very Protean appearance, capable of almost infinite variety ; and may be quoted, like Scripture, in support of the most heterogeneous doctrines. All that a passing traveller could do—and the task was no light one—was diligently to collect, and faithfully to record, the facts he had the opportunity of witnessing.

The skill with which Mrs. Trollope has combined her materials into an amusing whole, and the vividness with which she paints her pictures of Paris and Parisian life under the Citizen-King,

are very striking. I think that in this work she shows herself more mistress of her craft than in any of her preceding ones. I do not mean that she shows herself to be a cleverer woman; but that all traces of the "prentice han'" have vanished, and that there is a steady command of her materials, only to be attained by diligence and experience.

Seven years had elapsed since Mrs. Trollope had last been in Paris—seven years which had had crowded into them many startling political changes, besides the inevitable changes due to growth and decay, common to all living bodies, material and social. When she had last seen the Tuileries, the banner that floated above it bore the fleurs de lis. Since then had come the flight of Charles X., the Revolution of '30, and the accession of Louis Philippe as King of the French. France had not yet by any means recovered tranquillity after the storms that had shaken her for nearly half a century. The gigantic convulsion of the Great French Revolution, the strain of the Napoleonic wars, the restoration of the Bourbons at the point of foreign bayonets, had left all men's minds disturbed, anxious, and uneasy, to whatever political party they might belong.

Young France was Republican ; Old France was Legitimist ; Middle-aged France was—at any rate as to the great majority—desirous of supporting the government of Louis Philippe, in so far as it seemed to promise the stability of law and order. A French gentleman who belonged, by birth and family traditions, to the *ancien régime*, said to Mrs. Trollope, “Let him who has seized the helm keep it. If he be an able steersman, he will bring us into smooth water, and it is no longer time for us to ask how he got his commission.” The Young France party, although it had real enthusiasm—ay, and real genius—among its members, was prone to manifest its opinions in public by the symbolism of preposterous attire and ferocity of beard—whenever, that is, their “having in beard,” as Rosalind says, chanced to be more than “a younger brother’s revenue.” But, indeed, more than one party was recognized by the shape and size of its hat ! As for the Sovereign People, one of the most remarkable of their newly acquired rights, appeared to be the privilege of presenting themselves dirty instead of clean, before the eyes of the public. In former days no one, for instance, was allowed to enter the Tuileries Gardens except in decent attire. All that was required was that they

should be clad in neat garments, such as they were always in the habit of wearing on Sundays and holidays. Such days were, one would suppose, the only times when an industrious man or woman of the blouse, or apron-wearing class, would be likely to have either leisure or inclination to stroll in a public garden. And, in fact, no doubt it was so. The gentry who claimed the proud privilege of appearing as dirty and ragged as they chose in the garden of the King's palace, were for the most part *loafers*.

Mrs. Trollope had access to a great many Parisian salons professing a great many different shades of opinion, and to one or two whose glory it was to welcome all shades of opinion.

Some of her conversational experiences were very amusing. Of one lady holding advanced Republican theories, she writes—

“I really never saw or heard of any fanaticism equal to that with which this lady worships destruction! *Whatever is, is wrong*, appears to be the rule by which her judgment is guided in all things.”

Another lady—young and rather pretty,—after some obliging assurances of the pleasure she felt in making the acquaintance of Madame Trollope, poured forth a flood of eloquence intended to

convert her from her erroneous monarchical principles, assuring her that nothing so cramped the mind, and that a constant succession of political changes kept the faculties of a nation on the *qui vive*, and, "abstractedly considered as a mental operation, must be incalculably more beneficial than the half-dormant state which ensues after long continuance in one position, let it be what it may."

This is a striking and, to me, novel view of the matter. I presume that the mental cramp arising from having continued to believe from generation to generation that two and two make four, has rendered most of us incapable of even trying to conceive them as amounting to five.

One hostess is famous for her *soirées antithétiques*, where the guests are chiefly remarkable for being in all things opposed to one another. This seems, as Mrs. Trollope observes, a singular device for arranging a sociable party. Nevertheless, she adds that Madame H.'s *soirées* are very delightful *soirées* for all that. In another salon the lions are all musical celebrities, and "roar you as gently as any sucking"—nightingale. Yet another lady prefers to collect foreigners of the philosophical-revolutionary class, and so forth.

On one occasion Mrs. Trollope dined in company with a literary colleague—a Parisian gentleman who had just returned from visiting England,—and was placed next him at table. The gentleman had made but a flying visit to London, and had no colloquial knowledge of our language; nevertheless, he deemed himself an authority as to our insular habits and customs, and was accepted as such by many of his countrymen.

He opened the conversation with Mrs. Trollope by saying, “You do not, I think, use table-napkins in England. Do you not find them rather embarrassing?” His next remark was, “I observed during my stay in England that it was not the custom to eat soup. I hope, however, that you do not find it disagreeable to your palate.”

“Did you dine much in private society?” she asked.

“Oh no; I did not. My time was too constantly occupied to permit of my doing so.”

“Oh, well, we have some good hotels in London.”

“I did very well; for I never permitted myself to venture anywhere for the purpose of dining, except to your celebrated Leicester Square. It is the most fashionable part of London, I believe, or

at least the only fashionable restaurants are to be found there."

Mrs. Trollope ventured to hint that there were other parts of London which enjoyed a better reputation in this respect than Leicester Square. But her observation was not well received; and she heard the traveller say in a half-whisper to his neighbour on the other side of him, who had been attentively listening to their conversation, "*Pas exacte.*"

How comically this reminds us of some reported utterances of a recent—and incomparably more distinguished—French visitor to our metropolis! One wonders if any English man of letters could be found who would venture to pronounce authoritatively as to French cookery and table etiquette, on the strength of having dined daily for a fortnight at a Restaurant Duval?

But these little absurdities and extravagances did not so occupy Mrs. Trollope's attention, as to make her inappreciative of the brilliant conversation and easy gaiety which distinguished Parisian society in general. She entertained a very high admiration for Frenchwomen, whose domestic virtues, as well as their social graces, she staunchly upheld. She observes, with equal

justice and shrewdness, that the universal respect accorded to them *in their own homes*, by sons, brothers, fathers, and husbands, must be founded on esteem, and could not long continue without it. This household deference is, of course, a very different thing from the mere complimentary homage of gallantry, which, as we all know, may co-exist with a very contemptuous estimate of womanhood.

I note here, because I think it a striking illustration of the character and intellect which I am endeavouring to portray, that Mrs. Trollope expresses in this work an enthusiastic admiration for George Sand's literary genius. It is striking, because nothing could be more opposed to Frances Trollope's principles and prejudices, than the principles and prejudices of George Sand. Her politics, her ethics, and her religion were all alike abhorrent to the Englishwoman. Nevertheless, that does not prevent the latter from personally admiring and openly extolling the exquisite style, the wonderful power of description, and the poetic imagination of the great Frenchwoman.

I am tempted to transcribe a short passage from a chapter wholly devoted to George Sand,

because it appears to me an admirable bit of appreciative criticism; and although written by a foreigner, it would, I believe, be endorsed by all French men of letters :—

“I will give you a few lines from a little story called ‘Mattéa’ just to show you how she can treat a theme worn threadbare before she was born. Is there, in truth, any picture much less new than that of a gondola with a guitar in it, gliding along the canals of Venice? But see what she makes of it.

“‘La guitare est un instrument qui n’a son existence véritable qu’à Venise, la ville silencieuse et sonore. Quand une gondole rase ce fleuve d’encre phosphorescente, où chaque coup de rame enfonce un éclair, tandis qu’une grêle de petites notes légères, nettes, et folâtres, bondit, et rebondit sur les cordes que parcourt une main invisible, on voudrait arrêter et saisir cette mélodie faible mais distincte, qui agace l’oreille des passants, et qui fuit le long des grandes ombres des palais, comme pour appeler les belles aux fenêtres, et passer en leur disant—Ce n’est pas pour vous la sérénade ; et vous ne saurez ni d’où elle vient, ni où elle va !’

“Could Rousseau himself have chosen apter words? Do they not seem an echo to the sound she describes?”

Of George Sand’s private life Mrs. Trollope professes to know very little ; and she justly says that “the private history of an author ought never

to mix itself with a judgment of his works." But she concludes the above-mentioned chapter thus:—

"Who is there but would wish that the great and good qualities of this gifted woman (for she must have both) should break forth from whatever cloud sorrow or misfortune may have thrown over her, and that the rest of her days may pass in the tranquil development of her extraordinary talents, and in such a display of them to the public, as shall leave its admiration unmixed?"

Her many visits to Madame Récamier at the Abbaye-aux-Bois have been dwelt on at some length not only by Mrs. Trollope herself, but in the "Reminiscences" of her eldest son. Miss Clarke—afterwards Madame Mohl, who also lived in the Abbaye-aux-Bois—was also often visited, and the evenings at her house thoroughly enjoyed. The chief attraction in Madame Récamier's salon was Madame Récamier herself, the fascination of whose grace and beauty—she was still beautiful even in 1835!—was enhanced by unaffected sweetness and genuine kindness. Her great "lion" was M. de Châteaubriand. He was then writing his "*Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe*," and the privilege of hearing a chapter of this work read aloud in Madame Récamier's salon was

eagerly coveted by all literary Paris, and by a great part of Paris that was not literary. Mrs. Trollope and her daughters were among the favoured guests on one such occasion, when the reader was no less a person than M. Ampère, while the Vicomte de Châteaubriand sat by, the cynosure of all eyes !

The rapid spread of Paris, even within the space of seven years, attracted Mrs. Trollope's attention. She remarks on the number of handsome dwellings springing up in the north-western division of Paris ; and it is curious to find her saying that this new world of houses reminds her of the *early days of Russell Square and all the region about it !*

“The Church of the Madeleine, instead of being, as I formerly remember it, nearly at the extremity of Paris, has now a new city behind it. And if things go on at the same rate at which they seem to be advancing at present, we shall see it—or at least our children will—occupying as central a position as St. Martins-in-the-Fields.”

Among her most delightful reminiscences of Paris in former days, was the acting of Mdlle. Mars ; and she confesses that she felt a little trepidation in taking her children to see the great actress whom she had often praised to them enthusiastically, lest the changes which seven years

had made should disappoint their expectations. However, *Tartuffe* was announced at the Théâtre Français, and Mrs. Trollope seized the opportunity of once more seeing Mdle. Mars as "Elmire," and once more finding herself before the curtain which she had so often seen rise on Talma, Duchenois, and Mars.

The house was crowded in every part ; quite as crowded as she had ever seen it at the performances of the same actress fifteen years before, when she first remarked the extraordinary power of attraction in a woman even then long past the first bloom of beauty !

And Mars ? Mars was still Mars—unrivalled in grace, charm, and artistic perfection. Mrs. Trollope writes of this extraordinary artist :—

"That the ear should be gratified, and the feelings awakened, by the skilful intonations of a voice, the sweetest perhaps ever bestowed on mortal, is quite intelligible ; but that the eye should follow with such unwearied delight every look and movement of a woman, not only old,—for that does sometimes happen at Paris,—but *known* to be so, from one end of Europe to the other, is certainly a singular phenomenon. . . . How delicious would be Molière's pleasure could he behold the creature of his own fancy thus exquisitely alive before him, and could he mark, moreover, the thrill that makes itself felt along the closely packed rows of the

parterre, when his wit, conveyed by this charming conductor, runs round the house like the touch of electricity ! Do you think the best smile of Louis le Grand could be worth this ? ”

Mrs. Trollope was convinced that Mdlle. Mars could read Corneille and Racine as effectively as Mrs. Siddons read Shakespeare. And the following passage may interest my readers, as showing that the dramatic genius of our great Sarah was not solely of that stilted, monotonous-majestic sort, that some of us moderns imagine.

“ I well remember coming home from one of Mrs. Siddons’s readings with a passionate desire to see her act the part of ‘ Hamlet ; ’ and from another, quite persuaded that the witch-scenes in *Macbeth* should be so arranged that she should speak every word of them ! ”

Mrs. Trollope’s letters during this year are not numerous. Her son was with her during great part of the time ; and as to other correspondents, she excused herself from writing to them frequently from Paris, on the ground that she had little time for letters until the business she had come to do should be accomplished.

She was indefatigable in making herself acquainted with all that could be interesting to the English reader, so far as this was possible. And

besides the daily sight-seeing, she was very much welcomed in society.

X To conclude the subject of her book on Paris and the Parisians, I may state now that it was attacked by a portion of the press with great rancour, but—the “but” may have its encouragements for the intending author—*but* it was highly successful! The publisher was satisfied; the work was widely read, sold well, and reached a second edition.

Anthony Trollope, in a letter to his brother, written in January, 1836, says—

“Mamma will, I feel confident, have a second thousand of the Paris.” [This proved to be correct.]

✓ “No work of hers was ever abused so much—or sold so fast—or praised in the periodicals so little,—especially by her own party.”

✓ Abused, in truth, she was, to an extravagant degree. One reviewer goes so far as to accuse her, in good set terms, of being bribed by the Government of Louis Philippe to praise it, contrary to her real convictions! This particular “half brick” is certainly a very jagged missile, notwithstanding the implied compliment to her powers, as a writer whose pen a great monarch and his ministers deemed it worth while to win over by bribery and corruption!

This wanton and, in fact, libellous accusation, stung her for a moment into hot indignation. And, indeed, one cannot but think that there is ample scope for disparagement at the command of the anonymous critic, without his descending to calumny. One's grammar, one's brains, one's breeding, one's lack of taste, one's incorrigible prejudice and invincible stupidity, are all fair game, and may be torn to tatters without eliciting a protest. He who prints a book takes his risk of all that, and must bear it, if it comes, without whining. But the attack in question was such as, I am persuaded, no periodical of equal standing would now print.

Mrs. Trollope wrote a spirited defence of herself, which was intended to be prefixed to the second edition of her book on Paris. The manuscript of it is in my possession. To the best of my belief, it never appeared in print. She yielded, no doubt, to prudent counsels on the subject. And yet I cannot, for my own part, profess myself convinced that discretion in such cases is *always* the better part of valour. It is this kind of prudence on which the bully confidently reckons. And to shake that confidence must surely contribute to decency of tone in literary discussion.

Mrs. Trollope states, in a letter to her son, that she has never received so many compliments from private friends, on any of her books as on this. Sir Francis Freeling writes to her son Anthony that he considers the ability and tact shown in treating a very difficult subject, to be quite surprising. Mrs. Milton considers it her best book. On the other hand, she gives a list of powerful journals that have been, as she bluntly phrases it, "very abusive" (and from the specimen above recorded, we may believe that the phrase is not too strong!), and she winds up her letter characteristically thus: "But what is much more to the purpose than this, the book sells well."

CHAPTER XIV.

“There is a reaper whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.”

LONGFELLOW.

ON the 23rd of October, 1835, Frances Trollope's husband died at the Château d'Hondt, near Bruges, after a long and gradual decay of health.

He had been, as has been stated, in Paris during the spring and early summer, and had consulted more than one physician of high repute there. But his constitution, originally of exceptional strength, had been completely undermined by the use of calomel. One of his Parisian doctors declared that he should have taken him to be nearly twenty years older than his real age, which was sixty-two. Both his sons have written of him with a deep sense of the sadness of his latter years, and of the pathos of a life marked by persistent failure, despite many good gifts of nature and fortune.

His wife had for some time been the sole breadwinner of the family. As his widow she still had a strong stimulus to exertion, in the desire to improve the position and prospects of her sons, and to provide for her daughters.

Thomas Anthony Trollope was laid to rest in the cemetery outside the gate of St. Catherine at Bruges, near the grave of his son Henry. A tombstone was erected to his memory, the inscription on which was written by his eldest son.

During the months that intervened between the conclusion of her stay in Paris and the death of her husband, Mrs. Trollope had been working on a novel, subsequently published by Mr. Richard Bentley in the spring of 1836, under the title of "Jonathan Jefferson Whitlaw." Mr. Bentley had at first suggested a volume of detached sketches, to be called "Scenes on the Mississippi," the idea of which originated in the inspection of a portfolio of Hervieu's drawings made in America. But he soon agreed with Mrs. Trollope that a continuous story would be preferable.

The book went through more than one edition, and must rank among her most successful novels. It is, however, a painful, although undoubtedly powerful, story.

Its tone and aim may be at once understood by the dedication prefixed to it—

“To those States of the American Union in which slavery has been abolished, or never permitted, these volumes are respectfully dedicated.” ✓

The novel is a very strongly coloured and dreadful picture of the evils of slavery. More strongly coloured and more dreadful than the picture drawn many years later by the American author of “Uncle Tom’s Cabin,” and “Dred,” it, of course, is not. But it is doubtless less ✓ accurate in many of its details of negro life. Both books have incurred the charge of exaggeration and even of misrepresentation. Such charges were inevitable from the very nature of the work. Books written for the purpose of exposing the evils of any existing institution, deal chiefly, and avowedly, with those evils. There may be flowers and wholesome herbs growing side by side with the poisonous weeds, but those are not the author’s business. The man who writes a medical treatise on some deadly disease, knows perfectly well that there are thousands of healthy human bodies free from it; but his task is not to describe healthy bodies. Whether this method,

however rational in treating of medical science, is desirable in a work of art, is another matter.

It must, I think, have been in Mrs. Trollope's mind very shortly after her husband's death to leave Belgium and return to England, although no plan of the kind had been openly canvassed. She intended, before settling herself in a new home, to make a journey to Italy, and even possibly to spend the winter in Rome, partly with the hope that the southern climate might benefit Emily, who was drooping more and more. But this project was abandoned. Mrs. Trollope had gone to England after her husband's death to arrange many matters of business, and had taken Emily with her, Tom and Cecilia remaining at the Château d'Hondt. Dr. Harrison, after a careful examination of Emily, reported that her chest was very delicate, that she required the greatest care, and that it would be safer for her to remain in England until the spring.

"After this opinion," writes Mrs. Trollope, "I can, of course, have no farther thoughts of Italy for the present. I have therefore determined on immediately looking out for a house near London. I much wish I could come to help you in getting through all the business you will have to perform previous to bidding a final adieu to Belgium, but this is quite impossible.

She has by no means recovered the cold and fatigue of her journey hither. . . . She is very weak, and eats hardly anything. I am *miserably* anxious, but struggle to keep up my spirits, as I must set to work again directly.

And a few days later—

“My fears are all directed to one point,—the health of my dear Emily. If she is *very* ill, I much misdoubt my power of writing. Yet in any case I shall remember, dear Tom, that you have claims on me as well as my dear girl in her sick chamber; and I will earnestly try to do my duty to both.”

She finally decided on taking a house at Hadley, but could not have possession of it until January. Meanwhile, she lived in lodgings in London. On the 30th of November she writes—

“I am very very greatly alarmed about my Emily. She has lost strength rapidly, she eats nothing, her cough is decidedly worse than it has ever been. *My anxiety is dreadful*,—and the more so because I dare not show it. But this is a theme I must not dwell on—for all our sakes.”

Mrs. Trollope was anxious to keep her elder daughter apart from the invalid, and it was a difficult task. The two girls were tenderly attached to each other, and it was of course desirable to conceal from Emily the risk which her sister

would incur by being near her. An invitation to Cecilia to visit the elder Lady Milman at Pinner, was therefore at once accepted. Lady Milman was very fond of Cecilia, and put forth the plea that she felt herself to be growing very old and feeble, and wished to have her dear young friend with her once more before her death.

Mrs. Trollope and her maid, Mrs. Cox, were left therefore to nurse the sick girl. Emily's sweet temper and unselfishness to some extent lightened her mother's hard task at this time. She was never irritable, never exacting about engrossing her mother's society, as Henry had been. She fully recognized the necessity of certain hours of seclusion, if literary work were to be done at all.

Besides "Jonathan Jefferson Whitlaw," which, it had been stipulated, was to appear in April, Mrs. Trollope had made an agreement with Mr. Bentley for another novel. This she had at first intended to call "The Unco' Guid." But its title was changed to "The Vicar of Wrexhill." The subject had long been in her mind. Her very intimate friend, Henrietta Skerrett, had years before furnished her with many facts which Mrs. Trollope at once perceived could be effectively worked into fiction—of course on the condition

of their being modified, as facts need to be before they are acceptable in any work of art. Even the most fanatical "realist" is compelled to *select* his facts—if not by reason of their quality, yet at any rate from the sheer unmanageableness of their quantity! And this selection is, in itself, a process of modification.

"The Vicar of Wrexhill" is, perhaps, the best known of all Frances Trollope's novels, and produced a marked sensation when it first appeared in 1837.

In the "Life of George Eliot," written by her husband, is the following extract from her journal:—

"March 24th, 1859. Mr. Herbert Spencer brought us word that 'Adam Bede' had been quoted by Mr. Charles Buxton in the House of Commons. As the farmer's wife says in 'Adam Bede,' 'It wants to be hatched over again, and hatched different.'"

The incident is recorded with natural gratification. A similar sort of compliment was paid to Frances Trollope, and by a political opponent. She says in a letter to her son: "I am pleased at Sydney Smith's quoting the 'Vicar of Wrexhill' in his letter to Lord John." And in a subsequent letter,

evidently replying to some question on the subject, she writes—

“*Peter Plymley* quoted me in his letter to Lord John Russell; and respecting some clause in the Church Bill, after abusing it considerably, added, by way of climax, ‘This is a clause worthy the Vicar of Wrexhill himself!’”

The book excited a good deal of animosity, as was natural. One absurd point was the persistence with which a certain clergyman of the Low Church party, insisted on considering himself to be the original of the Reverend William Jacob Cartwright, Vicar of Wrexhill. Like the politicians of whom Gay sings—

“If you mention vice or bribe,
’Tis so pat to all the tribe,
Each cries ‘That was levelled at me!’”

this reverend gentleman appeared quite eager to lay claim to all the unpleasant traits of the Vicar! But the character was, of course, not a portrait of any one individual. That it was widely recognized as the type of a class, is undoubted. Neither partisans nor opponents would have entered into hot controversy about the mere exaggerated picture of a creature as unreal as the Giant Blunderbore.

Mrs. Trollope entered on her occupancy of

the house at Hadley, in January, 1836; and on the 12th of the following February, her youngest child Emily died there within a month of completing her eighteenth year. She had survived her brother Henry little over a year, and her father not quite four months.

Anthony conveyed the news to his brother, who was still at Bruges, in the following letter:—

“MY DEAR TOM,

“It is all over! Poor Emily breathed her last this morning. She died without any pain, and without a struggle. Her little strength had been gradually declining, and her breath left her without the slightest convulsion, or making any change in her features or face. Were it not for the ashy colour, I should think she was sleeping. I never saw anything more beautifully placid and composed. . . . It is much better that it is now, than that her life should have been prolonged only to undergo the agonies which Henry suffered. Cecilia was at Pinner when it happened, and she has not heard of it yet. I shall go for her to-morrow. You went to the same house to fetch her when Henry died.”

The poor mother adds a word:

“I cannot let the news of my Emily’s death reach you, dearest Tom, without a line from me. You know *in part* how dear she was, and you will pity me,—and her poor solitary sister too. God bless you!”

The death of Emily was a deep grief to her

mother. She was the youngest child, the pet of all the family, and a creature of a most bright and loving nature. Her eldest brother retained a tender memory of her to the end of his life, and was fond of recalling her delight in natural beauty, and especially in the beauty of the skies. When quite a little child, she would call the others to gaze with her at the cloud-scenery, and wonder why all people did not enjoy it more.

Of Mrs. Trollope's three remaining children, her two sons survived her; and thirteen years elapsed after Emily's death, without making another gap in the diminished family circle. Early in the summer, Cecilia, who doubtless needed change of air and scene, went on a visit to her mother's old and valued friends the Garnetts, at St. Germain, near Paris.

In July, 1836, Mrs. Trollope started to make the journey described in her book entitled "*Vienna and the Austrians.*" It is rightly so entitled, although the tour included parts of Swabia, Bavaria, Tyrol, and the Salz Kammergut; for Vienna is her principal subject, and the majority of her pages are devoted to it. The party consisted of Mrs. Trollope, her son Tom, a friend of his who had been an undergraduate with him

at Oxford, Monsieur Hervieu, Mrs. Cox, the lady's maid, and Cecilia, whom they picked up in Paris. They started—all but Cecilia—from Anthony's lodgings in London, where they had all assembled between six and seven o'clock on the evening of the 21st of July, and proceeded by the night mail-coach to Dover. They reached Dover at five o'clock the next morning, and crossed the Channel in a steamboat, the passage occupying somewhat less than three hours.

Many incidents of their journey before they reached Vienna, recorded in private letters and diaries, are omitted in the printed book, because they were experiences then common to most travellers. But the lapse of close upon sixty years has given to some of them the interest pertaining to a vanished time. It seems strange, for instance, to read—

“We stepped on board the vessel from the quay at Dover, and congratulated ourselves on escaping the extortionate demands of the Dover boatmen,—thereby shouting before we were out of the wood: for we were obliged to take a boat at Calais, where the rogues made us pay four and a half francs each, for rowing us a hundred yards.”

The journey by diligence from Calais to Paris, occupied thirty-seven hours. They had incredible

trouble in getting their passport duly signed, sealed, stamped, viséd, or whatever was necessary, before leaving Paris again for Germany, being obliged to go to four different places in different parts of Paris, and to each of them twice over!

During the few days that Mrs. Trollope remained in Paris, she received the visit of her old friend General Pepe, and that must have been, I think, the last time they met. The fêtes to commemorate the (then) last French Revolution—so called of The Three Days—were just about to take place, and among the preparations going on for their celebration, was the opening of the Arc de Triomphe at the Barrière de l'Étoile, to public inspection for the first time. It had hitherto been surrounded by scaffolding which almost completely concealed it. "All Paris" was talking in those days of King Louis Philippe's refusal to attend the annual review during the fêtes of this year. Mrs. Trollope says that the King's decision caused much speculation, some surprise, and a little disappointment; "but the peaceable part of the public evidently approves the caution which has decided that the chief magistrate shall not go forth to be shot at."

In an early page of "Vienna and the Austrians," its authoress, on leaving what was then French territory for Germany, writes: "The Rhine is so noble and natural a frontier, that it is a pity it should ever be violated." And her son, thirty-five years later, marked the passage with a pencilled line, and the date "1871."

I may mention here what Mrs. Trollope has, naturally, omitted in her book, that not only were such men as Dannecker, the great sculptor, and Professor Schwab perfectly acquainted with her literary reputation, but the landlord of a modest hostelry at Stuttgart, where the two young men had installed themselves, knew her name at once, wanted to give the whole party his best rooms at the lowest price, and insisted on treating T. A. Trollope and his friend with some superlatively fine old wine from his private cellar! Some years previous, Henry Trollope, on a walking tour in a wild part of Devonshire, being caught in a violent storm, was not only sheltered, but hospitably entertained, and pressed to remain for two or three days in a country house, solely on the strength of his mother's literary reputation. Many writers—to paraphrase Goldsmith—"may flourish, but *must* fade." Frances Trollope at all events did flourish;

and I know no instance of an author who has withstood the intoxication of popular success with more quiet strength of mind than hers.

The visit to Dannecker in his studio at Stuttgart, has been described in "Vienna and the Austrians," as well as in "What I Remember." Monsieur Hervieu obtained permission from the fine old artist to sketch his portrait as he stood looking up at his own colossal bust of Schiller; and it is one of the illustrations to Mrs. Trollope's book. The original drawing is before me. To his autograph written beneath it, Dannecker has added in pencil the words "écrit sans lunettes." He was then seventy-six years old.

The journey Vienna-wards was pursued by way of Tübingen, Ulm, Augsburg, etc., to the Tyrol and Salzburg; thence to Munich and Ratisbon. At Reichenhalle, T. A. Trollope mentions in his journal that he was gravely written down by an official at the town gate, as "Mr. Passport and family"! They were in the huge travelling carriage of a *Lohnkutscher*, and the driver paused, as in duty bound, on passing the gate.

"A man in uniform came out with a book under his arm. 'Passport?' said I, meaning to enquire if that were what he wanted. Whereupon he immediately booked

me in his big register as Mr. P. ! I did not undeceive him. Our coachman, who perceived the mistake, laughed heartily, and drove on."

Mrs. Trollope's remarkable vigour of body, as well as of mind, was strikingly manifested throughout this journey. She was then fifty-seven years old, yet she walked a great deal along steep and fatiguing paths ; wherever a view was to be gained, a historical building to be examined, or a bit of choice scenery inaccessible on wheels to be explored, she was ready to climb and scramble with the youngest of the party. And she endured very considerable privations and discomforts on the voyage down the Danube from Ratisbon to Vienna.

The vessel in which this voyage was performed was little better than a raft, with a narrow, sloping-roofed shelter in the midst of it, dignified by the name of cabin, the whole constructed of rough boards ! They were put ashore to sleep every night, usually at some miserable riverside village, where bed and board were coarse, poor, and in many instances dirty. They were a week in reaching Vienna by this means, and during several days of the week, had heavy rain added to their other discomforts.

Yet Mrs. Trollope endured them all staunchly

—*staunchly*, not stoically. She neither was nor affected to be serenely indifferent under this sort of trial. Great sorrows—as she proved—she was able to bear with greatness of spirit. But the temperament which made her so intensely appreciative of the good things of life, rendered her also susceptible to physical discomfort. But the moment the discomfort was past, she dismissed it from her mind. The moment the sun showed himself from behind a cloud, she would wring out her dripping cloak and begin to enjoy the landscape. And even in the midst of some of the worst annoyances, a touch of humour could brighten her mood as instantaneously as the ray of sunshine. This cheering element was frequently supplied by Mrs. Cox, who, after the fashion of her kind, was far more intolerant of the rough side of things than the rest of the party, and who, moreover, occasionally added imaginary horrors to the miseries of their night's lodging.

Once, after having retired for the night, Cox reappeared in the big, gloomy, fireless chamber, where they had all supped (and which also contained the beds of Mrs. Trollope and her daughter), and in a tragic voice demanded that the gentlemen should accompany her to inspect a loose plank

in the flooring beneath her bed, as she had strong reason for believing that it was a trap-door through which the people of the house were in the habit of dropping the bodies of their murdered victims into the Danube. She had read more than one romantic story of German robbers, lonely inns, mysterious disappearance of travellers, and so forth; and here was a loose plank, which she considered furnished strong presumptive evidence that these customs of the country were thoroughly carried out in the house in question. It was quite vain to point out to her, and even to prove to demonstration, that if it were possible for her to insinuate her person into the space covered by the loose plank, she could fall no lower than the inn kitchen, which was beneath her room. Cox refused to be shorn of her tragic dignity, and persisted, with many gloomy shakings of the head, that whenever "they" did make away with folks, "they" always dropped 'em into the river!

At length the raft landed its passengers for the last time, at a lonely inn a mile or two from Kloster Neuburg, where our party got beds; and the next night, the 16th of September, they slept in comfort at a good Viennese Hôtel in the Leopoldstadt.

CHAPTER XV.

“However one condemns the policy of Austria . . . it is impossible not to be struck with her liberal provision for her own immediate people. The public institutions of all kinds in Vienna are allowed to be the finest and most liberally endowed on the Continent. Her hospitals, prisons, houses of industry, and schools, are on an imperial scale of munificence. The Emperor himself is a father to his subjects, and every tongue blesses him.”—N. P. WILLIS, *the American traveller*, 1833.

OF Mrs. Trollope's stay in Vienna she has given a very full, a very graphic, and a very amusing account in her book. Minute comparison with contemporary journals and letters, shows that the account is perfectly trustworthy and accurate as to all matters of fact, so far as she was able to make herself acquainted with them. Her inferences from the facts, both here and elsewhere, may, of course, be disputed. But the honesty of her intention will not, I think, be disputed by any candid observer—particularly if he follows the plan of Leopold, King of the Belgians, and reads her book for himself!

It would be out of the question to attempt here any recapitulation of the mass of varied inform-

ation contained in Mrs. Trollope's two volumes. She was received in the most exclusive salons of that most aristocratic capital, and thus had opportunities, not only of becoming familiar with its society, but of witnessing several gorgeous court spectacles, to which access would have been impossible without the intervention of powerful friends. Of these spectacles the installation of eleven knights of the order of the Golden Fleece was the most superb, as well as the most historically interesting. Among the new knights, were two Imperial Archdukes, Prince Lichtenstein, and Prince Adolphus of Schwarzenberg. This pageant was, for a stranger, perhaps the most striking of all that Vienna had to show ; but there were innumerable others made brilliant by the dazzling jewels of the women and the rich and varied uniforms of the men. The costume of the Hungarian nobles particularly delighted Mrs. Trollope by its extraordinarily picturesque effect.

Mrs. Trollope had the advantage of being made welcome also in the houses of what was called *la société boursière*—bankers and financiers, whom all their wealth could not enable to pass the line of demarcation that separated them from the blue-blooded nobles boasting their sixteen quarterings.

The society in many of the houses of these financial magnates was extremely pleasant; and Mrs. Trollope expressly mentions that, as a rule, they had far better music than was to be heard in the aristocratic salons. With one of these families Mrs. Trollope, and still more her son, became intimate in after-years at Florence. The daughter of the house married the well-known Hungarian patriot, politician, and *savant*, Franz Pulszky, who passed many years of exile under the shadow of Brunelleschi's dome; and her widowed mother also came to reside there.

But whether the Viennese society were aristocratic, boursière, artistic, or learned, the keynote of all alike was cordial kindness and hospitality. The opera was, strangely enough, found to be very disappointing. Mrs. Trollope intensely loved music, and had looked forward with delight to hearing Mozart and Haydn performed by Austrians. The singing was in general very bad, although the orchestra was excellent. She was told that the reason why defective voices and defective methods of using them were heard in Vienna, was not because superior vocal artists were attracted to London and Paris by higher pay, but because there were at that time no superior

vocal artists, the last of the race having recently expired in the person of Malibran! But Mrs. Trollope remarks that she could not forget there were such throats still in existence as those of Grisi, Lablache, Rubini, Tamburini, and Pasta; nor could she forget the effect produced by the three first-named of these great vocalists, whom she had heard singing together at a private concert the evening before she quitted London. In the Court chapel, however, and in one or two other churches, the singing was fine; and she immensely admired the unaccompanied vocal music in the Jewish synagogue. Her judgment on this point was confirmed by no less an authority than that of John Cramer. The veteran musician was at that time living in Vienna, and he and his wife went with Mrs. Trollope and her party to the synagogue. Cramer was enthusiastic in his praise of the voices, and of the wonderful skill with which they sustained themselves and executed the most complicated divisions without the support of any instrument.

In his journal, T. A. Trollope more than once speaks of the meanness, inconvenience, and general shabbiness of the Vienna opera house, although it was constantly frequented by the Imperial family and the Court. He says, "The entrance and

passages are far worse, narrower, and shabbier than at the Surrey or Sadler's Wells." Neither did he find the Burg Theatre at all equal to those of London, but the acting in it was delightful. The celebrated Madame Rettich was the leading female performer, and was voted by the whole family the most perfect actress then on the stage—always excepting Mdlle. Mars. It must be remembered that Mrs. Bartley and Fanny Kemble had at that time retired from the theatre. They several times had the pleasure of hearing Thalberg and Vieuxtemps, both already celebrated despite their youth; and the dance music of Lanner and Strauss (first of that dynasty) was then, as now, unapproachable for *verve* and charm when played by a Viennese orchestra.

Not long before Christmas, T. A. Trollope received an unexpected summons to repair forthwith to Birmingham. The long-deferred election had at last taken place, and he had suddenly to break off his pleasant sojourn in Vienna and set out in the wintry weather on a journey across Europe. All further *unprinted* records of their visit to Vienna are therefore only to be gleaned from the letters of his mother and sister. One more extract I may perhaps venture to make from

his journal before closing it, although it concerns not Austria alone.

Lord Albanley, whose acquaintance Mrs. Trollope had made at the British Embassy, was a frequent visitor at her apartments in the *Hohen Markt*. T. A. Trollope writes, on the 15th November, 1836:—

“Lord Albanley called here to-day, and sate talking a long time. I think him a well-informed, sensible, and amusing man, with simple and good-natured manners. He talked a great deal about Hungary, its increasing importance, and the difficult game Austria had to play with respect to it. . . . In the course of conversation, he mentioned a circumstance as having come under his own observation, which is worth recording. When Hunt * was committed to prison it was at a time of much distress, dearness of provisions, and want of work. He passed through London on his way to Ilchester jail. A vast number of the discontented turned out to escort him, and a riot was feared. Two years afterwards, when the country was in a much more prosperous state and work was plentiful, Hunt was liberated, and again passed through London on his way from Ilchester. A few idle vagabonds hooted him as he passed. On both occasions Lord Albanley was, he said, a witness to the above facts.”

The winter season in Vienna was made particularly brilliant this year by the marriage of the

* This was Henry Hunt, a well-known political agitator.

Archduchess Theresa with the King of Naples, the same who afterwards earned in Italy the nickname of King Bomba. There were Court concerts, receptions, and gala festivities of all kinds. Among these was conspicuous a ball given by the Turkish Ambassador, Ahmed Ferik Pasha, in the palace belonging to Prince Esterhazy in the Mariahilf Faubourg. This entertainment delighted the society by its novelty ; for this, it appears, was the first occasion on which the ladies of Vienna had been received by any representative of the Sublime Porte.

His Mussulman Excellency must have been a very good-natured personage. Cecilia Trollope mentions him frequently in her letters, and evidently thought him very "good fun." His French—in which language they conversed together—amused her excessively.

"He never," she writes, "uses any verbs, but he gets on very well without them. He made me a very polite speech at his ball, to thank mamma and me for coming so far to honour him ; and added that he feared it was cold. I mentioned that there was snow on the ground, when he burst out '*Neige ! Cré nom ! Neige, mois de mars ? Diable, diable ! Pas joli. Diable !*' Who could have taught the poor man to swear so ?"

In another letter she tells this good story of

him, which, it would appear, she had from the Princess Metternich herself.

“The Turk always admired the beautiful Mélanie” [Princess Metternich] “extremely. But the first time he saw the Princess Wasa, he went up to Mélanie and said to her very gravely, ‘Très fâché. Pas ma faute. *Princesse Wasa plus jolie. Très fâché !*’”

Towards the end of her stay in Vienna, Mrs. Trollope had a good deal of vexation from the behaviour of her maid, Cox. But, as she wrote to her son, it was a vexation generally accompanied by irrepressible bursts of laughter, for the Abigail had become utterly absurd.

“Mrs. Cox has taken it into her head that she must return to her husband directly; although according to my present plan, I should bring her home some weeks before the year that she (and he) agreed for, expires. But her head is completely turned. You never saw anything more perfectly ludicrous than the general elegance of her manners since she has made the acquaintance of a set of fine English servants here. Her present conjugal devotion arises solely, I am quite sure, from the fact that some of the said servants are going home at the beginning of next month; and she would like to join them, thinking it would be more agreeable to travel *en dame* than *en soubrette*. She dined with a party of these exquisites the other day, and told us on her return that she had drunk four glasses of champagne; and that one *lady* who sate next her, declared she should

like to drink three bottles ! The other day while waiting at the tea table, she informed us that one of the *gentlemen* at this same party, was most uncommonly clever ; and that they had all been telling him it was quite a shame he did not write his travels ! ! ! Do tell your friend B. this. He will enjoy it."

With both Prince and Princess Metternich, Mrs. Trollope came to be on what may, without exaggeration, be called terms of intimacy. She says a great deal about the famous statesman in her book ; and her private letters are full of allusions to him and to his wife, written in a tone of the most cordial admiration and esteem.

The incident of the man on horseback distributing handbills in the market-place at Bruges, illustrates the vitality at that day of the Napoleonic Legend. And the following words of the Austrian statesman furnish a commentary on that legend, which is full of wisdom—wisdom of that practical and seeming-simple sort which appears to many persons a mere matter of course, after it has been uttered.

"Immediately after the revolution of 1830, which ended in placing Louis Philippe on the throne of France, there came to Vienna a personage well-known in the political world of the first French Empire, with a secret mission to make certain proposals to the government of

Kaiser Franz, touching his grandson the young Duke of Reichstadt. Prince Metternich entered into no preliminary discussion, but enquired at once 'What do you ask, and what do you expect, from us?' It was answered that what the party demanded was merely permission to conduct the Duke of Reichstadt to the frontier of France, where his presence, and the magic name of Napoleon would at once overthrow the tottering government which was threatening to fall and cover *la patrie* with its ruins, etc.

"'And what guarantee would the Duke of Reichstadt have for his future?' asked the Prince.

"'The courage and affection of the whole French People, who would form an invulnerable rampart around him,' was the reply.

"Metternich calmly rejoined that the Kaiser would never for a moment think of acceding to such a proposal. And he added 'Moreover you entirely deceive yourselves as to the issue of such an enterprise; or, rather, as to the duration of its results. *To attempt Bonapartism without Bonaparte, is an absolutely fallacious idea.*' "

It will be generally admitted that the course of European history has justified the Prince's dictum. *Bonapartism without Bonaparte* has actually been tried, with what results the world knows.

The more important and characteristic anecdotes of Prince Metternich that Mrs. Trollope has to relate, are naturally found in her book. But here is an authentic little story which has never, I

believe, been printed. Mrs. Trollope writes on the 19th of December, 1836 :—

“I find from Baron Hammer-Purgstall* that young John Murray has been in Vienna since we have been here. He told me that the young man was passionately desirous of getting a peep at the Prince, and begged him, if possible, to manage it for him. Baron Hammer told him that the Minister walked every morning about that time on the Bastei, and that if Murray would come at once with him, he would ascertain if the Prince were gone. By a lucky chance Metternich appeared at the moment; and Hammer immediately presented his young friend as an English gentleman who had greatly wished to see him. The Prince chatted with him for a few minutes very graciously. So well pleased was the young bibliopole with this good nature in Hammer, that on his return to England, he sent him out a set of Byron’s works. When Hammer next saw the Prince, he told him that he had to thank him for a fine copy of Byron. And when he explained *how*, Metternich said ‘Fill your library in the same way if you can, Hammer. I am quite at your service!’”

On one occasion Princess Metternich, hearing that Mrs. Trollope was indisposed, called on her personally, and remained chatting with her a long time. This was said to be a very unusual honour, for Melanie Metternich had the reputation of being the haughtiest woman in the empire.

* This was the famous Orientalist, punningly called *Malleus Asiaticorum*, or the Asiatic Hammer.

Some twenty odd years ago, T. A. Trollope was travelling in the beautiful district near Ischl, and on a lake steamboat got into conversation with a very pleasing elderly lady, who, with her two daughters, was making a summer tour in those parts. They were Hungarians, and, like all the cultured members of that nation, wonderfully polyglot. They all three spoke English remarkably well. The talk fell on old times and old customs in Vienna, and the lady said, "I came out in society the year that the celebrated Mrs. Trollope was in Vienna, and I remember seeing her at a ball at the Metternichs'."

When the son of "the celebrated Mrs. Trollope" revealed his name and his relationship to the authoress, his new acquaintance was delighted, and began to chat quite confidentially, reviving, as T. A. Trollope said, many memories which had been dormant in his brain for four decades. She spoke much of Melanie Metternich, and declared that she had loved and admired her with all a very young girl's enthusiasm for a beautiful and brilliant woman older than herself. "They said she was proud," said her compatriot. "Well, I suppose she was. But she was very kind-hearted. I shall never forget all her goodness to me as a

young and very timid girl just introduced into society. She was my social godmother, so to say ; for my own mother was in ill health, and could not accompany me to balls and soirées."

It was at least a disinterested testimony, and one certainly not dictated by a lively sense of benefits to come.

But not only the Princess Metternich, but her mother, the Countess Zichy-Ferrari—a woman said, by those who disliked her, to be ten degrees haughtier than her daughter!—was extremely kind and friendly to Mrs. Trollope. The Countess gave her and her daughter Cecilia a very cordial invitation to stay with her at her château in Hungary, at no great distance from Presburg. Mrs. Trollope much regretted that this visit did not take place, as she was particularly desirous of seeing something of Hungary. She had, however, to relinquish it for the reason which she gives in a private letter, as follows:—

"This is owing to the marriage of Count Zichy, our friend's son. He brought his young bride to Vienna to visit his family, and thus prevented the old Countess from going back to Hungary at the time she had proposed. We could not therefore have made our visit to her without waiting longer than we could afford,—either in time or money. . . . The kindness shewn us went

on increasing to the last hour of our stay, and invitations to return reached us from the highest quarters. Our last Vienna dinner was eaten at the Metterinchs'. And the evening before was passed at Prince Wasa's, where we met the Archduke Francis (the next heir to the Empire) and his wife the Archduchess Sophia;* the Grand Duchess Stephanie of Baden; the Grand Duke of Lucca; Prince and Princess Metternich; and only one or two others. The party was assembled expressly to meet me,—an honour never, I believe, conferred before on any lady who had not been presented."

The evening is recorded in "Vienna and the Austrians," but without the statement that all these illustrious personages were assembled for the express purpose of meeting its authoress! Such a statement would have sounded too boastful there; but in a private letter to her son, it very naturally and inoffensively finds a place.

Mrs. Trollope and her daughter left Vienna in May, carrying with them a grateful sense of the kindness that had been heaped upon them, and many memories of the beautiful, stately, and interesting scenes they had witnessed.

The recent royal nuptials at Stowe give an interest to the following incident of Mrs. Trollope's homeward journey. She was travelling down the

* These were the parents of the present Emperor of Austria, Francis Joseph. He was at that time a child of about six years old.

Rhine to Rotterdam towards the end of May, and says—

“At Mayence, where we passed an idle day before we commenced our river voyage, we had the good luck to fall in with the cortège of the fair Princess Helen, Duchess elect of Orleans. She dined at the hôtel where we were; and we had repeated opportunities of seeing her charming face so near, and so uninterruptedly, as to permit our passing judgment on it. To my taste she is very lovely. Her eyes are beautiful; her person is tall, and very elegant; and there is such a mingling of sweetness and intellect in her countenance, as must ensure her, I should think, an admiring welcome from our critical neighbours.”

How many strange and moving adventures have happened within the half century since those words were written, both to the Royal Family of France and their former subjects “our critical neighbours!”

CHAPTER XVI.

“As in the winters left behind,
Again our ancient games had place,
The mimic picture’s breathing grace,
And dance and song and hoodman-blind.”

TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*.

By the middle of June Mrs. Trollope was fairly settled in her house at Hadley, and describes her pleasure at finding the roses in bloom, and in the peace and quiet of the place, after the season of incessant excitement and exertion which she had passed through at Vienna. Cecilia was, of course, with her mother; Anthony was within easy reach of her, and came down to spend the night whenever his duties at the Post-Office permitted; and Tom was installed as assistant master in the Grammar School at Birmingham, and able to visit Hadley during the holidays.

But the “quiet” enjoyed at Hadley was merely relative, like all sublunary things. It was not long before the house was filled with a succession of visitors. They were for the most part,

however, either relatives, or friends so intimate as to require no ceremony in their reception.

No sooner had Mrs. Trollope established herself in her English home, than she set to work on a new book—a novel in three volumes, called “A Romance of Vienna.” Her “Vicar of Wrexhill” came out on the 7th of September; “Vienna and the Austrians,” although completed and out of her hands, did not appear until the following spring; nevertheless she indulged herself with no period of idleness.

The mixture of *enjouement* and energy in her character was very extraordinary. So great, indeed, was the *enjouement*, that at times it concealed the energy. Her son Anthony has said in his autobiography, that her children might have thought more of her efforts during the terrible time of strain and stress before Henry's death, if she had not seemed to accept hard literary labour under the most painful conditions, as the most natural thing in the world for a woman of her age. No doubt that is true. But on one or two occasions she was impelled by circumstances to state with plainness that her work, although performed most willingly, involved self-sacrifice and the exercise of a determined will.

Such an occasion arose in the autumn of 1837. Some gossip reached her at second-hand, through an old friend, to the effect that her eldest son purposed rashly throwing up his appointment at Birmingham. The report proved, on inquiry from himself, to be quite incorrect. But in the brief interval during which she believed it, she wrote a letter to her son containing the following passages:—

“I am fifty-eight years old, my dear Tom. And although, when I am well and in good spirits, I talk of what I may yet do, I cannot conceal from you or from myself, that my doings are nearly over. . . . Your friend has left you, and you are dull. But think you that my work is not dull too? Think you that at my age, when the strength fails and the spirits flag, I can go on for ever writing with pleasure? . . . You know what heavy, uphill work I have hitherto had; and may pretty well guess what the effect on me would be, of sanctioning your throwing up a certain maintenance, before I have cleared myself from the claims that still hang upon me. Believe me, I should be perfectly miserable did I look forward to your remaining where you are; for I see, and I feel, that you cannot be happy there. But give me the great comfort of knowing that you have sufficient strength of mind and resolution, to stick to it for a little while, till we see our way clear before us. . . . I have not yet been able to resume my daily task. I have not yet recovered my strength after

a severe cold. But if God gives me health, I do not mean to spare myself, be assured."

Her son must have hastened to reassure her as to the report which had so disquieted her, for her letter begins thus :—

"MY DEAR, DEAR TOM,

"I give you a thousand thanks, and I beg you to give me a thousand pardons,—for less will not wipe out the remorse I feel! All you say of the authors of this falsehood, is most true and well-merited. I ask myself, 'Could I have written in this manner to any friend of mine?' I think the bare idea of doing so would have shocked me; and, therefore, I have a *right* to be angry."

The following statement is worth noting as having been written in the year 1837, and as showing that the difficulty of finding employment for educated young men is not quite so modern an evil as we are apt to suppose :—

"I can give you no idea of the *multitude* of young men—gentlemen, in every sense—who are pining and starving for lack of employment. It seems, sometimes, as if the knowledge of such cases reached me on purpose to make me feel grateful that my two dear sons possess the means of existence without setting off for New Holland. . . . I *have* finished my book (all but re-reading it), and I *am* ready to enjoy my holidays as

much as you are, dear Tom!—Though I mean to *set off again* with small interval. But I shall only work an hour or two a day as long as you are here. I long to have you here before the snow comes, for it is a dreadful season for journeying, either by sea or land. We shall have a house-full during the early part of the holidays. The Grants come on the 22nd. The Colonel goes away on the 23rd; but the dear girls, and (I hope) Mrs. Grant, remain until after New Year's Day. On the 23rd Mr. and Mrs. Chandos Hoskins Wren (our Rhine friends) come and stay to the 26th. He seems very desirous of meeting you. I think he knows Dr. Jeune. Henrietta and Irene Jones * will be with us all the time,—so that on the whole my chambers will be pretty well packed! Don't think me wickedly extravagant for this. *I have worked so hard, that I think I may try to give my children a merry Christmas with a safe conscience.*† Pray be in spirits for *bouts rimés* and the like. We shall want all that sort of thing to help us. And I shall want you to *trot me out* sometimes, spite of wind and weather, as in days of yore. I do truly believe that so many pages in proof of my industry would not now be burthening bookshelves, had you not done me this good service at Harrow."

It is affecting to remember that her son continued to do her "this good service" to within a few days of the close of her long life. Some of

* This is the lady mentioned in Chap. V. as T. A. Trollope's first visitor in his Devonshire home.

† The italics in this passage are mine.—F. E. T.

those who visited him at his villa in Florence may recall how unfailingly T. A. Trollope held himself ready to give his mother his arm for her daily promenade in the garden, or under the shelter of the colonnade that surrounded it, and how no engagement was allowed to interfere with the punctual performance of this duty.

In November Mrs. Trollope went to London for the day, on her brother's invitation, chiefly to see the young Queen pass by on her way to some civic festivity, Mr. Henry Milton having secured excellent windows in Pall Mall. Mrs. Trollope writes: "The little Queen looked very young, and very pretty yesterday. The Duke of Wellington got even a louder cheer than she did."

Tom had been expressing discouragement and disappointment at the refusal of a work he had offered to a publisher, and his mother writes—

"MY DEAREST TOM,

"You must keep up your courage as I have long kept up mine amidst very hard work, and much anxiety. You have youth for you; and will, I confidently hope, exchange the drudgery you hate, for an employment more congenial. But certain bread—when all I can do is so very *uncertain*—is too precious to be cast away hastily. For your spirits, I know no better receipt than telling you to cast your eyes back over my

literary history:—A MS. sent to Colburn, declined; one to Murray returned at the end of six months unopened; another to a man in the Strand, sent back with the assurance that the trade was so bad, no one could publish without loss. All this I bore, and worked up against it all;—with what result you know.

“ ‘Lay this to your heart, and Farewell!’ ”

The family correspondence of several years after Frances Trollope's literary success had been achieved, contains many allusions to money difficulties and the pressure of debt—not of her incurring. It would have been tedious and useless to print all such allusions,—or even a quarter of them. But I give the following extract from one of Mrs. Trollope's letters by way of throwing some light, once for all, on the fact that her matchless industry, and the very large sums she earned by it, did not at once place the family in easy circumstances. ✓

After speaking of the non-payment of rent by some of their London tenants, of the great expense of repairs, of the deterioration of their property, and of the consequences of the long and disastrous tenancy of the Harrow Farm, and the crushing failure of the speculation in Cincinnati, she writes—

“ However, I work, and work, and work. And if God spares my life and health, I hope that the time will

come when I may call myself out of debt, and may calculate on *spending* the money I have earned, instead of fretting that it does not cover all my liabilities."

／ The Christmas of 1837 was spent very merrily at Hadley. The party assembled there was a very delightful one. Mrs. Trollope had the happiness of having both her sons with her, as well as her daughter, and she was surrounded by a bevy of pretty girls. But the chief inspiration of all the gaiety came from the unflagging spirit, the bright humour, and the unselfish sympathy with others' joy, of the mistress of the house.

During this winter Mrs. Trollope had the pleasure of a visit from her Viennese acquaintance, the Baron Charles Hügel. Mention is made of him in her book on Vienna, as one of the most agreeable persons she met there. He had travelled much through parts of India then very little known to Europeans—I dare say they are now intersected in all directions by railways, telegraph wires, and telephones—and, unlike Mrs. Cox's friend the accomplished footman, *had* written his travels. They were published in an English translation by Mr. Murray. Cecilia Trollope took a romantic, girlish interest in Baron Hügel, by reason of the story current in Vienna that he had been desperately

in love with the beautiful Melanie Metternich before her marriage, and that when she accepted the Prince he set off in despair for the uttermost parts of India. Perhaps the process of *shedding ink* has cured as many fevers as phlebotomy. Goethe naïvely tells us that he had recourse to it when his feelings were deeply affected, and wrote off his sorrow! At all events, Baron Hügel returned to Europe with a more tranquil mind and a vast quantity of manuscript for the press. He visited Florence in after-years, and was a prominent figure in the society there.

In the early spring of 1838 there seems to have been a severe visitation of influenza in England. Mrs. Trollope, Cecilia, and Anthony were all attacked by it, and one of the most marked symptoms was an alarmingly rapid decrease of strength. Cecilia, after only two days' illness, fainted on trying to stand up; and Anthony's weakness was manifested by his inability to lift his sister on to her bed after she had swooned—a task that his strong young arms would have made nothing of at another time. It will be remembered that exactly the same terrible loss of strength in those attacked marked the influenza epidemic which raged through Europe a few years

ago. Mrs. Trollope's illness culminated in an inflammation of the eyes, which prevented her from doing any literary work for some time. She says that it lost her a whole month, but adds, "Industry must atone for sickness !"

In this year two events occurred in the family, of which the first in importance, though not in date, was Cecilia's engagement to Mr.—now Sir John—Tilley ; and the other was T. A. Trollope's resigning his post at Birmingham and arranging to live altogether with his mother. The step was taken not only with her full concurrence, but by her express desire. No doubt her severe illness, coupled with the prospect of loneliness occasioned by Cecilia's marriage, made her cling the more to the society of her son. And then, advancing years and—what does not often accompany them—increasing work made her feel the need of his protection and help in all business transactions. He discusses the arrangement in his diary, and comes to the conclusion that, on the whole, it will be good for them both.

That it largely contributed to the happiness of his mother's latter years cannot be questioned. And as little can it be questioned by those who best knew him, that it enabled him to live a life

more congenial to his tastes and character, than almost any other that could have been proposed to him. Nor did it turn him into a drone in the hive. It is to be noted that from the time of his leaving Birmingham began the real period of his literary activity.

The first-fruits of this—in book form, that is to say, for he had dabbled previously in magazine articles, etc.—was a work in two volumes published by Colburn, and called “A Summer in Brittany.” It was very fairly successful, and its author has told in his *Reminiscences* how the *old* John Murray of those days good-naturedly showed him a favourable review of it in the *Times*, saying, with a broad smile, “There! So *you* have waked this morning to find yourself famous!” The book did not appear until 1840. But it was the outcome of two successive journeys to Brittany, and a large part of the manuscript had been submitted to his mother’s judgment in 1838. I mention it here for the sake of quoting a quaint saying of hers about it in a letter to her son:—

“Your MS., which I have re-perused with great attention, is in my opinion well written and interesting. And although I would not permit myself to be influenced in the advice I had given you” [the advice to leave

Birmingham] “by any feeling of admiration for a production *so like a grandchild, in its relation to me*, yet I cannot but feel that the hand which wrote it may write more.”

Shortly afterwards she informs him that Mr. Bentley has agreed to take two more novels—one in November, and one in the following May. These must have been the two novels called respectively “The Widow Barnaby” and “The Widow Married.” Of these the first was highly successful, and met with less hostile criticism than any of her books. Nevertheless, I do not think it would please a reader of the present day as well as some of her other novels. It has great spirit and *entrain*; but it is painted with a brush somewhat too big and colours somewhat too glaring. The very same incidents, narrated with more modern treatment, might produce a novel that should hit the taste of many readers in the present year of grace. But the fine folks are a little over-refined, and the vulgar folks a little too vulgar. Very likely the picture was not overcharged when it was drawn. At any rate, it was accepted and applauded by contemporaries. We are told that “the style is the man.” Certain it is that the style is the novel; and the style of

"The Widow Barnaby" is now undeniably old-fashioned.

In the March of this year (1838) Mrs. Trollope for the first time met Charles Dickens, for whose genius she always had a high admiration. In the letter mentioning this circumstance, she uses a phrase which shows how "Pickwick" had already furnished many words and sayings that had entered into our common parlance.

"Cecilia, Irene, and I, passed the soirée (I don't mean that we passed by, or in any way neglected, a leg of mutton !) on Thursday with Mrs. Bartley, where we met *Boz*, who desired to be presented to me. I had a good deal of talk with him. He is extremely lively and intelligent, has the appearance of being *very* young, and although called excessively shy, seemed not at all averse from conversation."

Perhaps I may be forgiven for suggesting that he found *her* also "lively and intelligent;" and that nothing so readily overcomes shyness, as the sense that your interlocutor is a genuine person, speaking sincerely the thought that is in him. The least suspicion of humbug, or of a sneer, makes shyness retire into itself and stay there.

Two persons could scarcely have been found in all the world of literature, whose political principles and social views were at that time

more opposed to each other, than Frances Trollope and Charles Dickens. But there arose a strong sympathy between them, nevertheless. Mrs. Trollope's son has written in "What I Remember," of this great English novelist, with the friendly warmth that he felt. I am credibly informed (I have not looked at the pages myself) that, in a gossiping book of recollections published long after Dickens's death, T. A. Trollope has been assailed for having done so! If this be so, it was a double-barrelled sort of pop-gun intended to hit both writers—the greater and the less. Perhaps, after all, that old-fashioned, rough heaving of half-bricks at a living author was not the worst kind of attack. It may, of course, be urged that if you wait to throw stones at a man until he is safely dead, you avoid hurting his feelings. But the reflection *will* obstinately recur, that you also avoid the risk of being hurt yourself in return.

During the course of this same year, Mrs. Trollope made the acquaintance of Judge Haliburton, the celebrated "Sam Slick." Mr. Bentley was the medium of the introduction, which proved to be a very pleasant one. How friendly their intercourse became, may be seen by the following letter which, although written five years later,

on a subsequent visit of Judge Haliburton's to England, may as well be inserted here.

"3rd August, '43.

"London, 6, Spring Gardens.

"MY DEAR MRS. TROLLOPE,

"On my return to London from the country, I found your very kind note, and lose no time in assuring you of the great gratification it has given me to be assured that we can meet once more. My leave of absence was only for three months, and I am obliged to embark again for Nova Scotia on the 3rd of September. If I can get thro' my business at the Colonial Office in time, I will go down to Devonshire before the 17th inst. If not, I will arrange matters so as to be positively in London on the 25th, and hope to be able, indeed, to accomplish both.—If you come to London, what will be your address? Because, as it will be close upon the heels of my embarkation, I should like to call upon you as soon as you can be able to give me the gratification of an interview.—I am much grieved to hear that your health requires nursing, and that your plans, as well as your comfort, have been so materially interfered with by indisposition. I trust in God that the change of air which you purpose, will accomplish a perfect restoration.—My last three or four days are devoted to an excursion to the Lakes, during which I promise myself the pleasure of renewing my acquaintance with Mrs. Tilley.—I am sorry to say I have not enjoyed this visit as I did my last. My spirits are not the same, and when alone I suffer a good deal of depression. But I am much benefitted, and hope to return

with a better tone of nerves. I shall move Heaven and earth to leave this, if possible on the 12th or 13th. At all events, please God, on one or other of the days you have mentioned, I shall have the pleasure to shake you by the hand, and assure you of the attachment

“Of yours always,

“THOS. HALIBURTON.”

Among the old letters of this year, I find a few lines from Mrs. Trollope's cousin, Fanny Bent, addressed to Tom in Birmingham, and giving him a commission which reads amusingly now. Imagine anybody's thinking it necessary in these days to explain elaborately to any correspondent—I had almost added “in *any* part of the world”—the structure and use of a spring mattress! But here is what Miss Bent wrote fifty-seven years ago:—

“A manufacturer in Birmingham fabricates cushions, mattresses, etc., of which the interior is composed of elastic iron springs. The maker made a bed of this sort for Sir William Cave of Stratton, a few years since. Now, I want to know what the price of such a bed as that would be, and—if I should like the report—how long before it could be made. If you could ferret out the name of the man, and the particulars, I should feel obliged.”

People may differ about Free Trade, and the value of the Reform Bill, but I believe we shall all

agree in thinking that our half of the century is better off than the former half, in the matter of mattresses.

Mrs. Trollope decided on taking a house in London, and in the month of June fixed upon one in York Street, Portman Square. But she did not immediately take possession of it. In the early part of September she took lodgings in Dover for a few weeks, feeling the need of the sea air both for herself and her daughter. Tom accompanied his mother and sister, and records in his diary long walks taken with the former over the cliffs before breakfast, and how he and his mother alternately gazed at the beautiful lights and shadows on the sea, and watched the process of tunnelling for the new railway between Dover and London—that great highway to the Continent that we all know so well!

The rector of St. Mary's, Dover, at this time was the Rev. Mr. Maule, who had married one of Mrs. Trollope's Bristol cousins. He and his family were highly cultured and very pleasant people, and the Trollopes spent several evenings at their house very agreeably.

The close of this year must have been partly occupied in preparations for Cecilia's wedding.

She was married on the 11th of February, 1839, at St. Mary's Church, Bryanstone Square, to Mr. John Tilley of the Post-Office. The union was one of love on both sides, and was a perfectly happy one so far as constant affection could make it so. But they lost many children—one daughter only living to grow up out of a numerous family—and Cecilia herself was carried off in her prime by the same malady which had been fatal to Arthur, Henry, and Emily.

On the day of the wedding, after the bride and bridegroom had departed, Mrs. Trollope, with Tom and Anthony, and the Misses Mary and Kate Grant, who had been bridesmaids, drove down to Hayes, where Colonel Grant was then residing. The next day Mrs. Trollope returned to town by the Great Western Railway, and her son notes in his diary that it was the first railway his mother had ever been on. Although then in her sixtieth year, she lived to make more railway journeys than many persons accomplish in the whole course of their lives.

Indeed, her second railway journey was made within ten days of the first, for on the 20th of February she set out by the mail train for Manchester. The object of her going thither was to

collect material for a work she had engaged to write, on the condition of the factory hands. ✓

Lord Ashley, afterwards Earl of Shaftesbury, was greatly interested in her projected work, and furnished her with many letters of introduction. All this has been told at some length in "What I Remember."

The book was written, and published in serial form under the title of "The Life and Adventures of Michael Armstrong, the Factory Boy," by Mr. Colburn. He paid a high price for it, and did not complain of his bargain. We may therefore conclude that its sale was satisfactory, although Mrs. Trollope writes in a private letter a short time after its publication :—

"The 'Widow' continues to be in great favour. But between ourselves, I don't think any one cares much for 'Michael Armstrong'—except the Chartists. A new kind of patrons for me!" ✓

She spared no pains to acquaint herself with the real condition of the people she intended writing about, and, with her son, visited many scenes of pitiable wretchedness and revolting squalor. Her investigations indeed needed a stout heart and a healthy frame to carry them out. Not that she was ever in the least danger of being molested in

the course of them but that every sense was sickened, and the very heart-strings wrung by what she witnessed. The subject need not be pursued here. The world has heard all about the factory legislation, and the crying evils that called it forth. Whether Mrs. Trollope's book helped to attract public attention to the subject (which was what had been hoped when it was planned) I cannot tell. It is certain, at all events, that she did her work with all her accustomed honesty and energy.

To return for a moment to the subject of railway travelling in England in the "thirties." It may interest some readers to know that the mail train from London to Manchester was timed to run the distance in eleven hours, but on the occasion of Mrs. Trollope's journey, arrived one hour and a half late ; that the train was too heavy for the powers of the engine, and a second engine had to be put on at Wolverton ; that thus reinforced, it reached Birmingham six hours and a half after leaving London, and the passengers were allowed half an hour at Birmingham to dine !

CHAPTER XVII.

“We will compound this quarrel.”

SHAKESPEARE, *Taming of the Shrew*.

THE year 1839 must have been one of exceptional activity even for that marvellously industrious worker Frances Trollope, for no fewer than three novels—“The Widow Married,” “One Fault,” and “Charles Chesterfield”—appeared in 1840, which must all have been written within the preceding twelvemonth.

And yet the course of her work was interrupted, first by illness, and later by an expedition into the Lake country to visit her daughter, Mrs. Tilley. Mrs. Trollope suffered from acute inflammation of the trachea, and was attended by Dr. Elliotson, of whose medical skill she had a high opinion. Her eldest son was away in France, and she writes to him on July 6th, evidently in reply to his anxious inquiries:—

“Truly, and sincerely, and on the faith of an honest mother, my dearest Tom, I am, save a cough, quite

well again. I owe much to Dr. Elliotson. *You* complain of the weather, but I suspect that no one can know what a regular winter-summer is, save those who enjoy the article genuine in England. Those who have kept a diary of the weather assert that we have had easterly winds pretty nearly steady for six months. It is this which has sent me, in common with a multitude of others, to a sick bed. . . . Alas, dear Tom, I feel as if I did not deserve your kind fears respecting my being overworked. On the contrary I have been idle. But this too may be mended by a little *quiet* perseverance which will not hurt me."

Early in July T. A. Trollope returned to England, and on the 26th started with his mother for Penrith, to visit his sister and brother-in-law.

In "What I Remember" the chief incidents of this visit have been recorded, but one or two gleanings from letters and diaries may supplement them.

Herbert Hill, Southey's son-in-law, was then living at Rydal, and taking pupils; and with him the Trollopes were pleased to renew their former acquaintance. Captain Hamilton, the author of "Cyril Thornton," and a well-known contributor to *Blackwood*, was at this time residing with his second wife, in the neighbourhood, and they much enjoyed his conversation, especially about

Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, and De Quincey, all of whom he knew well.

“He thought Wordsworth a man of genius, and Southey a man of talent only. Wordsworth, he said, laid open to the first comer the whole budget of his mind without reserve : while Southey was cautious and reticent. The first was the child of Nature whose most loved haunt was the fell side ; the latter was the polished man of the world whose favourite retiring spot was his library. Of De Quincey and Coleridge he said that opium-eating had had the same effect on both :—that of destroying the moral feeling. . . . He said the difference was remarkable in the conduct of Coleridge towards Wordsworth and Southey. The latter he never would admit to be a genius,—never had a high opinion of his abilities in any way, and treated him, when in his company, with scant observance ; whereas of Wordsworth he always said that he acknowledged in him a spirit of a superior order.”

It may be noted that during this visit, when T. A. Trollope wished to rise at half-past four in the morning in order to begin a pedestrian excursion betimes, it was his mother, of all the household, on whom he relied for calling him, and who did call him punctually.

She, as well as her son, was much pleased with the Lake scenery. There is frequent mention in her letters of walks and drives throughout a wide

radius around Penrith, which she greatly enjoyed. She speaks in one place of some lodgings that were to be had in a cottage called "The Dove's Nest," formerly inhabited by Mrs. Hemans, and suggests that it might be a pleasant place wherein to spend a few months "after her return from Italy." For this cherished project of a journey to Italy, again and again postponed, was never relinquished. Quite at the end of this year Mrs. Trollope went to Paris, where her son joined her, and they remained there together until the following spring.

Mrs. Trollope's visit to Paris in 1840 was, in some respects, even more pleasant than that of five years before. She was again in the midst of the most brilliant society—fashionable and literary ; and the only drawback to her enjoyment was that the incessant invitations consumed nearly all the time she wished to dedicate to her work, for, needless to say, she was again at work. Especially after her son's departure (he left Paris early in the spring for a tour in Central France) she was overwhelmed with invitations and social attentions of all sorts.

In April, 1840, she writes—

"I do not believe that the whole earth has any spot where it would be so difficult for me to write, as in Paris.

Kindness, in consideration of my solitude, neutralizes all my good resolutions. Would it not sound finely conceited were I to say that the act of answering the mere *billets de société* takes up time that is worth scores of pounds to me? Yet such is positively the fact. But so many people go out of town after Passion Week, that parties *must* cease; and as a quiet dinner does not involve the necessity of sitting up till three o'clock in the morning, I may improve a little by means of my *alarum* which I recovered from the maker yesterday."

It was at this time that she made the acquaintance of the Vicomte and Vicomtesse d'Henin and their charming daughter, of whom T. A. Trollope has written in his memoirs. The cynical old saying, that no one ever speaks of a friend quite so kindly in his absence as in his presence, is flatly contradicted by many passages in Mrs. Trollope's letters. She loved her friends sincerely, and praised them heartily behind their backs.

It was also during this season in Paris that she first met Lady Bulwer. It is not to be supposed that Mrs. Trollope was blind to this lady's defects. Her passionate temper, her unreasoning impulsiveness, her thoughtless extravagance, were faults which would have been plain enough to a much less keen observer. But she thought that Lady Bulwer had been injured and calumniated, and

she felt very strongly that even worse faults would not have justified the treatment to which Lady Bulwer had been subjected.

In a letter written from Paris to her daughter Cecilia, and dated the 13th of February, 1840, Mrs. Trollope says—

“My interesting difficulties respecting Lady Bulwer and her brother-in-law* increase greatly. All jesting apart, it is exceedingly embarrassing. He is decidedly one of the most agreeable, animated, conversable people in existence; and she is one of the most ill-used and pitiable. I believe her character to be perfectly irreproachable. But she is not as quiet as I would wish her to be, in her grief; and were it not that the enforced absence of her children excuses any violence of sorrow, I should say that she compromised her dignity by her lamentations. As it is, however, I do pity her heartily, and most certainly shall not close my doors against her until I have reason to change my opinion of her.”

Lady Bulwer repaid her new friend's loyalty with enthusiastic gratitude. In many of her letters she reiterates her thanks for Mrs. Trollope's courage, truthfulness, and sincerity in standing by her when she was in need of a friend. Lady Bulwer's novels may have but little merit—I do not know them—but there is considerable wit and

* Sir Henry Bulwer, whom the Trollopes always liked, and who was in later years a frequent guest at the Villino in Florence.

brightness in her letters. It is not every kind of talent, however, that has the necessary *affinity* with printer's ink to enable it to be advantageously manifested through that medium. The following passage occurs in a letter from Lady Bulwer to Mrs. Trollope, dated January 26th, 1840:—

“I have received a note of thanks from that American gentleman, Mr. W., who dined with me yesterday, for having procured him the pleasure of meeting you. He is a great admirer of yours, and says you have done his country a great deal of good.”

The Princess Belgiojoso's house was one that Mrs. Trollope frequently visited. The Princess's special hobby, and special gift—for she was a very fine pianist—was music; and the world crowded to her salons to hear Handel and other classical masters interpreted by some of the first executants of the day. Princess Czartoryski is specially mentioned in Mrs. Trollope's letters as a very delightful woman, “full of intellect and very charming manners.”

Lord Granville was at this time our Ambassador in Paris, and Mrs. Trollope was received at the Embassy with particular civility, Lady Granville giving her a personal invitation to visit them on the evenings when the society at her house was

more intimate and less numerous than at the great receptions, lending her her box at the opera, and so on. T. A. Trollope records in his diary that his mother and himself were present at a very splendid entertainment in honour of the marriage of our Queen. Her Majesty was married on Monday, the 10th of February, 1840, and the Embassy ball took place on the following Friday, the 14th. The diary makes special mention of a large temporary room erected in the garden, which was "a great success." This erection and the whole fête are described in Lady Granville's memoirs.

In the letter to Mrs. Tilley previously quoted, her mother says, in reference to this fête :—

"To-morrow is the *wedding* fête at Lord Granville's. It is expected to be very brilliant. Carpenters are at work and a whole suite of upstairs rooms is to be opened. I should like to have all my three sons" [she included Cecilia's husband, to whom she was much attached, among her 'sons'] "and my elegant daughter there with me, for I expect it will be pretty, gay, and agreeable."

After a little gossip about the royal marriage, which was naturally *the* topic of the day, Mrs. Trollope, in allusion to the reduction of the proposed income of Prince Albert on a motion of

Colonel Sibthorp's, supported by the party of Sir Robert Peel, says—

“*Entre nous* I think the Tories behaved abominably about the Prince in all ways. He *ought* to have had precedence, and he *ought* to have had the £50,000 a year.”

She very early discerned the great qualities of the Queen's husband—an unprejudiced clear-sightedness not so universal in 1840 as it became fifty years later: for, as the Italian proverb has it, *Della sapienza del poi, son piene anche le fosse*, “There's enough wisdom *after the fact*, to fill all the ditches.”

The most important social event of Mrs. Trollope's visit to Paris this year, was her presentation to Louis Philippe and the French Royal Family at the Tuileries, by her friend Lady Catherine Bernard. A brief account of the interview occurs in a letter from Mrs. Trollope to her son. It is inserted in the midst of other topics of more immediate moment, and is not dwelt on at any length, although she neither was, nor affected to be, stoically indifferent to the high compliments paid her. Here are her words:—

“The greatest exploit I have to tell you of, is having been presented at the Tuileries by Lady Catherine

Bernard. My reception was a most gracious one ; King, Queen, Duchesse de Nemours, Princess Clementine, and Madame Adelaide, all spoke in a flattering manner of their having long known me by my books, etc. Lady Catherine said it was enough to turn one's head. The pretty bride" [Duchess de Nemours] "spoke to me in very good English, and told me she remembered seeing me in Vienna,—where, in fact, I remember meeting her at the Turkish Ambassador's ball. She also said, 'I have read all your books, Mrs. Trollope, and I like them *so* much !' The Queen's parting words were 'Je suis bien aise de vous voir ici.' The King asked me, with a look of something like fun, if I should like to go back to America. *I longed to return the question to him !*"

Mrs. Trollope was again a frequent visitor in the salons of Madame Récamier, and of Miss Clarke (not yet Madame Mohl), and she had the pleasure of meeting her old friend General Pepe at the house of Mrs. Gilchrist, the lady he afterwards married. In a letter to her daughter, she says, "Pepe seems quite to have forgiven me, dear soul, for all my *Austrian* sins." Further on in the same letter, she describes several conversations she had with a man whose name was then very well known in Europe—Count Gonfaloniere, for thirteen years a political prisoner in the Austrian fortress of Spilsberg.

“About his tremendous imprisonment he seeks neither to speak, nor to avoid speaking. When I asked for particulars, he gave them freely. He told me that during the whole thirteen years, his great object had been not to *consume* his thoughts. His great terror was madness. They were just conscious of daylight for about three hours in every day;—the rest was darkness.

“The Count entirely acquits Metternich of all blame. He says that, believing him (the Count) to be dangerous, he would have done almost anything rather than not secure him; but that, once secured, the horrors, the fearful horrors of his imprisonment would never have followed had Metternich had his will. He besought the Emperor to let him furnish Count Gonfaloniere with books out of his own library; but Francis replied that ‘the object of imprisonment was not amusement.’ The Count seemed delighted to speak of Ferdinand, and of the active kindness of his nature: and told me that almost his first words on learning that he was Emperor were ‘C’en est fait donc, de tous ces emprisonnements. Je n’aime pas cela;—ça me fait triste. Je n’en veux plus,—absolument je n’en veux plus.’”

Gonfaloniere’s testimony in favour of Metternich is above suspicion, and is interesting.

Anthony paid a visit to his mother in Paris in the course of this winter, and greatly enjoyed, his mother says, “going to so many good parties.” He certainly could not have had a better introduction than his mother’s. Her visiting list was a

roll-call of the most illustrious personages in Paris, native and foreign.

It seems that at the beginning of the year 1840—on the 6th of January, to be precise—it had been agreed by many serious persons that our globe was to be destroyed by a comet. Mrs. Trollope writes to her daughter :—

“The comet that is to eat us up on the 6th *has been seen*. If the predictions prove true, this letter will be so scorched before it reaches Penrith, that you will be unable to read it. However, as you will yourself be a cinder, it will not so much signify !”

She was greatly delighted by the recent birth of a little grand-daughter named after herself, and says—

“Let me not languish in ignorance, dearest, of the progress of my Fanny. Her being named Frances Trollope, is of all my honours and glories, the one I like best.”

The following July Mrs. Trollope returned to Cumberland to her daughter's house. The railway to Penrith was not yet completed ; and she had to travel nearly fifty miles of the journey by coach.

It must have been at this period that she first conceived the idea of making a permanent home

in the north country. There was a house to be sold, the property of Mr. de Whelpdale, on which she had set her affections ; but a hitch about the production of the title-deeds prevented her from concluding the purchase. Finally a site was chosen, on which she (or rather her son for her) subsequently built the house called Carlton Hill. But a visit to Italy was still intended for the winter.

This, however, was once again postponed by reason of the disquieting accounts she heard of the disturbed state of the Continent, and especially of France. Some of her correspondents in Paris inform her on the 10th of September, that "only last Monday, all diligences and omnibuses passing through the Quartier St. Antoine, were seized and overturned to make barricades by the mob ; all business at the Bourse was stopped, the shops shut, and very general fear of a universal rising of the operatives throughout France, seems to exist." Mrs. Trollope begs her son to consult Robert Pauncefote as to the truth of the state of things. He has many friends in Paris with whom he probably corresponds.

This name of Pauncefote, which occurs frequently in the family correspondence, is that of some highly

valued friends of the Trollopes ; and several letters from Mrs. Pauncefote remain among the papers in my possession. The name is, of course, widely and honourably known now as that of Sir Julian Pauncefote, our Ambassador to the United States. He is a son of Mrs. Trollope's old friend ; and with one of her daughters, the Baroness von Lachmann-Falkenau, T. A. Trollope had the happiness in after-years of renewing the friendship of his youth. She and her husband visited him at his villa near Florence, and he was subsequently her guest at her charming house in Dresden. The biographer of Frances Trollope may be excused for emphasizing the fact that, in so many cases her friendships were inherited, and have descended to a second, and even a third generation—a testimony to sterling qualities on both sides.

More than one letter to her son shows that she dreads the journey through France ; and she inquires earnestly what will be the difference in time and cost, of approaching Italy by way of Germany instead. There was evidently an outbreak of Anglophobia raging in Paris ; and a letter which appeared in some Parisian periodical did not altogether reassure Mrs. Trollope. She writes on September 11th :—

“A letter appears from one of the six thousand Republicans who dined together outside the barrier last week, stating that they did *not* intend to massacre all the English. Kind!!!”

The newspapers were full of alarmist articles, and predictions of popular tumults and bloodshed.

As to the hatred of the English, which occasionally assumes an epidemic form on the Continent, we might almost accept the saying of a Roman friend of T. A. Trollope's, which amused him mightily. This gentleman was expatiating on the sufferings to which the Italian troops in Africa were exposed from the climate. It was all very well, he said, to be a Sicilian, or a Calabrian; but Sicily was not Africa, and the sun of Massowah was a far fiercer luminary than that of Calabria. An English lady in company suggested that, since torrid heat was so trying to Southern Europeans, our soldiers must have suffered still more in the Soudan and in parts of India. “No, no; not at all!” exclaimed the Roman. Then, with a gentle shake of the head, and an air of grave conviction, he added, “*Loro sono abituati, You English are used to it!*”

However, despite this national and eel-like habit of being skinned, Mrs. Trollope's apprehensions

prevailed, and the Italian journey was once more put off.

She had other motives to determine her on taking this course, besides the dread of continental revolutions. One very strong one was her desire to complete two more novels which she had engaged to write, before leaving England again. These were, "The Ward of Thorpe Combe," published by Mr. Bentley, and "The Blue Belles of England," published by Messrs. Sanders and Ottley. Of the latter book, further mention will have to be made by-and-by. It was settled that Mrs. Trollope should remain for the present with Mr. and Mrs. Tilley, and that Tom, who was then in London, should join her in Cumberland later on.

Tom had expressed an intention of making a trip to Paris by himself, but he put off his journey in deference to his mother's earnest wish. In December, however, he did go there, and has given an account of his stay in "What I Remember." In his mother's letters addressed to him there, there are frequent and most affectionate messages to her dear Adèle (Mdlle. d'Henin), and cordial inquiries about many other friends. She begs he will call on M. Gasparin, at whose house, she reminds him, he first met Guizot; and

hopes he has not neglected to leave a card at the Embassy, "as it would be both ungracious and ungrateful to omit it."

"How you must enjoy," she writes, "seeing the d'Henins, the Cokers,* and all the dear people again! Reading what you say of your pleasant evenings is about half as good as being there with you myself!"

Meanwhile she had been enjoying some pleasant society in Cumberland, superintending the beginnings of her new house and garden, and working hard with her pen. For the society, she mentions among the houses she best likes to go to, Edenhall, the seat of Sir George Musgrave (of whom, and of Lady Musgrave, she says, "I think they will be very pleasant neighbours. I *get on* with them"), and Lowther Castle. She writes to her son:—

"I accepted an invitation from Lord Lonsdale to dine and sleep at Lowther Castle. I spent as agreeable an evening and morning as I can remember. The old man is *delightful*, and so is his daughter Lady Frederick Bentinck."

Regarding the plans of the new house, her letters are full of details written for Tom's advice

* Mrs. Coker was a daughter of Major Aubrey, the great authority on whist.

and approval. And as to the pen-work, she quietly says—

“I get up at half-past four every morning, and get nearly the whole of my day’s task accomplished before breakfast.”

She had the pleasure of seeing her son Anthony this autumn. He paid a flying visit to Cumberland.

Lady Bulwer had been greatly disappointed by Mrs. Trollope’s not joining her this year in Italy ; and Mrs. Pauncefote had written from Milan and Florence, hoping to see her. But she consoles herself and her son by looking forward to meeting these friends, and to seeing Italy, in the spring of 1841, when she will have earned enough to supply the funds necessary for building the house at Carlton Hill, and defraying other necessary expenses. In these days of cheap tours, circular tickets, and Cook’s coupons, the following seems a somewhat magnificent calculation ; but here is Mrs. Trollope’s statement :—

“You remember my friends Major and Mrs. Williams told me repeatedly that they never could spend more than a hundred pounds a month (in Italy), travelling with two servants and three post-horses. We should only be absent seven—or at the most eight—months,

without any servants, and being in all things economical for the sake of our new home. . . . If we do it in this manner, it cannot cost us more than five hundred pounds."

Hitherto, with the exception of some jars and frets inseparable from human affairs, Mrs. Trollope's relations with her publishers had been fairly smooth. But in the spring of 1841 a serious difference, which distressed her greatly, arose between her and Mr. Colburn. Her novel of "Charles Chesterfield" had been published by him in serial form in the *New Monthly Magazine*, and another novel in three volumes, entitled "Hargrave," had been agreed for between them. The manuscript of this latter work was sent up to Mr. Colburn in January, 1841, by the hand of Mrs. Trollope's brother Henry Milton; but Mr. Colburn declined to receive it, and declared that he intended to be off his bargain altogether, on the ground that Mrs. Trollope had vitiated all her contracts with him, by publishing another novel ("The Blue Belles of England") with a rival publisher, in serial form, simultaneously with the publication of "Charles Chesterfield." Mr. Colburn refused to pay the price stipulated for "Hargrave" except on legal compulsion, threat-

ened to fight the case, and to publish all the particulars of his business transactions with Mrs. Trollope—which, he asserted, had been nearly uniformly to his detriment, and in nowise to his profit. This latter statement must surely have been an ebullition of that “wrathfulness” which Sir Walter Scott observed to be a frequent characteristic of the publishers’ trade—for Mr. Colburn would scarcely have maintained in cold blood, that he had persisted in purchasing wares at a steady loss to himself, when he had nothing to do but decline them!

Mrs. Trollope took the matter very much to heart, not, perhaps, making sufficient allowance for the inaccuracy of wrathfulness. She wrote from Penrith to her son in Paris, in great perturbation. So painful to her was the thought of a public squabble, that she would have been willing to withdraw her novel of “Hargrave,” and release Mr. Colburn from his contract, rather than go to law; but that having signed the agreement for the purchase of the site of Carlton Hill, and undertaken to pay for it in certain stated instalments, she could not forego the payment for “Hargrave” at the stipulated time, without, in her turn, repudiating her liabilities.

The idea of giving up her claim on Mr. Colburn without a struggle, was, of course, put aside by her son and brother. Mr. John Young, the Trollopes' kinsman, good friend, and family lawyer, was appealed to. His opinion, than which no sounder one was to be had at that day in England, was that Mr. Colburn had no case. Mrs. Trollope writes—

“Of one thing I feel quite sure:—namely, that John Young will not advise a suit through which he cannot see his way. And therefore if he advises legal proceedings, and you agree with him, I submit.”

The matter was, however, finally arranged without legal proceedings, Mr. Colburn paying six hundred and twenty-five pounds and publishing the novel, which, by the way, had a very good success, and reached a second edition in 1843. ✓ X

Again I must narrate an instance of Mrs. Trollope's straightforward candour and modesty about her own writings. Her brother sent her a sheet of criticisms upon “Hargrave,” coupled with the somewhat cool suggestion that she should “lay it aside and write another”! She writes to her son:—

“My brother has told me his opinion of my poor book, as candidly as he has told it to you. All I have

to say in reply is that others like it. This, *and the remembrance of some of his former criticisms*, prevent me from thinking it advisable immediately to burn my book and set myself down to writing another. However I am very willing to go over the MS. and see if I can mend it. If the bore were not too great for you I should be very grateful if you would cast your eye over it. Do not scruple to change words or phrases at your will."

Mr. Milton had on several previous occasions been in error—if public favour is to be the test—as to the comparative merits of his sister's books. But all experience shows that literary criticism, if a science at all, is, at any rate, a very *inexact* science!

A severe judgment of her novel was not one of the things which had much power to afflict Frances Trollope. She was singularly free from the sensitiveness of vanity. But sensitiveness on other points she had a large share of; and she had been terribly depressed during the weeks in which her quarrel with Mr. Colburn was going on. She confessed that she shrank from the prospect of being held up publicly as "a greedy, grasping, conscienceless woman." As soon as the matter was settled, she writes—

"I am almost ashamed to own the utter discouragement and depression into which I had fallen. It has

been totally out of my power to write regularly, since the blow fell upon me. But *now* I shall start with fresh vigour, and shall, I hope, be able to get through my work by the time you mention."

At length the arrangements for the long-talked-of journey were made. Mrs. Trollope writes from Penrith in March :—

"Need I tell you, dearest Tom, that I am satisfied,—nay thankful?" [As to the arrangement come to with Mr. Colburn.] "And, trust me, I enjoy too the conviction that you must be as well pleased as I. Shall we really go to Italy? Is it possible after so many impediments? . . . Remember that I must stay three days in Paris. I shall let the Garnetts know as soon as the date is fixed. I can be ready to leave this place by the first; but as that is All Fools' Day, let us say the *second* of April! God speed us on our way, dear Tom! Truly, if the journey gives us pleasure, we have not got it without pain."

She joined her son in London by the time fixed; and a few days afterwards they started together for Italy.

END OF VOL. I.



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